# The World's Story

IN

FOURTEEN VOLUMES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME V

*First Edition*

# FRIEDLAND, 1807

BY JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER

(*France*, 1815–1891)

In 1807, Napoleon gained at Friedland a brilliant victory over the Russians, who lost nearly twenty thousand killed and wounded. Eleven days later, Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander met at Tilsit, and there, on a raft in the middle of the Niemen River, peace was concluded between France and Russia. Its terms practically gave to Napoleon the control of western and central Europe; to Russia that of Sweden and Turkey.

Of this picture Meissonier writes: "I did not intend to paint a battle — I wanted to paint Napoleon at the zenith of his glory. I wanted to paint the love, the adoration, of the soldiers for the great Captain in whom they had faith and for whom they were ready to die. . . . The battle, already commenced, was necessary to add to the enthusiasm of the soldiers, and make the subject stand forth, but not to diminish it by saddening details. All such shadows I avoided, and presented nothing but a dismounted cannon, and some growing wheat which would never ripen.

"This was enough.

"The men and the Emperor are in the presence of each other. The soldiers cry to him that they are his, and the impressive Chief, whose imperial will directs the masses that move around, salutes his devoted army. He and they plainly comprehend each other, and absolute confidence is expressed in every face."

Napoleon, mounted on his favorite white charger and surrounded by his generals, returns the salute of a squadron of cuirassiers who are charging at a furious gallop through a field of unripe wheat. With wild enthusiasm the soldiers rise in their stirrups and shouting, "Vive l'Empereur," salute their beloved leader with flashing swords. The battle is already raging and in the distance may be seen the ranks of the French army advancing toward the enemy.

FRIEDLAND, 1807

# ITALY FRANCE

## SPAIN AND PORTUGAL

### The World's Story

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD
IN STORY SONG AND ART

EDITED BY
EVA MARCH TAPPAN

VOLUME V

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# ITALY

## I

## IN MEDIÆVAL TIMES

# HISTORICAL NOTE

In 476 A.D., the Roman Empire in the West "fell"; that is, it became subordinate to the Empire in the East. The Ostrogoths then held it for a time, but the Emperor Justinian, by the skill of his generals Belisarius and Narses, recovered it. About one hundred years after the fall, the Lombards forced their way through the mountains and founded a strong kingdom. They even threatened Rome, and the Pope appealed for aid to the Franks. They did not need a second invitation, for it had long been the hope of the sovereigns of these people to establish a new empire in the West, of which they should be rulers. In the eighth century, Charlemagne overcame the Lombard Kingdom, and in the year 800 he was crowned Roman Emperor by the Pope.

After the death of Charlemagne his empire fell apart into France, Germany, and Italy. In Italy there was nothing that could be called a government. Every little district was ruled by whatever noble could build in it the strongest castle. Then, too, there were invasions by the Saracens, the Greeks, and the Hungarians; and both Sicily and southern Italy fell into the hands of Norman marauders.

Up to the eleventh century the power to choose the Pope had been claimed, though not regularly exercised, by the Emperor. Hildebrand, or Gregory VII, declared that the Pope, as representing Christ on earth, had the right to control all sovereigns; moreover, that if any member of the clergy were accused of misdemeanor, he should not be tried by the court of any government, but by the church court. Henry IV, in wrath against the Pope, declared him deposed. The Pope promptly excommunicated him, and it was only by extreme humiliation that he could win pardon. The proud Frederick Barbarossa was obliged to hold the stirrup of the Pope's mule before he could secure confirmation of his right to sit upon the throne. Naturally, there arose two parties: the Guelphs, who upheld the authority of the Pope; and the Ghibellines, who took part with the temporal monarchs; and for many years Italy was torn by the ferocious and incessant struggles of these factions for supremacy.

# THE COMING OF CHARLEMAGNE

[774]

BY GUSTAVE MASSON

[Early in the reign of Charlemagne, the Pope was greatly annoyed by the Lombards, and in his support the king made a campaign against them. Charlemagne was so completely successful that all the lands of Desiderius or Didier, the Lombard King, fell into his hands, and he placed on his own head the iron crown of this people. The following extract, taken chiefly from the old chroniclers, gives a vivid picture of his coming upon the Lombards.

*The Editor.*]

Didier had with him at that time one of Charlemagne's most famous comrades, Ogier the Dane, who fills a prominent place in the romances and epics, relating to chivalry, of that age. Ogier had quarreled with his great chief and taken refuge with the King of the Lombards. It is probable that his Danish origin and his relations with the King of the Danes, Gottfried, for a long time an enemy of the Franks, had something to do with his misunderstanding with Charlemagne.

However that may be, "when Didier and Ogger [Ogier] heard that the dread monarch was coming, they ascended a tower of vast height whence they could watch his arrival from afar off and from every quarter. They saw, first of all, engines of war such as must have been necessary for the armies of Darius or Julius Cæsar. 'Is not Charles,' asked Didier of Ogger, 'with this great army?' But the other answered, 'No.' The Lombard,

seeing afterwards an immense body of soldiery gathered from all quarters of the vast empire, said to Ogger, 'Certes, Charles advanceth in triumph in the midst of this throng.' 'No, not yet; he will not appear so soon,' was the answer. 'What should we do, then,' rejoined Didier, who began to be perturbed, 'should he come accompanied by a larger band of warriors?' 'You will see what he is when he comes,' replied Oggier; 'but as to what will become of us I know nothing.'

"As they were thus parleying, appeared the body of guards that knew no repose; and at this sight the Lombard, overcome with dread, cried, 'This time 't is surely Charles.' 'No,' answered Ogger, 'not yet.' In their wake came the bishops, the abbots, the ordinaries of the chapels royal, and the counts; and then Didier, no longer able to bear the light of day or to face death, cried out with groans, 'Let us descend and hide ourselves in the bowels of the earth, far from the face and the fury of so terrible a foe.' Trembling the while, Ogger, who knew by experience what were the power and might of Charles and who had learned the lesson by long consuetude in better days, then said, 'When ye shall behold the crops shaking for fear in the fields, and the gloomy Po and the Ticino overflowing the walls of the city with their waves blackened with steel, then may ye think that Charles is coming.'

"He had not ended these words when there began to be seen in the west as it were a black cloud, raised by the northwest wind or by Boreas, which turned the brightest day into awful shadows. But as the emperor drew nearer and nearer, the gleam of arms caused to shine on the people shut up within the city a day more gloomy

than any kind of night. And then appeared Charles himself, that man of steel, with his head encased in a helmet of steel, his hands garnished with gauntlets of steel, his heart of steel and his shoulders of marble protected by a cuirass of steel, and his left hand armed with a lance of steel which he held aloft in the air; for as to his right hand he kept that continually on the hilt of his invincible sword. The outside of his thighs, which the rest, for their greater ease in mounting a-horseback, were wont to leave unshackled even by straps, he wore encircled by plates of steel. What shall I say concerning his boots? All the army were wont to have them invariably of steel; on his buckler there was naught to be seen but steel; his horse was of the color and the strength of steel. All those who went before the monarch, all those who marched at his side, all those who followed after, even the whole mass of the army had armor of the like sort, so far as the means of each permitted. The fields and the highways were covered with steel: the points of steel reflected the rays of the sun; and this steel, so hard, was borne by a people with hearts still harder.

"The flash of the steel spread terror throughout the streets of the city. 'What steel! alack, what steel!' Such were the bewildered cries the citizens raised. The firmness of manhood and of youth gave way at sight of the steel; and the steel paralyzed the wisdom of graybeards. That, which I, poor story-teller, mumbling and toothless, have attempted to depict in a long description, Ogger perceived at one rapid glance, and said to Didier, 'Here is what ye have so anxiously sought'; and whilst uttering these words he fell down almost lifeless."

# HOW ROME WAS DEFENDED FROM THE SARACENS

[848]

BY ARCHIBALD BOWER

[When Leo IV became Pope, in 844, he first restored to their former magnificence the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul, for they had been robbed by the Saracens of their ornaments, their gold and silver vessels, and their precious stones. He next set to work to build a new city on the Vatican and to inclose it with a wall. The foundations of the city were laid, and every day the Pope went to inspect the work: but the prospect of the coming of the Saracens interrupted his undertakings.

*The Editor.*]

This great undertaking the pope, however, was obliged to interrupt for some time the following year, being certainly informed that the Saracens were equipping a powerful fleet in the ports of Africa, with a design to make a second attempt upon Rome. This intelligence occasioned a general consternation; and Leo, abandoning for the present the work he had begun, employed all his workmen in fortifying the city, and putting it in a condition to withstand any sudden attack or surprise. He repaired the walls in several places, gone quite to decay, rebuilt most of the towers, erected several new ones, two especially of great strength, on the opposite banks of the Tiber, with a chain drawn from the one to the other, to prevent any vessel from passing; and, to defend the city still more effectually, caused a great

many bodies of saints, dug up in the cemeteries without the walls, to be brought into it with great pomp and solemnity.

In the mean time the Saracens, having assembled their fleet at Tozar in Sardinia, the place of their general rendezvous, set sail from thence for Porto, with a design to land part of their forces there, and convey the rest up the Tiber to the very gates of the city. But the inhabitants of Naples, of Amalfi, of Gaeta, and the other maritime places, no sooner heard of their design, than, apprehending their own fate depended upon that of Rome, they assembled in great haste all their armed vessels, and putting to sea, sailed to Porto, resolved to guard the entrance into the river, and to engage the barbarians, should they offer to enter it, or to land any forces. Upon their arrival, they sent some of their chief officers to let the Pope know that they were come as friends (for he distrusted the Greeks and the Beneventan Lombards, to whom those cities belonged) and that they were all to a man ready to venture their lives in his defense, and the defense of the city. Hereupon the Pope, transported with joy, flew to Porto, received there both the soldiers and officers with extraordinary marks of esteem and affection, admitted them to kiss his foot; and, upon expressing a great desire to receive the sacrament at his hands, he went with them in procession to the Church of St. Aurea, and having performed there divine service with great solemnity, and administered the sacrament to them all, he encouraged them to fight manfully, having St. Peter and St. Paul, whose sacred bodies they defended, to fight with them, gave them his blessing, recommending them to the protection of the prince of the

apostles, returned to Rome. The next day, the fleet of the Saracens appeared off Ostia; and the Christian fleet putting thereupon immediately to sea, an engagement ensued; but the two fleets were soon parted by a violent wind that arose unexpectedly, and drove most of the enemy's ships on the shore, where they were dashed to pieces, and all on board miserably perished. The rest were dispersed, and either swallowed up by the sea, or shipwrecked against the rocks and the islands, and very few had the good luck to reach the African coast. The Saracens were almost all either drowned, starved with hunger on the abandoned islands where their vessels were shipwrecked, or taken prisoners, and carried in triumph to Rome. There, and all along the coast, great numbers of them were hanged, and left on the gibbets, to strike terror into their countrymen, and the rest were put in chains by the Pope, and employed as drudges in the most laborious parts of his new works.

# THE STORY OF GREGORY THE GREAT

[1050–1085]

BY LOUISE CREIGHTON

[After the days of Charlemagne the rulers of Germany called themselves also Kings of Italy. They wished to hold the supreme power in the land; but the Popes had no idea of allowing the Church to be second to any sovereign. The result was contest after contest, and the struggle lasted for generations.

*The Editor.*]

The man who did the most to maintain the power of the Church was Hildebrand, the son of a poor Italian carpenter. As he seemed to be a clever boy, he was sent first to study in Rome and then to Cluni, a famous monastery in France. Many monks in those days lived idle lives, doing just as they pleased. But at Cluni they followed the rule of St. Benedict, the holy man who had bidden his followers divide their time between prayer, study, and work with their hands.

At Cluni, Hildebrand studied and learned to rule himself, but he did not wish to spend his life as a monk. He went back to Rome, and soon was active in the affairs of the Church. He traveled to Germany and spent some time at the court of the Emperor, and he became the chief adviser of five Popes one after the other. Reforms were terribly needed, and Hildebrand, who saw before him a vision of what the Church might be, toiled with all his might to make it pure and strong.

One of the chief abuses was the way in which high

places in the Church were bought and sold. Rich lords bought preferment for their sons, and in this way young boys often became abbots, bishops, and even archbishops. Such men were not likely to care much for the religious duties of their office, and their worldly and pleasure-seeking lives were a disgrace to the Church. The Emperor Henry III, a great ruler who worked hard to bring about good government in Church and State, was anxious to stop the shameful sale of offices in the Church. He wished to choose himself the clergy who should be abbots and bishops in his lands, and the other rulers in Europe had the same desire. Hildebrand, on the other hand, wanted the clergy to elect their own rulers, and for this he struggled all his life with the Emperor. The same struggle went on all over Europe for many years, and it cannot be said that in the end either side exactly won. But it became settled that the Pope should be chosen not by the Emperor or the people of Rome, but by the cardinals, great churchmen chosen by the Pope himself from all the nations of Europe. They were mostly Italians, as the Pope was generally an Italian, and they met in Rome at the death of a Pope to choose his successor.

Hildebrand wished to make the Church not only strong but pure. He tried in every way to get the clergy to do their duty and lead holy lives, and to make the monks keep their rule and give themselves to prayer and study. He also insisted that the law forbidding the clergy to marry should be strictly kept. Many had disobeyed this law, and they were now bidden to put away their wives.

For twenty-five years Hildebrand had been the real

ruler of the Church, but he was in no hurry to be Pope himself. It was at the funeral of Pope Alexander II that men at last insisted that Hildebrand should be Pope. The people of Rome rushed into the church shouting, "Let Hildebrand be Pope!" In vain he tried to calm them, but crying, "St. Peter wills Hildebrand to be Pope," they carried him off to another church, where the assembled cardinals and bishops elected him Pope amidst the joy of all. He took the name of Gregory VII, and set to work to carry out the reforms he so much desired. His fame was spread throughout Europe; in every land his influence was felt, strengthening and purifying the Church. But his work led him into bitter contests. The great Emperor Henry III was dead. His son, Henry IV, was not a wise ruler. He had difficulties with his own people, and he defied the Pope by appointing worthless men, his own favorites, to great places in the Church. Gregory VII's reforms had roused many enemies against him, and at first the German princes took the Emperor's side in the quarrel. An insolent decree was passed by the Emperor and his council, declaring that Gregory VII should be no longer Pope. When this decree was brought to Gregory in Rome, his indignant attendants would have slain the messenger had not he protected him. But his answer was a terrible one. He excommunicated the Emperor and those who held with him, which means that he put them out of the Church, so that no priest might minister to them or give them the sacraments.

Henry IV had not many friends in Germany, and his subjects did not stand by him in this trouble. They even talked of electing another king. So he decided to submit

to the Pope. In mid-winter he crossed the Alps and proceeded to the Castle of Canossa, a grim fortress which crowns a high peak of the Apennines, where Gregory VII was staying. The cold was bitter and snow lay deep upon the ground. Henry IV lodged outside the castle walls and waited for three days, but the Pope would not see him. Then one morning, barefoot and clad in a coarse shirt, he climbed the steep path to the castle, and knocked as a humble penitent for admission at the door. All day he waited shivering in the snow; the next day and the day after he came again. Then at last Gregory was persuaded to name the conditions under which he would pardon him. He was admitted to the castle, and flung himself at the feet of the Pope, crying, "Spare me, Holy Father!" The peace made between the two was not lasting. It would have been wiser if Gregory had been less harsh. Henry IV could not forget or forgive his bitter humiliation. He went back to Germany and his struggle with his enemies, but as soon as he was strong enough he led an army into Italy to attack the Pope. Three times he besieged Rome, and at last forced his way into the city; but Gregory remained safe in the Castle of St. Angelo, a fortress by the Tiber. Then the Pope's friends gathered a great army and drove out Henry; but in their triumph they did not spare the city, and the Pope saw it plundered and reduced to ruins by his deliverers.

The last days of the great Pope were sad. Italy was distracted with wars, Rome was in ruins, its people furious with the Pope, who had to take refuge in the monastery of Monte Cassino in the Apennines. In the following year he died at Salerno.

EXCOMMUNICATED

# EXCOMMUNICATED

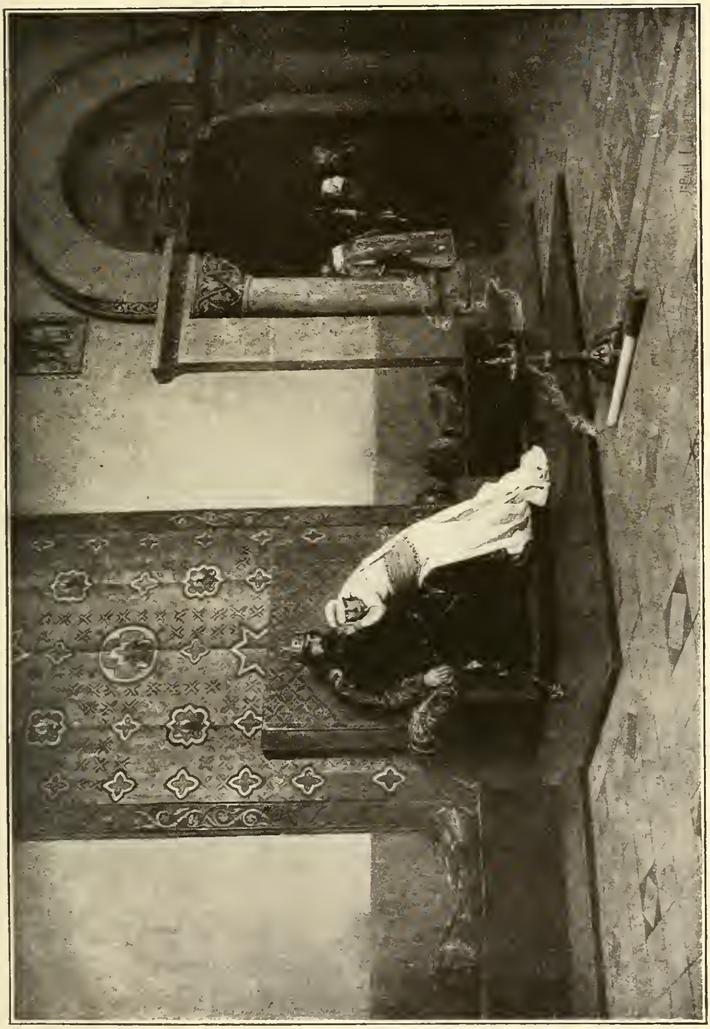
BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS

(*French painter*, 1838)

THE Pope was a temporal ruler; for even before the time of Charlemagne, he held Ravenna and other territories; but far greater than his temporal sway was his spiritual. Gradually it came to pass that all suits at law, which could by any means be construed to have connection with religion, were tried by the bishops, and even in criminal cases they claimed the same right on the ground that crime was sin, and that the Church alone could deal with sin. The Pope was regarded as the court of final appeal. The crusades being religious wars, the Popes were naturally looked upon as leaders. Enormous wealth, together with the power which accompanied it, was given into the hands of the Church as a result of religious enthusiasm.

This picture illustrates the immense power wielded by the mediæval Popes. Hugh Capet, the first of the Capetian rulers of France, died in 996, and was succeeded by his son, Robert II. This Robert had been carefully educated, and by writing many hymns had acquired the surname of "The Pious." He married his cousin Bertha of Burgundy. This was against the will of the Pope; and to act contrary to the papal wishes was a serious matter for any sovereign, for the power of excommunication was a weapon before which the proudest monarch might well bow his head.

When Robert II refused to obey Gregory V and divorce his wife, he was promptly excommunicated, his subjects were absolved of their allegiance to him, and an interdict, the first that is well authenticated, was laid upon his kingdom. In this picture the Church dignitaries are seen leaving the room after pronouncing the formal decree against the French king. They have also emphasized the decree by the language of symbolism, for the lighted candle has been dashed to the ground to indicate that the king is likewise hurled from his position in the Church. This was in 998. Six years later, Robert yielded, and divorced his wife.



# ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

[1182–1226]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

THOUSANDS of honest, conscientious men and women had given up their homes, their friends, and even the most innocent pleasures of the world to become monks or nuns or recluses, to live a life that they believed would make them acceptable to God. They taught those who came to their schools, and they fed the hungry folk who gathered at their gates; but there were hundreds of thousands of people who were not reached by the monks and nuns or even by the clergy; and orders were now formed whose business it was, not to remain in a cloister, but to go out into the world to preach the gospel to the poor and needy and help them in every way possible. The men who joined these orders were known as preaching friars, from the Latin "fratres" and the French "frères," meaning "brothers." The founder was St. Francis of Assisi, as he is now called. His father had made him a partner in his business; but the son's only idea of managing money was to give away all that came into his hands, and the father soon brought the partnership to an end. One in particular of the sayings of Jesus burned in the young man's heart, and he said it over and over to himself. It was, "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses; nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves; for the workman is worthy of his meat." This command Jesus gave

to his disciples when he sent them out two by two, and the honest young Francis made up his mind that in this way preachers ought still to go forth into the world. He laid down his staff, put off his shoes, flung away his purse, and fastened up his gown with a girdle of rope. He gave up all claim to his inheritance and went out among the people to tell them that God loved them, that Jesus had died, had risen, and was alive forevermore. A few other enthusiastic men joined him. He required that the vow of poverty should be a real one for them, both as individuals and as an order; that they should work with their hands for their food; and that, if work for wages failed, they should beg their bread from door to door.

Charming little stories of the saint and his followers are told in the "Little Flowers of St. Francis." One tells us that he and "Brother Matteo" begged some crusts of bread and sat down on a stone beside a fountain to eat them. "O Brother Matteo, we are not worthy of this great treasure," St. Francis exclaimed. But the matter-of-fact Brother Matteo replied, "How canst thou talk of a treasure when we are so poor and in need of everything? We have neither cloth, nor knife, nor table, nor house to eat in, nor servant or maid to wait upon us." St. Francis answered in all simplicity and sincerity, "And this is just the reason why I look upon it as a great treasure, because man has had no hand in it, but all has been given us by Divine Providence, as we clearly see in this beautiful table of stone, and in this clear fountain. Wherefore let us beg of God to make us love with all our hearts the treasure of holy poverty."

The Franciscans went about doing good. The name that their founder chose for them was "Fratres Mi-

nores," or the lesser brethren, for, as he said, none could be less, that is, of lower degree than they. They cared for the sick, and devoted themselves especially to the loathsome lepers, those sufferers who were driven out of the towns as too disgusting for folk to look upon. They journeyed everywhere, from England to Syria. They had no fear, and without a thought of danger they went among the Mohammedans. Francis asked the sultan to have a great fire built, "And I will enter into it together with your priests," he said, "that you may see which religion is the true one." The sultan replied quietly that he hardly thought any of his priests would be willing to make the trial. He offered Francis many gifts, which the saint refused, and then sent him back to the Christian camp.

Francis insisted upon absolute poverty. He would not own even a breviary. A church was given him to be the headquarters of his order. He was glad to have its use, but he refused to own it; and each year he sent to the donors a basket of fish to indicate that it was not his but theirs. He loved animals, and if half the legends of his intercourse with them are true, they recognized this love; and dogs, doves, and even savage wolves trusted him. One of the most beautiful stories told of him is of his preaching to the birds. "My little sisters," he said, "you owe much to God, your Creator, and ought to sing his praises at all times and in all places, because he has given you liberty and the air to fly about in, and clothing for yourselves and for your young. He has given you fountains and rivers to quench your thirst, mountains and valleys in which to take refuge, and trees in which to build your nests. Your Creator loves you

much, and therefore he has bestowed such favors upon you. Beware, my little sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to praise your Lord." The story declares that the little birds flapped their wings, bowed their heads to the ground, and after he had made the sign of the cross to dismiss them, they rose from the earth and flew away in four directions, all singing most sweetly.

St. Francis cared little for the learning that comes from books; but educated men were charmed with his sincerity and his lovable character and became his followers. An order of Franciscan nuns was formed, the Poor Ladies; and also the order of the Penitent Men and Women. The members of this third order might remain in the world, but they were to dress simply, to abstain from worldly amusements, to bear no arms save in defense of their country or the Church, and to pay strict attention to the required fasts and times of special devotion. The dress of the Minorites varied somewhat in different countries. In England they wore gray; and therefore in that country they were often called the Grey Friars.

## THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Up soared a lark into the air,
A shaft of song, a wingèd prayer,
As if a soul released from pain
Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard: it was to him
An emblem of the Seraphim;
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,
From moor and mere and darksome wood
Came flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," St. Francis said,
"Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
With manna of celestial words;
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,
Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

"Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care!"

With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing scattered far apart;
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

# A DAY IN FLORENCE, IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

BY GUIDO BIAGI

LET us imagine ourselves entering Florence on some fair spring morning during the second half of the thirteenth century. We arrive on foot or on horseback, and having passed through the outlying suburbs, composed of modest houses and cabins which line the roads outside each gate, we come to the Porta del Vescovo, where the watchful guards, jingling their rusty keys, cry loudly to the wayfarer, "Who art thou? Hast thou nought in thy purse?" Having given that reply which in all ages succeeds in opening gates and taming Cerberus, we cross the moat, pass through the second gateway, and are greeted by the sound of bells as we enter the city just waking to its daily work. From each church and chapel the bells are pealing gayly, and not only from the towers and belfries, but from every arch and niche and window where they can be hung. There are more than eighty of them, and at their persistent call the narrow, tortuous streets below begin to show signs of animation. At the massive doorways of the high houses appear the pale and wary faces of the merchants, who dare not issue forth until they hear that the neighbors and tradesmen are also throwing open their houses and shops; then upon the threshold they say a short prayer, make the sign of the cross, and betake themselves to church.

The streets gradually fill with people. Here are clergy

in great numbers, monks and nuns, pilgrims and lay sisters; here are peasants coming in from the country with their donkey-carts laden with vegetables; knights in armor striding along proudly and impatiently, as though they were lords of all; rough artisans and workmen singing as they urge on their asses by force of kicks and cries; jesters and wandering players go about seeking some good-natured temporary host; fruit-sellers and market-women, carrying their swaddled babies slung at their backs, exercise their tongues over other people's affairs as they trundle along to their stalls, whilst armed men belonging to some of the great houses make their way through the increasing crowd with grim and threatening faces, their hands ready to draw sword or dagger from its sheath. Opposite to the bishop's palace — an elaborate building conspicuous for its *loggia*, or covered terrace, then perhaps the only one in the city — was the *atrium* and entrance to the baptistery of San Giovanni; the church itself was surrounded by arches, partly of marble and partly of stone, beneath which idlers and ragged philosophers of all sorts were accustomed to congregate. The porphyry columns and the pillar commemorating the dead tree which blossomed anew at the funeral of San Zanobius were in the same places where they are seen to-day, but between the baptistery and the church of Santa Reparata, to the left of which was a tower, stood the Hospital of St. John the Evangelist, a refuge for the poor and for pilgrims.

The people crowded into the narrow spaces between these various buildings and overflowed into the churchyard of Santa Reparata, ground afterwards covered by the great transepts of Santa Maria del Fiore. Their

business and their gossip was mostly carried on in the Mercato Vecchio, the old market-place which possessed "four churches at its four corners," amongst the labyrinth of lanes and alleys round Or San Michele, in the Piazza del Commune, which had then not yet been enlarged by extension over the ruins of the Uberti dwellings, or in the open place in front of the Ponte Vecchio, which was used as a market for fruit and vegetables. Here the good people who sat comfortably upon the benches and stone seats listened eagerly to the tales and jokes of the professional jesters and buffoons, to the hair-raising accounts of crime committed in the city, or to the dreadful threats and prophecies of some friar or hermit just returned from the Holy Land; but even if these conversations could be repeated, the meaning and the witticisms would in most cases be incomprehensible to our modern minds. The old men recalled events of their youth; they described floods so terrible that the swollen Arno overflowed its banks and turned the city into a lake, causing widespread ruin and the deaths of many persons by drowning. Besides this feared and constantly recurring disaster, there were the fires which had several times destroyed Florence, and which were due partly to the carelessness of the inhabitants and the great amount of inflammable material collected within a confined space, and partly to the malice and revenge of the various parties and factions. These conflagrations claimed many victims; whole families perished together and a great deal of property, valuable furniture and precious things were lost. Wherefore the sage advisers of the day were constantly reminding the people to take all precautions against fire and to have a way of escape

ready from doors, windows, or roof in case of a blaze in the house. There were also the robberies committed by the armed adherents or servants of certain families, who sallied forth at night with a banner bearing their master's arms and an escort of foot-soldiers, and broke into houses, carrying off everything, even to the garments and bedclothes of the household and "leaving the children, both male and female, naked upon their bedsteads; worse things were not done even in Acre by the Saracens." These attacks, moreover, were arranged beforehand, for it is related how certain persons previously went about to all the threatened houses, warning the women and "offering to take charge of and keep safely anything which they might desire to place in security during the time of danger then about to begin." But when once these ruffians had got hold of the property they gave very little of it back to the owners, and only replied with threats to those who demanded the restoration of their ill-gotten gains.

These melancholy tales, however, were often varied by more cheerful memories. The gossips would tell of the merry discussions held in lordly assemblies where the guests passed their time in listening to jests and entertaining stories, and where the jesters and story-tellers who were engaged to provide the amusement sometimes failed to please and were maltreated in consequence. Repartee and witty remarks were permitted to inferiors, even to the servants who waited at table.

"A company of knights was once supping in one of the great Florentine houses, and there was present a jester who was a most excellent story-teller. When the supper was finished he began a tale which seemed as

though it would never end. A youth belonging to the house, who was serving the company and was probably hungry for his own supper, called him by name and said —

"'He who taught thee that tale did not teach thee all.'

"'How so?' asked the jester.

"And the youth replied, 'Because he did not teach thee the end.'"

Those who made it their business to spread city gossip took less delight in witty sayings, however, than in the practical jokes played upon countrymen and persons of feeble mind. . . . Those who were stupid or dull-witted had to take the consequences, beside being the victims of practical jokes, as was the case with Ser Frulli, an old man who owned a fine farm on the hill of San Giorgio, and lived there with his family almost all the year round. Every morning he used to send his servant to sell fruit and vegetables in the square near the bridge, and he was so utterly miserly and distrustful that he tied up the bundles of vegetables himself, counted them, and told the girl how much money he expected her to bring back. The chief injunction he laid upon her, however, was that she must never dawdle in the street of San Giorgio, because the women there were thieves. Now there was a Florentine named Bito, who lived in the quarter of San Giorgio and was noted for his amusing tricks, one of which he determined to play on Ser Frulli. He put on a rich, fur-trimmed dress, the best he had, and sat down on the seat outside his own door. When the servant came by with a basket of cabbages, he called her, and she went up to him immediately,

although she had paid no attention to several women who had previously offered to buy from her.

"Good woman, how much do these cabbages cost?" asked Bito.

"Messere, two bundles for a penny."

"Certainly this is a good portion. But seeing that all my family is away in the country and that I am alone here with my servant, a whole portion would be too much for me. Moreover, I prefer to eat my vegetables whilst they are fresh."

At that time small medals were in current use in Florence, two medals being worth a penny; wherefore Bito said: —

"Give me a medal's worth. Now, then, give thou me a penny and I give thee a medal, and another day will I take the second bundle."

The girl thought it was all right and did as she was told; then she went on and sold the remainder of her vegetables at the price fixed by her master. When she returned home she handed the money to Ser Frulli, who immediately counted it over and found it a penny short. He questioned the girl, but she replied that it was impossible; the money was correct. Thereupon he grew angry with her and asked her if she had stopped anywhere in San Giorgio. At first she tried to deny it, but her master frightened her so much that she admitted it and said: —

"Yes, I stopped and sold to a fair knight, and he paid me well. Moreover, he bade me bring him another bundle of cabbages."

"Then we have lost half a penny," answered Ser Frulli.

He thought over the matter and presently perceived the trick, whereupon he began to abuse the servant roundly, and asked where the man lived to whom she had sold the cabbages. She described the house, and then he knew that it was Bito, who had already played him a number of tricks. He was furious, and the next morning he got up early, hid a rusty sword under his cloak and went to the square by the bridge, where he found Bito sitting with a number of other people. Ser Frulli drew his sword and would have wounded Bito if another man had not immediately seized him by the arms; and the people all drew back in alarm, thinking there was going to be an uproar. Bito was frightened at first, but then, remembering what had happened, he began to laugh. Thereupon the people surrounded Ser Frulli and asked what was the matter, and he described the whole affair, though he was so breathless he could scarcely speak. Bito called for silence, however, and said: —

"Ser Frulli, I will make terms with you; let us have no more words. Give me back my penny and take your medal, and ye may also have your cabbages, and a curse go with them!"

Ser Frulli answered, "It is well, and if ye had spoken thus at the first, all this trouble would never have been."

And not perceiving the fresh trick, he gave back the penny and received a medal in exchange and departed quite content, amidst great laughter from the crowd.

# II

# DANTE AND HIS AGE

## HISTORICAL NOTE

At the end of the Middle Ages Italy was divided into many separate states, of which the most important were Florence, Milan, Genoa, Pisa, and Venice. Within the states the bitter quarrels of the two great parties, the Guelphs and Ghibellines, or Neri and Bianchi (blacks and whites), as they were called in Florence, kept the citizens in constant turmoil.

In spite of the bitter strife of the factions within the cities and the incessant warfare between the cities themselves, these small states grew apace. By combining against their overlord, the Emperor of Germany, the cities of northern Italy had been able to fling off the last vestige of foreign control. They had then turned against the nobles, deprived them of their powers, and formed republics. These republics, however, were for the most part of brief duration. The causes that led to the formation of the Guelph and the Ghibelline parties were forgotten, but the factions remained, and quarreled with unabated vigor, the only difference being that now the Guelphs were simply the party of progress and the Ghibellines the conservatives. The constant warfare of these turbulent little commercial cities was too great a strain for the cumbersome forms of democracy that each had evolved, and one by one they slipped back into despotism, the usurper of power in most cases being some successful general.

In the South affairs were no less tumultuous. In 1282 occurred at Sicily one of the bloodiest massacres in the history of Italy, the Sicilian Vespers, so called, during which all the French in the island, more than 8000 in number, were murdered. In 1309 the residence of the Popes was transferred to Avignon in France, and here it remained until 1376. This exile is known as the "Babylonish Captivity" and was followed by many years of schisms and disputes within the Church.

Such were the age and the country in which Dante was born.

# DANTE'S VISION OF HEAVEN

[1265–1321]

BY NORLEY CHESTER

[WHEN Dante Alighieri was thirty-five years old, he was made chief magistrate of Florence, his native city. Now Florence was at this time kept in a constant turmoil by the quarrels between the Neri and the Bianchi. Dante believed that exiling the leaders of the struggle would give peace to the city. They were exiled; but this act aroused such enmity that before long he himself was driven from the city and condemned to be burned alive if he should ever venture to return. Dante lived for nineteen years after this decree, but never again did he enter his beloved Florence. It was during those years of absence that he wrote his "Divine Comedy," a marvelous poem describing a journey to hell, purgatory, and heaven. At first, Virgil is his guide; but as he enters heaven, Beatrice, whom he had loved even as a child, appears to him and leads him through the beauties of Paradise, and shows him the joys and glories of the radiant world of bliss.

*The Editor.*]

WHEN St. Benedict had finished speaking to Dante, he joined the other spirits again, and Dante beheld them all swept upwards on the ladder of light, as if by a whirlwind, and following a sign from Beatrice he too was carried up it, and so left the planets and came to the region of Fixed Stars. Here Beatrice bade him pause, and, gazing down through the immense starry space before him, Dante saw this little earth, which he had left but so short a time before, and never before had the poet real-

ized how small and tiny a place it held amid the countless glories and hosts of sparkling worlds of God's great universe. As he looked down, he could not help thinking how poor is the aim of those who seek nothing beyond the world and its rewards, and he felt strengthened himself in his purpose of following something nobler, and of being true to that ideal which Beatrice had taught him to love so passionately. But a sight more glorious than even that of all the starry hosts awaited the poet, for suddenly the radiance of Beatrice seemed to increase, and at the same time, in a sparkling vision, appeared all the spirits whom he had before seen in their different spheres, and in their midst the figure of the world's Redeemer, Jesus Christ Himself. As He passed from sight again, Dante's eyes sought out the Virgin Mary, and he saw her with the Archangel Gabriel encircling her in the form of a crown of light, and heard him sing a sweet song to her. Then she, too, soared out of his vision, and all the spirits joined in singing a hymn of praise.

After this, Dante had still a higher flight to take in order to reach the very highest Heaven of all, but, before doing so, he had to pass through an examination on Faith by St. Peter, on Hope by St. James, and on Love by St. John. Having answered their questions satisfactorily, he was led by Beatrice to the highest Heaven or Empyrean, where his eyes were at first blinded by the light which greeted them, and which, Beatrice told him, was the expression of welcome from God to those who entered there; and as he became more accustomed to the glory, he saw what appeared to be a river of light, on the banks of which blossomed the flowers of an eternal spring, on which sparkling drops seemed

to fall from the river, till they shone like rubies set in gold. In this stream Beatrice told Dante to bathe his eyes, and, having done so, the scene was quite changed, and he found that what he had taken for a river was in reality the Court of Heaven filled with saints and angels. It was in the form of an enormous white rose with white petals, in which sat the saints, while God's own light shone like a sun in the midst, and the angels flitted from rank to rank, plunging into the petals like a swarm of bees, and ever returning to the golden center for a fresh increase of the ardor and peace which they spread among the saints; their faces were of living flame and their wings of gold, and their bodies of a whiteness surpassing that of snow.

And Dante walked among all this wondrous throng, wondering ever, and longing to be worthy to join them; but, when he turned to Beatrice with the old wish for enlightenment, Beatrice was no longer by his side, and in her place stood St. Bernard, an old man with a radiant face and a kind, paternal expression. Then there broke from the poet's lips the three words, "Where is she?" And the saint told him that he had been sent by Beatrice to tell him this, and he pointed out to Dante her beloved face far, far away among the thrones, highest in the heavens. Then a prayer of thanksgiving arose from Dante's heart as he thought how he had made his marvelous journey, and of all it had taught him, and how he had been led by it from the path of error; and with this arose also an eager longing to follow those high and noble things which Beatrice had revealed to him. Beatrice did not speak in reply to his words, but from her high place she gazed down at him, and through all the

sparkling waves of light, past the rows of shining saints and glistening angels, Dante once more beheld that smile which had filled him with exaltation so often before, and with this sweet sign of encouragement and promise, Beatrice bade him farewell.

# FRANCESCO PETRARCH

[1304–1374]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

HUNDREDS of thousands of men returned from the crusades with their minds full of new ideas. They had seen the distant countries of the East with their mountains, rivers, plains, and seas. In the great cities they had gazed upon hundreds of handsome buildings different from anything in their own lands. Many of the French, German, and English crusaders had gone to Venice to take ship to cross the Mediterranean, and there they had seen most superb structures of colored marble. The outside of the Venetian palaces was generally adorned with bas-relief, and the groundwork was often colored a deep, rich blue, while the sculpture was covered with gold leaf. Moreover, the crusaders had learned that their own ways of living were not always the best and most comfortable. They had found that there were kinds of food and materials for clothing better than those to which they had been accustomed; that there were beautiful furnishings for houses of which they had never dreamed. Having seen such things or heard of them, people wished to buy them. The cities about the Adriatic sea, especially Venice and Genoa, were ready to supply all these newly discovered needs. Long before this, the Venetians had driven the pirates from the Adriatic and had claimed the sea as their own. To symbolize this victory, they had a poetical custom. Every Ascension

Day the doge, or ruler of the city, sailed out in a vessel most magnificently decorated, and with a vast amount of ceremony dropped a golden ring into the water to indicate that the city had become the bride of the sea. Venice had built ships and carried the armies of crusaders across the water. She had gained stations on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, and might fairly claim to rule the whole sea. She had used her ships for other purposes, however, than carrying armies, for she had an enormous trade, as we have said, in the beautiful things that were made in the distant lands of the East. She brought home cargoes of rich tapestries and silks, jewels, glassware, and most exquisite pieces of work in iron and gold and enamel. Her workmen copied them and found in them hints and suggestions for other work. These things were carried over Europe, and even in far-away England it was taken for granted that any particularly handsome article had been brought from Italy. Macaroni was the best-known food of the Italians, and the English began to call anything dainty and delicate and graceful "macaroni," or even anything dandified and foppish, as "Yankee Doodle" shows in the lines, —

> "Stuck a feather in his hat,
> And called it macaroni."

The crusades not only taught people about other lands and other customs, but they taught them to wish to see more of the world, to know what men of other countries were doing and thinking. People began to have more interest in what was written in books. They had thought that a man encased in armor, carrying a sword and a lance, and set upon a horse, was the great-

est hero on earth. Now they began to have a glimmering idea that the man who had noble thoughts and could put them into noble words was greater than the man with the sword.

The most famous scholar of the age was an Italian poet called Petrarch. Even as a boy he loved the writings of the early Latin and Greek authors. His father wished him to become a lawyer, and the boy listened to some lectures on law; but all the while he was saving his money to buy the works of Cicero and Virgil. His father threw the precious manuscripts into the fire; but when he saw the grief of the boy, he snatched them out again. Thus Petrarch slowly won his way to being a poet and scholar. He became a great collector of manuscripts, especially of the Greek and Roman writers; and, moreover, he showed people how to study them. Before his day, even students had felt that if two copies of an author's work did not agree, one was as likely to be correct as the other. Petrarch taught people to compare manuscripts, to study them, and so learn whether one was copied from another, or whether those in hand had all been copied from some older writing that was lost.

Princes and other great men of Italy admired his poetry and showed him much respect, but there were two special honors for which he longed. One was to be crowned poet laureate by the Roman Senate; the other was to wear a similar crown in Paris. On one happy September day invitations to receive both these crowns came to him. He had always taught that it was wrong for a man not to make the most of himself, and even when he was seventy, he did not think of giving up work. His physicians said, "You must rest"; but,

instead of resting, he engaged five or six secretaries and worked as hard as ever. One morning he was found in his library, his head lying on an open book. He was dead.

His influence, however, did not die. Others, too, began to collect the long-forgotten manuscripts of the Greek and Roman authors. They searched monasteries and churches and made many copies of the precious writings. Italy was all alive with interest in the great works of the ancient writers. The Italian students thought wistfully of the manuscripts that must be stored away in Greece. They did not know how soon they would be able to read them for themselves and without leaving their own country.

Thus it was that, although the crusaders did not win Jerusalem, and though the Holy City is even to-day in the hands of the Mohammedans, yet the crusaders did much to give people new ideas on many subjects, and to prepare them to receive the knowledge that was coming to them swiftly from the East.

POPE BONIFACE DEFIES HIS ASSAILANTS

# POPE BONIFACE DEFIES HIS ASSAILANTS

BY ALBERT MAIGNAN

(*France*. 1844–1908)

When Boniface VIII became pope, in 1294, he had a magnificent induction into office. On the way to the Lateran the kings of Hungary and Sicily held the bridle of his horse; and when he was seated at table they served him with their crowns on their heads. His reign was stormy, for he had bitter enemies in Philip the Fair, King of France, and the cardinals of the house of Colonna, the most powerful of the aristocratic families of Rome. Boniface excommunicated them; but this did not appear to trouble them in the least. They accused him of several serious crimes, and it was determined to call a general council to consider his deposition. He fled to his native town of Anagni, but soon found that he had not escaped from his pursuers.

It is said that when his palace was stormed he put on his tiara and his pontifical robes, and with cross and keys in his hand seated himself in the papal chair, saying to his assailants, "Since I am betrayed, as Jesus Christ was betrayed, I will at least die as a pope." He was arrested nevertheless, but the Anagnese took up arms and delivered him. He returned to Rome, but died a month later.

# A SUPPOSED STREET SCENE IN VERONA IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[THE fourteenth century was a time of confusion and discord. There was the great quarrel between the Neri and Bianchi; there were quarrels between cities on account of grudges and jealousy; and between the great families there were quarrels whose first cause was sometimes so slight as to have been entirely forgotten. These last feuds were taken up by the followers and retainers of the families, and street brawls were of constant occurrence. A word or a gesture was enough to bring on a hand-to-hand fight with bloodshed and murder. Such a scene is pictured in the following extract from "Romeo and Juliet." Sampson and Gregory, servants of the house of Capulet, are talking together in a public place in Verona when they see approaching Abraham and Balthasar, servants of the house of Montague.

*The Editor.*]

*Gre.* Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

*Enter two other serving-men* [ABRAHAM *and* BALTHASAR].

*Sam.* My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back thee.

*Gre.* How! turn thy back and run?

*Sam.* Fear me not.

*Gre.* No, marry; I fear thee!

*Sam.* Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

*Gre.* I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

*Sam.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is disgrace to them, if they bear it.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

*Gre.* No.

*Sam.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

*Gre.* Do you quarrel, sir?

*Abr.* Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

*Sam.* But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

*Abr.* No better.

*Sam.* Well, sir.

*Enter* BENVOLIO.

*Gre.* Say "better"; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

*Sam.* Yes, better, sir.

*Abr.* You lie.

*Sam.* Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*

*Ben.* Part, fools!
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.
[*Beats down their swords.*]

*Enter* TYBALT.

*Tyb.* What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

*Tyb.* What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

*Enter three or four Citizens* [*and* OFFICERS], *with clubs or partisans.*

*First Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

*Enter* CAPULET *in his gown, and* LADY CAPULET.

*Cap.* What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

*Lady Cap.* A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

*Cap.* My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter* MONTAGUE *and* LADY MONTAGUE.

*Mon.* Thou villain Capulet, — Hold me not, let me go.

*Lady Mon.* Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

*Enter* PRINCE, *with* his train.

*Prince.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stainèd steel, —
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands

## ITALY

Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulets, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker's hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

# THE RULE OF RIENZI

[1347–1354]

BY EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

[In the fourteenth century the great nobles of Rome quarreled so fiercely that each took a stronghold for himself and his followers. There was little of either trade or manufacture. The citizens were abased, and Rome was humiliated. Cola di Rienzi was put into public office by the Pope, and showed himself therein both faithful and honest. He succeeded in making the Roman people realize the depth to which they had sunk and in arousing them to take the state into their own hands. Rienzi was put at its head, and the title of "Tribune" was given him. For a while no fault could be found with his government. Then his success became too much for him. He put on kingly airs, he taxed the people heavily and unfairly, and showed himself a tyrant. In 1354, the Romans revolted and Rienzi was slain. "Montreal" is a Knight of St. John, the determined opponent of Rienzi in seeking freedom for the people.

*The Editor.*]

One day, as Montreal, with a small troop in attendance, passed on horseback near the walls of Terracina, the gates were suddenly thrown open, and a numerous throng issued forth, preceded by a singular figure, whose steps they followed bareheaded and with loud blessings; a train of monks closed the procession, chanting a hymn, of which the concluding words were as follows: —

Beauteous on the mountains, — lo,
  The feet of him glad tidings gladly bringing;

The flowers along his pathway grow,
And voices, heard aloft, to angel harps are singing;
And strife and slaughter cease
Before thy blessed way, Young Messenger of Peace!
O'er the mount, and through the moor,
Glide thy holy steps secure.
Day and night no fear thou knowest,
Lonely, — but with God thou goest.
Where the heathen rage the fiercest,
Through the armèd throng thou piercest.
For thy coat of mail, bedight
In thy spotless robe of white.
For the sinful sword, — thy hand
Bearing bright the silver wand.
Through the camp and through the court,
Through the bandit's gloomy fort,
On the mission of the dove,
Speeds the minister of love;
By a word the wildest taming,
And the world to Christ reclaiming:
While, as once the waters trod
By the footsteps of thy God,
War and wrath and rapine cease,
Hush'd round thy charmèd path, O Messenger of Peace!

The stranger to whom these honors were paid was a young, unbearded man, clothed in white wrought with silver: he was unarmed and barefooted; in his hand he held a tall silver wand. Montreal and his party halted in astonishment and wonder, and the knight, spurring his horse towards the crowd, confronted the stranger.

"How, friend," quoth the Provençal, "is thine a new order of pilgrims, or what especial holiness has won thee this homage?"

"Back, back!" cried some of the bolder of the crowd; "let not the robber dare arrest the Messenger of Peace."

Montreal waved his hand disdainfully.

"I speak not to you, good sirs, and the worthy friars

in your rear know full well that I never injured herald or palmer."

The monks, ceasing from their hymn, advanced hastily to the spot; and indeed the devotion of Montreal had ever induced him to purchase the good will of whatever monastery neighbored his wandering home.

"My son," said the eldest of the brethren, "this is a strange spectacle, and a sacred; and when thou learnest all, thou wilt rather give the messenger a passport of safety from the unthinking courage of thy friends than intercept his path of peace."

"Ye puzzle still more my simple brain," said Montreal impatiently; "let the youth speak for himself. I perceive that on his mantle are the arms of Rome blended with other quarterings, which are a mystery to me, though sufficiently versed in heraldic art, as befits a noble and a knight."

"Signor," said the youth gravely, "know in me the messenger of Cola di Rienzi, Tribune of Rome, charged with letters to many a baron and prince in the ways between Rome and Naples. The arms wrought upon my mantle are those of the pontiff, the city, and the tribune."

"Umph! thou must have bold nerves to traverse the Campagna with no other weapon than that stick of silver!"

"Thou art mistaken, sir knight," replied the youth boldly, "and judgest of the present by the past. Know that not a single robber now lurks within the Campagna; the arms of the tribune have rendered every road around the city as secure as the broadest street of the city itself."

"Thou tellest me wonders."

"Through the forest and in the fortress, through the wildest solitudes, through the most populous towns, have my comrades borne this silver wand unmolested and unscathed. Wherever we pass along, thousands hail us, and tears of joy bless the messengers of him who hath expelled the brigand from his hold, the tyrant from his castle, and insured the gains of the merchant and the hut of the peasant."

"*Par Dieu!*" said Montreal, with a stern smile, "I ought to be thankful for the preference shown to me. I have not yet received the commands nor felt the vengeance of the tribune; yet, methinks, my humble castle lies just within the patrimony of St. Peter."

"Pardon me, signor cavalier," said the youth; "but do I address the renowned Knight of St. John, warrior of the Cross, yet leader of banditti?"

"Boy, you are bold; I am Walter de Montreal."

"I am bound, then, sir knight, to your castle."

"Take care how thou reach it before me, or thou standest a fair chance of a quick exit. How now, my friends?" seeing that the crowd at these words gathered closer round the messenger. "Think ye that I, who have my mate in kings, would find a victim in an unarmed boy? Fie! give way, give way. Young man, follow me homeward; you are safe in my castle as in your mother's arms."

So saying, Montreal, with great dignity and deliberate gravity, rode slowly towards his castle, his soldiers, wondering, at a little distance, and the white-robed messenger following with the crowd, who refused to depart; so great was their enthusiasm that they even

ascended to the gates of the dreaded castle, and insisted on waiting without until the return of the youth assured them of his safety.

Montreal, who, however lawless elsewhere, strictly preserved the rights of the meanest boor in his immediate neighborhood, and rather affected popularity with the poor, bade the crowd enter the courtyard, ordered his servitors to provide them with wine and refreshment, regaled the good monks in his great hall, and then led the way to a small room, where he received the messenger.

"This," said the youth, "will best explain my mission," as he placed a letter before Montreal.

The knight cut the silk with his dagger, and read the epistle with great composure.

"Your tribune," said he, when he had finished it, "has learned the laconic style of power very soon. He orders me to render this castle and vacate the papal territory within ten days. He is obliging; I must have breathing-time to consider the proposal. Be seated, I pray you, young sir. Forgive me, but I should have imagined that your lord had enough upon his hands with his Roman barons, to make him a little more indulgent to us foreign visitors. Stephen Colonna —"

"Is returned to Rome, and has taken the oath of allegiance; the Savelli, the Orsini, the Frangipani, have all subscribed their submission to the Buono Stato."

"How!" cried Montreal in great surprise.

"Not only have they returned, but they have submitted to the dispersion of all their mercenaries and the dismantling of all their fortifications. The iron of the Orsini Palace now barricades the Capitol, and the stone-

work of the Colonna and the Savelli has added new battlements to the gates of the Lateran and St. Laurence."

"Wonderful man!" said Montreal, with reluctant admiration. "By what means was this effected?"

"A stern command and a strong force to back it. At the first sound of the great bell, twenty thousand Romans rise in arms. What to such an army are the brigands of an Orsini or a Colonna? Sir knight, your valor and renown make even Rome admire you; and I, a Roman, bid you beware."

"Well, I thank thee; thy news, friend, robs me of breath. So the barons submit, then?"

"Yes. On the first day, one of the Colonna, the Lord Adrian, took the oath; within a week, Stephen, assured of safe conduct, left Palestrina, the Savelli in his train; the Orsini followed. Even Martino di Porto has silently succumbed."

"The tribune — But is that his dignity? Methought he was to be king —"

"He was offered, and he refused the title. His present rank, which arrogates no patrician honors, went far to conciliate the nobles."

"A wise knave! — I beg pardon, a sagacious prince! Well, then, the tribune lords it mightily, I suppose, over the great Roman names?"

"Pardon me; he enforces impartial justice from peasant or patrician; but he preserves to the nobles all their just privileges and legal rank."

"Ha! and the vain puppets, so they keep the semblance, scarce miss the substance, — I understand. But this shows genius. The tribune is unwed, I think. Does he look among the Colonna for a wife?"

"Sir knight, the tribune is already married; within three days after his ascension to power he won and bore home the daughter of the Baron di Raselli."

"Raselli! no great name; he might have done better."

"But it is said," resumed the youth, smiling, "that the tribune will shortly be allied to the Colonna, through his fair sister, the Signora Irene. The Baron di Castello woos her."

"What, Adrian Colonna! Enough; you have convinced me that a man who contents the people and awes or conciliates the nobles is born for empire. My answer to this letter I will send myself. For your news, sir messenger, accept this jewel," and the knight took from his finger a gem of some price. "Nay, shrink not; it was as freely given to me as it is now to thee."

The youth, who had been agreeably surprised and impressed by the manner of the renowned freebooter, and who was not a little astonished himself with the ease and familiarity with which he had been relating to Fra Moreale, in his own fortress, the news of Rome, bowed low as he accepted the gift.

The astute Provençal, who saw the evident impression he had made, perceived also that it might be of advantage in delaying the measures he might deem it expedient to adopt. "Assure the tribune," said he, on dismissing the messenger, "shouldst thou return ere my letter arrive, that I admire his genius, hail his power, and will not fail to consider as favorably as I may of his demand."

"Better," said the messenger warmly (he was of good blood and gentle bearing), "better ten tyrants for our enemy than one Montreal."

"An enemy! Believe me, sir, I seek no enmity with

princes who know how to govern, or a people that has the wisdom at once to rule and to obey."

The whole of that day, however, Montreal remained thoughtful and uneasy; he dispatched trusty messengers to the Governor of Aquila (who was then in correspondence with Louis of Hungary), to Naples, and to Rome, — the last charged with a letter to the tribune, which, without absolutely compromising himself, affected submission, and demanded only a longer leisure for the preparations of departure. But at the same time fresh fortifications were added to the castle, ample provisions were laid in, and, night and day, spies and scouts were stationed along the pass and in the town of Terracina. Montreal was precisely the chief who prepared most for war when most he pretended peace.

# THE FLAGELLANTS

## THE FLAGELLANTS

BY CARL MARR

(*American painter*, 1858)

In the fourteenth century the terrible Black Death swept over Asia and Europe, destroying hundreds of thousands of human beings. Fear of the judgment day and an agonized repentance of sins seized upon the nations. Thousands upon thousands of persons resolved to forsake their evil ways and to atone for their past sins as far as might be possible. They were eager to ward off eternal punishment by voluntary sufferings during their short life on earth. Naturally, those who felt alike formed brotherhoods, the most remarkable of which was that of the Flagellants. These arose in Hungary, later in Germany, and then made their way into Italy. Day and night, winter and summer, they marched through the streets of the cities with banners and torches, chanting and lamenting over the sins of the world. These processions were made up not only of the lower classes, but of nobles and churchmen of high position; there were nuns and children and women of rank among the marchers, whose weeping and wailing resounded through town after town. They bore scourges of leather thongs tied into knots here and there, into which sharp points of iron were fastened, and with these they lashed their naked backs until blood flowed from their wounds. Bells rang as they passed, and crowds lined the streets through which they walked, weeping and praying.

After a while people ceased to wonder at the Flagellants, and then they began to realize the probability that their processions and pilgrimages were excellent means of spreading the plague. The brotherhoods were now persecuted as eagerly as they had been venerated. One of their leaders was condemned and burnt as a heretic. In 1349, Pope Clement issued a papal bull against them, and they gradually disappeared.

# III
# THE RENAISSANCE

## HISTORICAL NOTE

The period of the crusades extended from 1096 to 1272. When the crusaders returned, they brought with them wonder-stories of the science and learning of the East. People began to discover the value of the old Greek and Latin manuscripts. Libraries and monasteries, even attics and cellars, were eagerly searched for the parchment treasures. More than this, the minds of men were so aroused and stimulated that they felt an impulse to attempt many kinds of work and to do in original and more excellent ways whatever they attempted. This awakening was so marked that the name Renaissance, or new birth, has been given to it.

By the middle of the fifteenth century, Italy had obtained an enviable position. The little courts of her princes were models in culture and magnificence for all Europe. The ships of Venice and Genoa swarmed in every port. The manufacture of woolen goods alone employed about 30,000 workmen in Florence and yielded more than $12,000,000 yearly. In the same city were eighty banks, a single one of which lent Edward III of England the equivalent of more than $15,000,000. In the fine arts, Italy was entering on a period of incomparable splendor. And all this was at a time when the rest of Europe was just emerging from the Dark Ages.

But this very prosperity bore within it the germs of destruction. The rapid increase of wealth and luxury sapped the old fighting spirit of the citizens. The busy merchant or artisan found it more convenient to use his money in hiring soldiers to fight for him, than to spend his own valuable time on the battlefield. The result of this enervation was soon apparent. In 1494, a French army passed the length of Italy with scarcely a shadow of opposition. The weakness of the unfortunate country was now as apparent as her wealth, the temptation was too great for her more powerful enemies, and Italy became the battle-ground of Europe.

# HOW THE DOGES OF VENICE WERE CHOSEN

### FROM THE OLD CHRONICLES

[In 687, the people who had settled on the Venetian islands appointed a common head. To him they gave the title of Doge, or leader, from the Latin *dux*. Five hundred years later, the Grand Council was formed, to which no newcomers were admitted. The noble families who had a right to representation in this council were enrolled in what was called the Golden Book. Later, a Council of Ten, a Senate, a Cabinet of Sages, and six Ducal Councilors were chosen. The Doge was the nominal head of all these bodies. He had much magnificence, but little real power.

*The Editor.*]

Then the noble Doge Rainieri Zeno died, and was buried, clad in cloth of gold; and seventeen days after, Messer Lorenzo Tiepolo was elected Doge. At that time there were six councilors in Venice who remained in the palace until the new Doge was elected, and their vicar was Messer Nicolao Michele. And he assembled all the people in the church of St. Mark, and spoke to them very wisely of all that belonged to the electing a Doge of Venice, and all that the Doge must swear to observe; and the people approved that which had been established. And this was how the election was made: The noble councilors assembled that day the Great Council; and for each one who was in the council there was made a little ball of wax, and inside thirty of these balls was a piece of parchment on which was written "Lector." Then each one took a ball, and the councilors and the

forty broke them in the sight of all; and when there was found within the word "Lector," he who had drawn it went and sat down in a certain place, and those who found nothing written went behind. Thus when all was done there were thirty electors. When they were assembled together, Messer Nicolao Michele spoke to them of the manner in which the election was to be made. And when they had sworn their oath before the council they remained in their room above in the palace, and the others went away. Then these thirty men made balls of wax, and in nine of them was a parchment with the word "Lector"; and each one took his ball, and those who found the word within tarried and the others went away. Then these nine assembled together and chose forty Venetians; and they had power to choose from the council, and from outside the council, seven of them agreeing together. And when they were agreed, they made known to Messer Nicolao Michele, and to the councilors, and to the three heads of the forty, the names of the forty men whom they had chosen; and they sent to fetch them to the palace. And they made forty balls of wax of which twelve had within the word "Lector"; and they put the forty balls in a hat. And there was brought in a child of the age of eleven years; and as each one came up, they said to the little child: "Put your hand into the hat, and take out a wax ball for such a one" (naming him); and the child took it and gave it to the councilors, and they broke it before him; and if there was written within "Lector," they made him sit down, and if not they sent him away. Then the vicar made the twelve chosen swear to observe all that the wise men had established; and they went

into a room and chose twenty-five men, eight of them agreeing together. Then they made known the names to the vicar and to the others; and they assembled them together, and made twenty-five balls, and within nine of them was the parchment with the word "Lector." And they came one after the other up to the hat, and the child drew a ball for each and the councilors broke them. And they made the nine chosen swear the oath, and they went into a chamber and chose forty-five men, seven men agreeing together. Then the vicar and the others assembled the forty-five, and made forty-five balls of wax, and in eleven of them put the parchment; and the child drew for them. And the eleven having been sworn, went into a chamber, and chose forty-one men, nine men agreeing together. These forty-one were to choose the Doge, twenty-five agreeing together. So they made the forty-one swear to observe the rules that the people had approved, and to support and defend the Doge who should be chosen.

So these forty-one men chose Messer Lorenzo Tiepolo; and they were of the nobles of Venice. Also in all the elections there was no man chosen who was not thirty years old at least.

There was great joy in Venice when Messer Lorenzo Tiepolo was chosen; for the people remembered the goodness of Messer Jacopo Tiepolo, his father, and the great things he had done, and Messer Lorenzo had learned of him well. And they assembled in the church of St. Mark, and he was declared to be elected Doge; and they stripped off his clothes and led him before the altar, and there he took the oath, and there was given him the gonfalon of St. Mark, and he took it. Then

amid great rejoicing he went up to the palace, and on the stairs he stopped with the gonfalon in his hand, and the chaplains of St. Mark cried aloud: "Let Christ conquer! let Christ reign! let Christ rule! And to our Lord Lorenzo Tiepolo, by the grace of God, illustrious Doge of Venice, Dalmatia, and Croatia, and lord of the fourth part and a half of the Empire of Romania, be safety, honor, long life, and victory! May St. Mark be thine aid!" Then the Doge entered the palace, and the chaplains went to S. Agostino, where there was the Dogaressa, and sang praises to her.

# THE BURNING OF THE VANITIES

[1497]

BY GEORGE ELIOT

[From the end of the fourteenth century, the Medici, a powerful family of Italy, had ruled Florence and Tuscany. The most famous of the Medici was Lorenzo, surnamed "The Magnificent." From 1478 to his death, in 1492, he governed Florence. He bore no title, but ruled entirely by his ability. He held enormous wealth, was wise and kind and generous, and a munificent patron of the arts and sciences. Under his wise control, the republic enjoyed many years of peace. With him died the glory of Italy.

In the last days of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the city of Florence was given up to shameless immorality. The monk Savonarola preached boldly against the sins of the day until his eloquence and earnestness won the hearts of the people. Lorenzo died, the French made a fruitless invasion into Italy, Lorenzo's son was driven into exile, and for the moment Florence became a republic. No regular government had been formed, and Savonarola was the strongest power in the city. Whatever laws he proposed were made, and rich and poor listened eagerly to his teachings. Religion was the absorbing interest of the day. The streets echoed with the singing of hymns. The children were as enthusiastic as their elders, and in 1497, during the season of Carnival just preceding Lent, they went about from house to house, begging people to destroy not only their immoral books, but also their handsome clothes and their jewels. The destruction of these was known as the "Burning of the Vanities."

All Florence had bowed down to the earnest preacher, but there was soon a reaction. Moreover, he had aroused the

enmity of the Pope. He was tried, with his bitterest enemies as judges, was tortured, and put to death.

*The Editor.*]

On the last day of the Carnival, between ten and eleven in the morning, Romola walked out, according to promise, towards the Corso degli Albizzi, to fetch her cousin Brigida, that they might both be ready to start from the Via de'Bardi early in the afternoon, and take their places at a window which Tito had had reserved for them in the Piazza della Signoria, where there was to be a scene of so new and striking a sort that all Florentine eyes must desire to see it. For the Piagnoni were having their own way thoroughly about the mode of keeping the Carnival. In vain Dolfo Spina and his companions had struggled to get up the dear old masks and practical jokes, well spiced with indecency. Such things were not to be in a city where Christ had been declared king.

Romola set out in that languid state of mind with which every one enters on a long day of sight-seeing purely for the sake of gratifying a child or some dear childish friend. The day was certainly an epoch in carnival-keeping; but this phase of reform had not touched her enthusiasm, and she did not know that it was an epoch in her own life when *another* lot would begin to be no longer secretly but visibly entwined with her own.

She chose to go through the great piazza that she might take a first survey of the unparalleled sight there while she was still alone. Entering it from the south, she saw something monstrous and many-colored in the shape of a pyramid, or, rather, like a huge fir-tree, sixty feet high, with shelves on the branches, widening and

widening towards the base till they reached a circumference of eighty yards. The piazza was full of life: slight young figures, in white garments, with olive wreaths on their heads, were moving to and fro about the base of the pyramidal tree, carrying baskets full of bright-colored things; and maturer forms, some in the monastic frock, some in the loose tunics and dark-red caps of artists, were helping and examining, or else retreating to various points in the distance to survey the wondrous whole; while a considerable group, among whom Romola recognized Piero di Cosimo, standing on the marble steps of Orgagna's Loggia, seemed to be keeping aloof in discontent and scorn.

Approaching nearer, she paused to look at the multifarious objects ranged in gradation from the base to the summit of the pyramid. There were tapestries and brocades of immodest design, pictures and sculptures held too likely to incite to vice; there were boards and tables for all sorts of games, playing-cards along with blocks for printing them, dice, and other apparatus for gambling; there were worldly music-books, and musical instruments in all the pretty varieties of lute, drum, cymbal, and trumpet; there were masks and masquerading-dresses used in the old Carnival shows; there were handsome copies of Ovid, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Pulci, and other books of a vain or impure sort; there were all the implements of feminine vanity, — rouge-pots, false hair, mirrors, perfumes, powders, and transparent veils intended to provoke inquisitive glances; lastly, at the very summit, there was the unflattering effigy of a probably mythical Venetian merchant, who was understood to have offered a heavy sum for this collection of market-

able abominations, and, soaring above him in surpassing ugliness, the symbolic figure of the old debauched Carnival.

This was the preparation for a new sort of bonfire, — the Burning of Vanities. Hidden in the interior of the pyramid was a plentiful store of dry fuel and gunpowder; and on this last day of the festival, at evening, the pile of vanities was to be set ablaze to the sound of trumpets, and the ugly old Carnival was to tumble into the flames amid the songs of reforming triumph.

This crowning act of the new festivities could hardly have been prepared but for a peculiar organization which had been started by Savonarola two years before. The mass of the Florentine boyhood and youth was no longer left to its own genial promptings towards street mischief and crude dissoluteness. Under the training of Fra Domenico, a sort of lieutenant to Savonarola, lads and striplings, the hope of Florence, were to have none but pure words on their lips, were to have a zeal for Unseen Good that should put to shame the lukewarmness of their elders, and were to know no pleasures save of an angelic sort, — singing divine praises and walking in white robes. It was for them that the ranges of seats had been raised high against the walls of the Duomo; and they had been used to hear Savonarola appeal to them as the future glory of a city specially appointed to do the work of God.

These fresh-cheeked troops were the chief agents in the regenerated merriment of the new Carnival, which was a sort of sacred parody of the old. Had there been bonfires in the old time? There was to be a bonfire now, consuming impurity from off the earth. Had there been

symbolic processions? There were to be processions now, but the symbols were to be white robes and red crosses and olive wreaths, — emblems of peace and innocent gladness, — and the banners and images held aloft were to tell the triumphs of goodness. Had there been dancing in a ring under the open sky of the piazza, to the sound of choral voices chanting loose songs? There was to be dancing in a ring now, but dancing of monks and laity in fraternal love and divine joy, and the music was to be the music of hymns. As for the collections from street passengers, they were to be greater than ever, — not for gross and superfluous suppers, but for the benefit of the hungry and needy; and, besides, there was the collecting of the *Anathema*, or the Vanities to be laid on the great pyramidal bonfire.

Troops of young inquisitors went from house to house on this exciting business of asking that the Anathema should be given up to them. Perhaps, after the more avowed vanities had been surrendered, Madonna, at the head of the household, had still certain little reddened balls brought from the Levant, intended to produce on a sallow cheek a sudden bloom of the most ingenuous falsity? If so, let her bring them down and cast them into the basket of doom. Or, perhaps, she had ringlets and coils of "dead hair"? If so, let her bring them to the street-door, not on her head, but in her hands, and publicly renounce the Anathema which hid the respectable signs of age under a ghastly mockery of youth. And, in reward, she would hear fresh young voices pronounce a blessing on her and her house.

The beardless inquisitors, organized into little regiments, doubtless took to their work very willingly. To

coerce people by shame, or other spiritual pelting, into the giving up of things it will probably vex them to part with, is a form of piety to which the boyish mind is most readily converted; and if some obstinately wicked men got enraged and threatened the whip or the cudgel, this was also exciting. Savonarola himself evidently felt about the training of these boys the difficulty weighing on all minds with noble yearnings towards great ends, yet with that imperfect perception of means which forces a resort to some supernatural constraining influence as the only sure hope. The Florentine youth had had very evil habits and foul tongues: it seemed at first an unmixed blessing when they were got to shout, "*Viva Gesù!*" But Savonarola was forced at last to say from the pulpit, "There is a little too much of shouting of '*Viva Gesù!*' This constant utterance of sacred words brings them into contempt. Let me have no more of that shouting till the next Festa."

Nevertheless, as the long stream of white-robed youthfulness, with its little red crosses and olive wreaths, had gone to the Duomo at dawn this morning to receive the communion from the hands of Savonarola, it was a sight of beauty; and, doubtless, many of those young souls were laying up memories of hope and awe that might save them from ever resting in a merely vulgar view of their work as men and citizens. There is no kind of conscious obedience that is not an advance on lawlessness, and these boys became the generation of men who fought greatly and endured greatly in the last struggle of their Republic. Now, in the intermediate hours between the early communion and dinner-time, they were making their last perambulations to collect alms and vanities,

and this was why Romola saw the slim white figures moving to and fro about the base of the great pyramid.

"What think you of this folly, Madonna Romola?" said a brusque voice close to her ear. "Your Piagnoni will make *l' inferno* a pleasant prospect to us, if they are to carry things their own way on earth. It's enough to fetch a cudgel over the mountains to see painters, like Lorenzo di Credi and young Baccio there, helping to burn color out of life in this fashion."

"My good Piero," said Romola, looking up and smiling at the grim man, "even you must be glad to see some of these things burnt. Look at those gewgaws and wigs and rouge-pots: I have heard you talk as indignantly against those things as Fra Girolamo himself."

"What, then?" said Piero, turning round on her sharply. "I never said a woman should make a black patch of herself against the background. Va! Madonna Antigone, it's a shame for a woman with your hair and shoulders to run into such nonsense, — leave it to women who are not worth painting. What! the most holy Virgin herself has always been dressed well; that's the doctrine of the Church! — talk of heresy, indeed! And I should like to know what the excellent Messer Bardo would have said to the burning of the divine poets by these Frati, who are no better an imitation of men than if they were onions with the bulbs uppermost. Look at that Petrarca sticking up beside a rouge-pot: do the idiots pretend that the heavenly Laura was a painted harridan? And Boccaccio, now: do you mean to say, Madonna Romola — you who are fit to be a model for a wise Saint Catherine of Egypt, — do you mean to say

you have never read the stories of the immortal Messer Giovanni?"

"It is true I have read them, Piero," said Romola. "Some of them a great many times over, when I was a little girl. I used to get the book down when my father was asleep, so that I could read to myself."

"*Ebbene?*" said Piero, in a fiercely challenging tone.

"There are some things in them I do not want ever to forget," said Romola; "but you must confess, Piero, that a great many of those stories are only about low deceit for the lowest ends. Men do not want books to make them think lightly of vice, as if life were a vulgar joke. And I cannot blame Fra Girolamo for teaching that we owe our time to something better."

"Yes, yes, it's very well to say so now you've read them," said Piero bitterly, turning on his heel and walking away from her.

Romola, too, walked on, smiling at Piero's innuendo, with a sort of tenderness towards the old painter's anger, because she knew that her father would have felt something like it.

# BENVENUTO CELLINI, A GOLDSMITH OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY[1]

[1500–1571]

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

THERE is at Florence a bridge called the Ponte-Vecchio, which is covered with houses to this day; these houses were in the old days goldsmiths' shops.

But the word is not to be understood as we understand it to-day. The goldsmith of our day follows a trade; formerly, the goldsmith was an artist.

So it was that there was nothing in the world so wondrously beautiful as these shops, or rather as the articles with which they were stocked. There were round cups of onyx, around which dragons' tails were twined, while heads and bodies of these fabulous creatures confronted one another with gold-bespangled sky-blue wings outspread, and with jaws wide open like chimeras, shot threatening glances from their ruby eyes. There were ewers of agate, with a festoon of ivy clinging around the base, and climbing up in guise of handle well above the orifice concealing amid its emerald foliage some marvelous bird from the tropics, in brilliant plumage of enamel, seemingly alive and ready to burst forth in song. There were urns of lapis lazuli over the edge of which leaned, as if to drink, lizards chiselled with such art that one could almost see the changing reflections of their gol-

[1] From *Ascanio*. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1895, by Little, Brown, and Company.

den cuirasses, and might have thought that they would fly at the least sound, and seek shelter in some crevice in the wall. There were chalices and monstrances and bronze and gold and silver medallions, all studded with precious stones, as if in those days rubies, topazes, carbuncles, and diamonds could be found by searching in the sand on river banks, or in the dust of the highroad; and there were nymphs, naiads, gods, goddesses, a whole resplendent Olympus mingled with crucifixes, crosses, and Calvarys; Mater Dolorosas, Venuses, Christs, Apollos, Jupiters launching thunderbolts, and Jehovahs creating the world; and all this not only cleverly executed, but poetically conceived; not only admirable, viewed as ornaments for a woman's boudoir, but magnificent masterpieces fit to immortalize the reign of a king or the genius of a nation.

To be sure, the goldsmiths of that epoch bore the name of Donatello, Ghiberti, Guirlandajo and Benvenuto Cellini.

Now, Benvenuto Cellini has himself described in his memoirs, which are more interesting than the most interesting novel, the adventurous life of the artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when Titian was painting in a coat of mail, when Michael Angelo was sculpturing with his sword at his side, when Masaccio and Vomenichino died of poison, and Cosmo I secluded himself in his laboratory to discover the mode of tempering steel so that it would cut porphyry.

To show the character of the man, we will take a single episode in his life, — which was the occasion of his coming to France.

Benvenuto was at Rome, whither Pope Clement VII

had summoned him, and was at work with characteristic ardor upon the beautiful chalice which his Holiness had ordered; but as he desired to display his talent at its best upon the precious work, he made but slow progress. Now, Benvenuto, as may well be imagined, had many rivals, who envied him the many valuable orders he received from the Pope, as well as the marvelous skill with which he executed them. The result was that one of his confrères, named Pompeo, who had nothing to do but slander his betters, took advantage of the delay to do him all possible injury in the Pope's sight, and kept at work persistently, day in and day out, without truce or relaxation, sometimes in undertones, sometimes aloud, assuring him that he would never finish it, and that he was so overwhelmed with orders that he executed those of other people to the neglect of His Holiness's.

He said and did so much, did good Pompeo, that when Benvenuto Cellini saw him enter his workshop one day with smiling face, he divined at once that he was the bearer of bad news for him.

"Well, my dear confrère," Pompeo began, "I have come to relieve you from a heavy burden. His Holiness realizes that your neglect in completing *his* chalice is not due to lack of zeal, but to lack of time; he therefore considers it no more than just to relieve you from some one of your important duties, and of his own motion he dismisses you from the post of Engraver to the Mint. It will be nine paltry ducats[1] a month less in your pocket but an hour more each day at your disposal."

Benvenuto was conscious of an intense longing to

[1] A ducat ranged in value from $1.46 to $2.30.

throw the jeering varlet out of the window, but he restrained his feelings, and Pompeo, seeing that not a muscle of his face moved, thought that he had missed his aim.

"Furthermore," he continued, "why, I know not, but in spite of all that I could say in your behalf, His Holiness demands his chalice at once, in whatever condition it may be. Verily, I am afraid, dear Benvenuto, I say it in all friendliness, that it is his purpose to have some other finish it."

"Oh, no, not that!" cried the goldsmith, starting up like one bitten by a serpent. "My chalice is my own, even as the office at the Mint is the Pope's. His Holiness hath no right to do more than bid me return the five hundred crowns paid to me in advance, and I will dispose of my work as may seem good to me."

"Beware, my master," said Pompeo; "imprisonment may be the sequel of your refusal."

"Signor Pompeo, you 're an ass!" retorted Benvenuto.

Pompeo left the shop in a rage.

On the following day two of the Holy Father's chamberlains called upon Benvenuto Cellini.

"The Pope has sent us," said one of them, "either to receive the chalice at your hands, or take you to prison."

"Monsignori," rejoined Benvenuto, "an artist like myself deserves no less than to be given in charge to functionaries like yourselves. Here I am; take me to prison. But I give you fair warning that all this will not put the Pope's chalice forward one stroke of the graver."

Benvenuto went with them to the governor of the prison, who, having doubtless received his instructions in advance, invited him to dine with him. Throughout

the repast the governor used every conceivable argument to induce Benvenuto to satisfy the Pope by carrying the chalice to him, assuring him that, if he would make that concession, Clement VII, violent and obstinate as he was, would forget his displeasure. But the artist replied that he had already shown the Holy Father his chalice six times since he began it, and that was all that could justly be required of him; moreover, he said that he knew His Holiness, and that he was not to be trusted; that he might very well, when he had the chalice in his hands, take it from him altogether, and give it to some idiot to finish, who would spoil it. He reiterated his readiness to return the five hundred crowns paid in advance.

Having said so much, Benvenuto met all subsequent arguments of the governor by exalting his cook to the skies, and praising his wines.

After dinner, all his compatriots, all his dearest friends, all his apprentices, led by Ascanio, called upon him to implore him not to rush headlong to destruction by resisting the commands of Clement VII; but Benvenuto told them that he had long desired to establish the great truth that a goldsmith can be more obstinate than a Pope; and as the most favorable opportunity he could ask for was now at hand, he certainly would not let it pass, for fear that it might not return.

His compatriots withdrew, shrugging their shoulders, his friends vowing that he was mad, and Ascanio weeping bitterly.

Fortunately Pompeo did not forget Cellini, and meanwhile he was saying slyly to the Pope, —

"Most Holy Father, give your servant a free hand; I

will send word to this obstinate fellow, that, since he is so determined, he may send me the five hundred crowns; as he is a notorious spendthrift he will not have that sum at his disposal, he will be compelled to give up the chalice to me."

Clement considered this an excellent device and bade Pompeo do as he suggested. And so, that same evening, as Cellini was about to be taken to the cell assigned him, a chamberlain made his appearance and informed the goldsmith that His Holiness accepted his ultimatum, and demanded the delivery of the chalice or the five hundred crowns without delay.

Benvenuto replied that they had but to take him to his workshop, and he would give them the five hundred crowns.

He was escorted thither by four Swiss, accompanied by the chamberlain. He entered his bedroom, drew a key from his pocket, opened a small iron closet built into the wall, plunged his hand into a large bag, took out five hundred crowns, and, having given them to the chamberlain, showed him and the four Swiss to the door. It should be said, in justice to Benvenuto Cellini, that they received four crowns for their trouble, and in justice to the Swiss, that they kissed his hands as they took their leave.

The chamberlain returned forthwith to the Holy Father, and delivered the five hundred crowns, whereupon His Holiness, in his desperation, flew into a violent rage, and began to abuse Pompeo.

"Go thyself to my great engraver at his workshop, animal," he said, "employ all the soothing arguments of which thy ignorant folly is capable, and say to him

that if he will consent to finish my chalice, I will give him whatever facilities he may require."

"But, Your Holiness," said Pompeo, "will it not be time to-morrow morning?"

"I fear lest it be already too late this evening, imbecile, and I do not choose that Benvenuto shall sleep upon his wrath; therefore do my bidding on the instant, and let me not fail to have a favorable reply to-morrow morning at my levée."

Pompeo thereupon left the Vatican with drooping feathers, and repaired to Benvenuto's workshop; it was closed.

He peered through the keyhole and through the cracks in the door, and scrutinized all the windows, one after another, to see if there was not one which showed a light; but all were dark. He ventured to knock a second time somewhat louder than at first, and then a third time, still louder.

Thereupon a window on the first floor opened, and Benvenuto appeared in his shirt, arquebus in his hand.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"I," the messenger replied.

"Who art thou?" rejoined the goldsmith, although he recognized his man at once.

"Pompeo."

"Thou liest," said Benvenuto; "I know Pompeo well, and he is far too great a coward to venture out into the streets of Rome at this hour."

"But, my dear Cellini, I swear —"

"Hold thy peace! thou art a villain, and hast taken the poor devil's name to induce me to open my door, and then to rob me."

"Master Benvenuto, may I die —"

"Say but another word," cried Benvenuto, pointing the arquebus toward his interlocutor, "and that wish of thine will be gratified."

Pompeo fled at full speed, crying "Murder!" and disappeared around the corner of the nearest street.

Benvenuto thereupon closed his window, hung his arquebus on its nail and went to bed once more, laughing in his beard at poor Pompeo's fright.

The next morning, as he went down to his shop, which had been opened an hour earlier by his apprentices, he spied Pompeo on the opposite side of the street, where he had been doing sentry duty since daybreak, waiting to see him descend.

As soon as he saw Cellini, Pompeo waved his hand to him in the most affectionately friendly way imaginable.

"Aha!" said Cellini, "is it you, my dear Pompeo? By my faith! I was within an ace last night of making a churl pay dearly for his insolence in assuming your name."

"Indeed!" said Pompeo, forcing himself to smile, and drawing gradually nearer to the shop; "how did it happen, pray?"

Benvenuto thereupon described the incident to His Holiness's messenger; but as his friend Benvenuto had described him in their nocturnal interview as a coward, Pompeo did not dare confess his identity with the visitor. When his tale was finished, Cellini asked Pompeo to what happy circumstance he was indebted for the honor of so early a visit from him.

Pompeo thereupon acquitted himself, but in somewhat different terms, be it understood, of the errand

upon which Clement VII had sent him to his goldsmith. Benvenuto's features expanded as he proceeded. Clement VII yielded; *ergo* the goldsmith had been more obstinate than the Pope.

"Say to His Holiness," said Benvenuto, when the message was duly delivered, "that I shall be very happy to obey him, and do anything in my power to regain his favor, which I have lost not by any fault of my own, but through the evil machinations of envious rivals. As for yourself, Signor Pompeo, as the Pope does not lack retainers, I counsel you, in your own interest, to look to it that another than you is sent to me hereafter; for your health's sake, Signor Pompeo, interfere no more in my affairs; in pity for yourself, never happen in my path, and for the welfare of my soul, Pompeo, pray God that I be not your Cæsar."

Pompeo waited to hear no more, but returned to Clement VII with Cellini's reply, of which, however, he suppressed the peroration.

Sometime thereafter, in order to put the seal to his reconciliation with Benvenuto, Clement VII ordered his medallion struck by him. Benvenuto struck it in bronze, in silver, and in gold, and then carried it to him. The Pope was so enraptured with it that he cried out in his admiration, that so beautiful a medallion had never been produced by the ancients.

"Ah, well, Your Holiness," said Benvenuto, "had I not displayed some firmness, we should have been at enmity to-day; for I would never have forgiven you, and you would have lost a devoted servant. Look you, Holy Father," he continued, by way of good counsel, "Your Holiness would not do ill to remember now and

then the opinion of many discreet folk, that one should bleed seven times before cutting once, and you would do well also to allow yourself to be something less easily made the dupe of lying tongues and envious detractors; so much for your guidance in the future, and we will say no more about it, Most Holy Father."

Thus did Benvenuto pardon Clement VII, which he certainly would not have done had he loved him less.

GALILEO BEFORE THE INQUISITION

# GALILEO BEFORE THE INQUISITION

BY JOSEPH NICHOLAS ROBERT-FLEURY

(*French painter*, 1792–1890)

THE discoveries of Galileo are a generous part of the foundation of modern science. He discovered that time might be measured by the movement of a pendulum, and that all bodies falling in a vacuum will descend with equal velocity. He invented the telescope and the microscope, and a balance by which the specific gravity of solids might be ascertained. He discovered the satellites of Jupiter, and declared that the moon gave light by reflection, and that the Milky Way was a mighty tract of stars. He noted spots on the sun, and inferred from their motion that the sun revolves. In 1615 he stood out boldly in defense of the Copernican system, namely, that the earth revolves around the sun. Now came trouble. This was rank heresy, said the Church; for why should Joshua bid the sun stand still if it was already motionless? Galileo was called before the Inquisition, and bidden to abjure his theory of the motion of the earth. Under the threat of torture he did this. Then came the moment pictured in the illustration when, according to tradition, he whispered doggedly, "E pur si muove" (Nevertheless, it does move). Unfortunately there is said to be no foundation for this tradition. He was condemned to an indefinite term of imprisonment, but was soon released. He died in 1642.

## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

BY LORD BYRON

[This bridge, which was built in 1597, connects the ducal palace of Venice with the prison. Over it prisoners were led.
*The Editor.*]

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

# IV
# STORIES OF THE ITALIAN ARTISTS

## HISTORICAL NOTE

From the seventh to the thirteenth century, Constantinople was the "art center" of the Western world, but the art was in the style known as Byzantine. The figures were long and thin and stiff; the faces had no hint of expression, and the background was usually gilded. In 1204, the Venetians captured Constantinople, and this capture brought the Byzantine painters to Italy and their method with them. This method was at first followed with the utmost servility by the Italian painters; but after a while Cimabue and others ventured to draw figures a little more like human beings. Their robes fell into somewhat natural folds, and their faces had some little expression. Cimabue's pupil, Giotto, continued in the same line, and took a long step forward toward naturalism. With the fifteenth century came the Renaissance, with its inspiration to go directly to nature for models. Painting and sculpture advanced rapidly, and with Leonardo da Vinci there appeared complete mastery of composition and the use of light and shade. "During the first quarter of the sixteenth century, the grand climax of art was reached, and within that period the greatest painters of modern times flourished together, exercising in some sort a reciprocal influence, but each working out his own peculiar aims." It was during this time that Michael Angelo's early work was done; and with him the figures not only live but think and feel. The working years of Raphael's short life also fall within this period. In design he stands almost without a rival; in grandeur he is surpassed by Angelo alone. Titian, of the Venetian school of painting, was "the first to handle a brush with absolute freedom and facility." He sought only pictorial effects; and he produced them with unsurpassed excellence. After the middle of the sixteenth century, the great painters died one by one, and there were none to fill their places.

# CIMABUE, THE FATHER OF PAINTING

[1240–1302]

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT

After the decline of what is termed "Ancient Art," — that is to say, in the strictest sense, Greek Art, — there was a long period, of the individual artists of which we can tell almost nothing. Ancient Rome was full of wonderful works of art; but many of them were brought from Greece or other Eastern countries. Many more were made by Grecian artists in Rome, and after the time of the Emperor Augustus there were many years of which we shall not speak.

Giovanni Cimabue, the artist who is honored as the first Italian that revived any portion of the old beauty of painting, was born in Florence, in 1240. He was of noble family, and his parents allowed him to follow his inclination for art, until at last he painted the Madonna of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, which has always been, and must continue to be, a work of great interest. This was done when the artist was thirty years old.

I fancy that any one who now sees this picture wonders at its ugliness, instead of being filled with admiration, as were the Florentines more than six hundred years ago. But then Cimabue was watched with intense interest, and all the more because he would allow no one to see what he was painting. At length it happened that Charles of Anjou passed through Florence

on the way to his kingdom of Naples. Of course the noble Florentines did all in their power to entertain this royal guest, and besides other places he visited the studio of Cimabue, who now uncovered his work for the first time. Many people flocked to see it, and expressed their delight so loudly that the portion of the city in which the studio was has ever since been called the *Borgo Allegri*, or "the joyous quarter."

When the picture was completed, it was borne to the church in a grand solemn procession. The day was a festival; music was played, the magistrates of Florence graced the occasion with their presence, and the painter must have felt that he was more than repaid for all that he had done.

After this, Cimabue became famous all over Italy. He died about 1302, and was buried in the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore; above his tomb were inscribed these words: "Cimabue thought himself master of the field of painting. While living, he was so. Now he holds his place among the stars of heaven."

## GIOTTO AND HIS "O"

[1276–1336]

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT

One of the titles that is given to Cimabue is that of the "Father of Painting"; and this may well be said of him when we remember that it was Cimabue who found Giotto, and acted the part of a father to the boy who was to be such a wonderful painter. The story is that when Cimabue was quite old and very famous, he was riding in the valley of Vespignano, a few miles from Florence, and saw a shepherd boy, who while his flocks were feeding was making a portrait of one of his sheep on a bit of slate with a pointed stone. Cimabue looked at the sketch, and found it so good that he offered to take the little Giotto — who was only twelve years old — and teach him to paint. The boy was very happy, and his father — whose name was Bondone — was glad of this good fortune for his son; so Giotto di Bondone lived thenceforth with the noble Cimabue, and was instructed in letters by Brunetto Latini, who was also the teacher of the great poet Dante, while his art studies were made under his adopted father, Cimabue.

In the first picture by Giotto of which we have any account, he introduced the portraits of Dante and his teacher Latini, with several others. In later times, when Dante was persecuted by his enemies in Florence, this picture was covered with whitewash, and it was only restored to the light in 1841, after centuries of conceal-

ment. It is a precious memento of the youth of two men of great genius, — Dante and Giotto.

Pope Boniface VIII, hearing in Rome of Giotto's paintings, sent to invite him to his court. The messenger of the Pope asked Giotto to show him something of the art which had made him so famous; and Giotto, taking a sheet of paper and a pencil, drew quickly with a single motion a circle so perfect that it was considered a miracle, and gave rise to a proverb, which the Italians still love to use: *Piu tondo che l'O di Giotto,* — "Rounder than the O of Giotto." When in Rome the artist executed both mosaics and paintings for the Pope, and by the time that he was thirty years old, the dukes, princes, and kings, far and near, contended for his time and labors.

When at Naples, in the employ of King Robert, one very hot day the king said: "Giotto, if I were you, I would leave work and rest."

"So would I, Sire, *if I were you,*" said Giotto.

When the same king asked him to paint a picture of his kingdom, Giotto drew an ass bearing a saddle, on which were a crown and scepter; on the ground beside the ass was another saddle, with a very new, bright crown and scepter, which the ass was eagerly smelling. This was to signify that the Neapolitans were so fickle that they were always searching for a new king.

Giotto was a great architect as well as a great painter, for he it was who made all the designs, and even some of the working models for the beautiful bell-tower, or campanile of Florence, near the cathedral and baptistery. When the Emperor Charles V saw this tower, he exclaimed, "It should be kept under glass." A citizen of

Verona, who was in Florence while this tower of Giotto's was building, exclaimed that "the riches of two kingdoms would not suffice for such a work." This speech being overheard, he was thrown into prison and kept there several weeks, and was not permitted to leave the city until he had been taken to the treasury and convinced that the Florentines could afford to build a whole city of marble. Giotto died in 1336, and was buried in the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore with great honors, and Lorenzo de' Medici afterward erected a monument to him.

# STORIES OF LEONARDO DA VINCI

[1452–1519]

BY GIORGIO VASARI

[LEONARDO DA VINCI was perhaps the most universal genius of all times. He was painter, sculptor, poet, architect, engineer, musician, philosopher, mathematician, chemist, botanist, and geologist. He invented or greatly improved the camera obscura, the hydrometer, the wheelbarrow, the door-spring, the derrick, artillery, machines for rope-making, grinding colors, and sawing stone, an automatic file-cutter, and other contrivances of less importance. He seems to have been acquainted with the earth's motion, the principle of velocity, the effect of the moon on tides, and the circulation of the blood long before the reputed discovery of any of these laws of nature. He experimented in aëronautics, and suggested the use of steam as a motive power. He originated the science of hydraulics, discovered the cause of fossilization, and is thought to have devised the algebraic signs + and –. He was probably the best anatomist, the greatest civil engineer, and the most skillful maker of military maps of his age in Italy.

As a painter he has been equaled, perhaps, but never surpassed. He was the first to achieve real truth to nature and to life, and to obtain complete mastery of anatomy and the use of colors. In every way he was centuries in advance of his age, and hinted at more than we even yet know. "In all the race, it is perhaps he who makes one proudest of being a thinking creature."

*The Editor.*]

LEONARDO was fond of all animals, ever treating them with infinite kindness and consideration; as a proof of this it is related that when he passed places where birds

were sold, he would frequently take them from their cages, and having paid the price demanded for them by the sellers, would then let them fly into the air, thus restoring to them the liberty they had lost. Leonardo was in all things so highly favored by nature, that to whatever he turned his thoughts, mind, and spirit, he gave proof in all of such admirable power and perfection, that whatever he did bore an impress of harmony, truthfulness, goodness, sweetness and grace, wherein no other man could ever equal him. . . .

It is related that Ser Piero da Vinci, being at his country house, was there visited by one of the peasants on his estate, who, having cut down a fig tree on his farm, had made a shield from part of it with his own hands, and then brought it to Ser Piero, begging that he would be pleased to cause the same to be painted for him in Florence. This the latter very willingly promised to do, the countryman having great skill in taking birds and in fishing, and being often serviceable to Ser Piero in such matters. Having taken the shield with him to Florence, therefore, without saying anything to Leonardo as to whom it was for, he desired the latter to paint something upon it. Accordingly, he one day took it in hand, but finding it crooked, coarse, and badly made, he straightened it at the fire, and giving it to a turner, it was brought back to him smooth and delicately rounded, instead of the rude and shapeless form in which he had received it. He then covered it with gypsum, and having prepared it to his liking, he began to consider what he could paint upon it that might best and most effectually terrify whomsoever might approach it, producing the same effect with that formerly attributed to the head

of Medusa. For this purpose, therefore, Leonardo carried to one of his rooms, into which no one but himself ever entered, a number of lizards, hedgehogs, newts, serpents, dragon-flies, locusts, bats, glow-worms, and every other sort of strange animal of similar kind on which he could lay his hands; from this assemblage, variously adapted and joined together, he formed a hideous and appalling monster, breathing poison and flames, and surrounded by an atmosphere of fire; this he caused to issue from a dark and rifted rock, with poison reeking from the cavernous throat, flames darting from the eyes, and vapor rising from the nostrils in such sort that the result was indeed a most fearful and monstrous creature: at this he labored until the odors arising from all those dead animals filled the room with a mortal fetor, to which the zeal of Leonardo and the love which he bore to art rendered him insensible or indifferent. When this work, which neither the countryman nor Ser Piero any longer inquired for, was completed, Leonardo went to his father and told him that he might send for the shield at his earliest convenience, since, so far as he was concerned, the work was finished; Ser Piero went accordingly one morning to the room for the shield, and having knocked at the door, Leonardo opened it to him, telling him nevertheless to wait a little without, and having returned into the room he placed the shield on the easel, and shading the window so that the light falling on the painting was somewhat dimmed, he made Ser Piero step within to look at it. But the latter, not expecting any such thing, drew back, startled at the first glance, not supposing that to be the shield, or believing the monster he beheld to be a painting, he there-

fore turned to rush out; but Leonardo withheld him, saying: The shield will serve the purpose for which it has been executed, take it therefore and carry it away, for this is the effect it was designed to produce. The work seemed something more than wonderful to Ser Piero, and he highly commended the fanciful idea of Leonardo, but he afterwards silently bought from a merchant another shield, whereon there was painted a heart transfixed with an arrow, and this he gave to the countryman, who considered himself obliged to him for it to the end of his life. Some time after Ser Piero secretly sold the shield painted by Leonardo to certain merchants for one hundred ducats,[1] and it subsequently fell into the hands of the Duke of Milan, sold to him by the same merchants for three hundred ducats. . . .

It is worthy of admiration that this great genius, desiring to give the utmost possible relief to the works executed by him, labored constantly, not content with his darkest shadows, to discover the ground tone of others still darker; thus he sought a black that should produce a deeper shadow, and be yet darker than all other known blacks, to the end that the lights might by these means be rendered still more lucid, until he finally produced that totally dark shade, in which there is absolutely no light left, and objects have more the appearance of things seen by night, than the clearness of forms perceived by the light of day, but all this was done with the purpose of giving greater relief, and of discovering the attaining to the ultimate perfection of art.

Leonardo was so much pleased when he encountered faces of extraordinary character, or heads, beards, or

[1] About $228.

hair of unusual appearance, that he would follow any such, more than commonly attractive, through the whole day, until the figure of the person would become so well impressed on his mind that, having returned home, he would draw him as readily as though he stood before him. Of heads thus obtained there exist many, both masculine and feminine; and I have myself several of them drawn with a pen by his own hand, in the book of drawings so frequently cited. . . .

On the death of Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, in the year 1493, Ludovico Sforza was chosen in the same year to be his successor, when Leonardo was invited with great honor to Milan by the Duke, who delighted greatly in the music of the lute, to the end that the master might play before him; Leonardo therefore took with him a certain instrument which he had himself constructed almost wholly of silver, and in the shape of a horse's head, a new and fanciful form calculated to give more force and sweetness to the sound. Here Leonardo surpassed all the musicians who had assembled to perform before the Duke; he was besides one of the best *improvisatori* in verse existing at that time, and the Duke, enchanted with the admirable conversation of Leonardo, was so charmed by his varied gifts that he delighted beyond measure in his society, and prevailed on him to paint an altar-piece, the subject of which was the Nativity of Christ, which was sent by the Duke as a present to the Emperor. For the Dominican monks of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan, he also painted a Last Supper, which is a most beautiful and admirable work; to the heads of the Apostles in this picture the master gave so much beauty and majesty that he was

constrained to leave that of Christ unfinished, being convinced that he could not impart to it the divinity which should appertain to and distinguish an image of the Redeemer. But this work, remaining thus in its unfinished state, has been ever held in the highest estimation by the Milanese, and not by them only, but by foreigners also: Leonardo succeeded to perfection in expressing the doubts and anxiety experienced by the Apostles, and the desire felt by them to know by whom their Master is to be betrayed; in the faces of all appear love, terror, anger, or grief and bewilderment, unable as they are to fathom the meaning of their Lord. Nor is the spectator less struck with admiration by the force and truth with which, on the other hand, the master has exhibited the impious determination, hatred, and treachery of Judas. The whole work, indeed, is executed with inexpressible diligence even in its most minute part; among other things may be mentioned the table-cloth, the texture of which is copied with such exactitude, that the linen cloth itself could scarcely look more real.

It is related that the Prior of the Monastery was excessively importunate in pressing Leonardo to complete the picture; he could in no way comprehend wherefore the artist should sometimes remain half a day together absorbed in thought before his work, without making any progress that he could see; this seemed to him a strange waste of time, and he would fain have had him work away as he could make the men do who were digging in his garden, never laying the pencil out of his hand. Not content with seeking to hasten Leonardo, the Prior even complained to the Duke, and tormented

him to such a degree that the latter was at length compelled to send for Leonardo, whom he courteously entreated to let the work be finished, assuring him nevertheless that he did so because impelled by the importunities of the Prior. Leonardo, knowing the Prince to be intelligent and judicious, determined to explain himself fully on the subject with him, although he had never chosen to do so with the Prior. He therefore discoursed with him at some length respecting art, and made it perfectly manifest to his comprehension, that men of genius are sometimes producing most when they seem to be laboring least, their minds being occupied in the elucidation of their ideas, and in the completion of those conceptions to which they afterwards give form and expression with the hand. He further informed the Duke that there were still wanting to him two heads, one of which, that of the Saviour, he could not hope to find on earth, and had not yet attained the power of presenting it to himself in imagination, with all that perfection of beauty and celestial grace which appeared to him to be demanded for the due representation of the Divinity incarnate. The second head still wanting was that of Judas, which also caused him some anxiety, since he did not think it possible to imagine a form of feature that should properly render the countenance of a man who, after so many benefits received from his master, has possessed a heart so depraved as to be capable of betraying his Lord and the Creator of the world; with regard to that second, however, he would make search, and after all — if he could find no better, he need never be at any great loss, for there would always be the head of that troublesome and impertinent Prior. This made the

Duke laugh with all his heart, he declared Leonardo to be completely in the right, and the poor Prior, utterly confounded, went away to drive on the digging in his garden, and left Leonardo in peace: the head of Judas was then finished so successfully that it is indeed the true image of treachery and wickedness; but that of the Redeemer remained, as we have said, incomplete. The admirable excellence of this picture, the beauty of its composition, and the care with which it was executed, awakened in the King of France a desire to have it removed into his own kingdom, insomuch that he made many attempts to discover architects, who might be able to secure it by defenses of wood and iron, that it might be transported without injury. He was not to be deterred by any consideration of the cost that might be incurred, but the painting, being on the wall, His Majesty was compelled to forego his desire, and the Milanese retained their picture. . . .

He afterwards gave his attention, and with increased earnestness, to the anatomy of the human frame, a study wherein Messer Marcantonio della Torre, an eminent philosopher, and himself, did mutually assist and encourage each other. Messer Marcantonio was at that time holding lectures in Pavia, and wrote on the same subject; he was one of the first, as I have heard say, who began to apply the doctrines of Galen to the elucidation of medical science, and to diffuse light over the science of anatomy, which, up to that time, had been involved in the almost total darkness of ignorance. In this attempt Marcantonio was wonderfully aided by the genius and labor of Leonardo, who filled a book with drawings in red crayons, outlined with the pen, all copies made

with the utmost care from bodies dissected by his own hand. In this book he set forth the entire structure, arrangement, and disposition of the bones, to which he afterwards added all the nerves, in their due order, and next supplied the muscles, of which the first are affixed to the bones, the second give the power of cohesion or holding firmly, and the third impart that of motion. Of each separate part he wrote an explanation in rude characters, written backwards and with the left hand, so that whoever is not practised in reading cannot understand them, since they are only to be read with a mirror. Of these anatomical drawings of the human form, a great part is now in the possession of Messer Francesco da Melzo, a Milanese gentleman, who, in the time of Leonardo, was a child of remarkable beauty, much beloved by him, and is now a handsome and amiable old man, who sets great store by these drawings, and treasures them as relics, together with the portrait of Leonardo of blessed memory. To all who read these writings it must appear almost incredible that this sublime genius could, at the same time, discourse, as he has done, of art, and of the muscles, nerves, veins, and every part of the frame, all treated with equal diligence and success. There are, besides, certain other writings of Leonardo, also written with the left hand, in the possession of N. N., a painter of Milan; they treat of painting, of design generally, and of coloring. This artist came to see me in Florence no long time since; he then had an intention of publishing this work, and took it with him to Rome, there to give this purpose effect, but what was the end of the matter I do not know. . . .

For Francesco del Giocondo, Leonardo undertook to

paint the portrait of Mona Lisa, his wife, but, after loitering over it for four years, he finally left it unfinished. This work is now in the possession of King Francis of France, and is at Fontainebleau. Whoever shall desire to see how far art can imitate nature, may do so to perfection in this head, wherein every peculiarity that could be depicted by the utmost subtlety of the pencil has been faithfully reproduced. The eyes have the lustrous brightness and moisture which is seen in life, and around them are those pale, red, and slightly livid circles, also proper to nature, with the lashes, which can only be copied, as these are, with the greatest difficulty; the eyebrows also are represented with the closest exactitude, where fuller and where more thinly set, with the separate hairs delineated as they issue from the skin, every turn being followed, and all the pores exhibited in a manner that could not be more natural than it is: the nose, with its beautiful and delicately roseate nostrils, might easily be believed to be alive; the mouth, admirable in its outline, has the lips uniting the rose tints of their color with that of the face, in the utmost perfection, and the carnation of the cheek does not appear to be painted, but truly of flesh and blood: he who looks earnestly at the pit of the throat cannot but believe that he sees the beating of the pulses, and it may be truly said that this work is painted in a manner well calculated to make the boldest master tremble, and astonishes all who behold it, however well accustomed to the marvels of art. Mona Lisa was exceedingly beautiful, and while Leonardo was painting her portrait, he took the precaution of keeping some one constantly near her, to sing or play on instruments, or to jest and otherwise amuse her,

to the end that she might continue cheerful, and so that her face might not exhibit the melancholy expression often imparted by painters to the likenesses they take. In this portrait of Leonardo's, on the contrary, there is so pleasing an expression, and a smile so sweet, that while looking at it one thinks it rather divine than human, and it has ever been esteemed a wonderful work, since life itself could exhibit no other appearance. . . .

The death of Leonardo caused great sorrow to all who had known him, nor was there ever an artist who did more honor to the art of painting. The radiance of his countenance, which was splendidly beautiful, brought cheerfulness to the heart of the most melancholy, and the power of his word could move the most obstinate to say "No," or "Yes," as he desired; he possessed so great a degree of physical strength, that he was capable of restraining the most impetuous violence, and was able to bend one of the iron rings used for the knockers of doors, or a horseshoe, as if it were lead: with the generous liberality of his nature, he extended shelter and hospitality to every friend, rich or poor, provided only that he were distinguished by talent or excellence; the poorest and most insignificant abode was rendered beautiful and honorable by his works; and as the city of Florence received a great gift in the birth of Leonardo, so did it suffer a more than grievous loss at his death. To the art of painting in oil this master contributed the discovery of a certain mode of deepening the shadows, whereby the later artists have been enabled to give great force and relief to their figures. His abilities in statuary were proved by three figures in bronze, which are over the

north door of San Giovanni; they were cast by Gio Francesco Rustici, but conducted under the advice of Leonardo, and are, without doubt, the most beautiful castings that have been seen in these later days, whether for design or finish.

# PADRE BANDELLI PROSES TO THE DUKE LUDOVICO SFORZA ABOUT LEONARDO DA VINCI

BY WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

[When Leonardo da Vinci was about thirty, he went to Milan, where he served the Duke Ludovico as head engineer in various military enterprises, worked as an architect, and took charge of several brilliant festivals. All this was besides his teaching of painting. It was for the Duke Ludovico that he painted his famous "Last Supper." After the fall of the Duke, Leonardo served Cesare Borgia as a military engineer, and painted the wonderful Mona Lisa, whose mysterious smile has baffled the critics for four centuries. This picture was stolen from the Louvre in 1911 and recovered two years later in Milan. Leonardo became court painter to Louis XII; then to Francis I. His last days were spent in scientific research.

Clara Erskine Clement says: "The greatest work which Leonardo did there [in Milan] was the painting of the Last Supper, on the wall of the Dominican Convent of the Madonna delle Grazie. This picture has remained famous to this day, and although it is now almost destroyed by the effect of time, such engravings have been made from it that we can imagine how it looked when perfect. Some good copies, made while it was in fair preservation, exist in other cities."

*The Editor.*]

Two steps, your Highness, — let me go before,
And let some light down this dark corridor, —
Ser Leonardo keeps the only key
To the main entrance here so jealously,

That we must creep in at this secret door
If we his great Cenacolo would see.

The work shows talent, — that I must confess;
The heads, too, are expressive, every one;
But, with his idling and fastidiousness,
I fear his picture never will be done.

. . . . . . . . . .

'T is twenty months since first upon the wall
This Leonardo smoothed his plaster, — then
He spent two months before he began to scrawl
His figures, which were scarcely outlined, when
Some new fit seized him, and he spoilt them all.
As he began the first month that he came,
So he went on, month after month the same.
At times, when he had worked from morn to night
For weeks and weeks on some apostle's head,
In one hour, as it were from sudden spite,
He'd wipe it out. When I remonstrated,
Saying, "Ser Leonardo, you erase
More than you leave, — that's not the way to paint;
Before you finish we shall all be dead";
Smiling he turns (he has a pleasant face,
Though he would try the patience of a saint
With all his wilful ways), and calmly said,
"I wiped it out because it was not right;
I wish it had been, for your sake, no less
Than for this pious convent's; and indeed,
The simple truth, good Padre, to confess,
I've not the least objection to succeed:
But I must please myself as well as you,
Since I must answer for the work I do."

There was St. John's head, *that* I verily thought
He'd never finish. Twenty times at least
I thought it done, but still he wrought and wrought,
Defaced, remade, until at last he ceased
To work at all, — went off and locked the door, —
Was gone three days, — then came and sat before
The picture full an hour, — then calmly rose
And scratched out in a trice the mouth and nose.
This is sheer folly, as it seems to me,
Or worse than folly. Does your Highness pay
A certain sum to him for every day?
If so, the reason's very clear to see.
No? Then his brain *is* touched, assuredly.

At last, however, as you see, 't is done, —
All but our Lord's head, and the Judas there.
A month ago he finished the St. John,
And has not touched it since. That I'm aware;
And now he neither seems to think nor care
About the rest, but wanders up and down
The cloistered gallery in his long dark gown,
Picking the black stones out to step upon;
Or through the garden paces listlessly
With eyes fixed on the ground, hour after hour,
While now and then he stoops and picks a flower,
And smells it, as it were, abstractedly.
What he is doing is a plague to me!
Sometimes he stands before yon orange-pot,
His hands behind him just as if he saw
Some curious thing upon its leaves, and then,
With a quick glance, as if a sudden thought
Had struck his mind, there, standing on the spot,

He takes a little tablet out to draw,
Then, muttering to himself, walks on again.
He is the very oddest man of men!

. . . . . . . . .

But, as I was observing, there have passed
Some twenty long and weary months since he
First turned us out of our refectory,
And who knows how much longer this may last,
Yet if our painter worked there steadily,
I could say nothing; but the work stands still,
While he goes idling round the cloisters' shade.
Pleasant enough for him, — but is he paid
For idle dreaming thoughts, or work and skill?

I crave your pardon; if I speak amiss,
Your Highness will, I hope, allowance make
That I have spoken for your Highness' sake,
And not that us it inconveniences,
Although it is a scandal to us all
To see this picture half done on the wall.
A word from your most gracious lips, I feel,
Would greatly quicken Ser Leonardo's zeal,
And we should soon see o'er our daily board,
The Judas finished, and our blessed Lord.

# MICHAEL ANGELO AND POPE JULIUS II

[1506–1512]

BY ANNA JAMESON

[When only a boy Michael Angelo became a student in the school of the Medici. Some of his work was so pleasing to Lorenzo the Magnificent that until the death of the Duke, in 1492, his house was the boy's home. Orders for statues and shrines and groups poured in upon the young artist. Before many years had passed, he undertook, though unwillingly, to carry out the Pope's wish that he should decorate the vault of the Sistine Chapel. This was an enormous undertaking for any one man, but it was carried out with a genius that has won for it the admiration of the world. Another superb work of his is the Chapel of the Medici; and yet another is the tomb of Pope Julius II, in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli. Here stands his colossal "Moses," at whose completion the artist is said to have cried, "Speak, for thou canst!" The last years of his life were devoted to architecture, and were filled not only with every honor that could be shown him, but also with most perfect friendships.

*The Editor.*]

Michael Angelo had at all times a lofty idea of his own dignity as an artist, and never would stoop either to flatter a patron or to conciliate a rival. Julius II, though now seventy-four, was as impatient of contradiction, as fiery in temper, as full of magnificent and ambitious projects, as if he had been in the prime of life; in his service was the famous architect Bramante, who beheld with jealousy and alarm the increasing fame of Michael Angelo and his influence with the pontiff, and set himself

by indirect means to lessen both. He insinuated to Julius that it was ominous to erect his own mausoleum during his lifetime, and the Pope gradually fell off in his attentions to Michael Angelo, and neglected to supply him with the necessary funds for carrying on the work. On one occasion Michael Angelo, finding it difficult to obtain access to the Pope, sent a message to him to this effect, that "henceforth, if His Holiness desired to see him, he should send to seek him elsewhere"; and the same night, leaving orders with his servants to dispose of his property, he departed for Florence. The Pope dispatched five couriers after him with threats, persuasions, promises, but in vain. He wrote to the Gonfaloniere Soderini, then at the head of the Government of Florence, commanding him, on pain of his extreme displeasure, to send Michael Angelo back to him; but the inflexible artist absolutely refused; three months were spent in vain negotiations. Soderini, at length, fearing the Pope's anger, prevailed on Michael Angelo to return, and sent with him his relation, Cardinal Soderini, to make up the quarrel between the high contending powers. The Pope was then at Bologna, and at the moment when Michael Angelo arrived, he was at supper; he desired him to be brought into his presence, and on seeing him burst into transports of fury, "Instead of obeying our commands and coming to us, thou hast waited till we came in search of thee!" (Bologna being much nearer to Florence than to Rome.) Michael Angelo fell on his knees, and entreated pardon with a loud voice. "Holy Father," said he, "my offense has not arisen from an evil nature; I could no longer endure the insults offered to me in the palace of Your Holiness!"

He remained kneeling, and the Pope continued to bend his brows in silence; when a certain bishop, in attendance on the Cardinal Soderini, thinking to mend the matter, interfered with excuses, representing that "Michael Angelo — poor man! — had erred through ignorance; that artists were wont to presume too much on their genius," and so forth. The irascible Pope, interrupting him with a sharp blow across the shoulders with his staff, exclaimed, "It is thou that art ignorant and presuming, to insult him whom we feel ourselves bound to honor; take thyself out of our sight!" And as the terrified prelate stood transfixed with amazement, the Pope's attendants forced him out of the room. Julius, then, turning to Michael Angelo, gave him his forgiveness and his blessing, and commanded him never again to leave him, promising him on all occasions his favor and protection. This extraordinary scene took place in November, 1506. It was some time after this (about 1512) that Julius II, in speaking of Michael Angelo to Sebastian del Piombo, again showed, in the midst of his anger, his entire appreciation of the man and the artist. "Look," he said, "at the work of Raphael! [the fresco of the Heliodorus.] He no sooner saw the work of Michael Angelo [the ceiling of the Sistine] than he threw aside the manner of Perugino and tried to imitate that of Michael Angelo, who is, notwithstanding [here he burst into a rage], a *terrible* fellow. There is no getting on with him!"

The work on the tomb was not, however, immediately resumed. Michael Angelo was commanded to execute a colossal statue of the Pope to be erected in front of the principal church of Bologna. He threw into the figure

and attitude so much of the haughty and resolute character of the original that Julius, on seeing the model, asked him with a smile whether he intended to represent him as blessing or as cursing. To which Michael Angelo prudently replied that he intended to represent His Holiness as admonishing the inhabitants of Bologna to obedience and submission. "And what," said the Pope, well pleased, "wilt thou put into the other hand?" "A book, may it please Your Holiness." "A book, man!" exclaimed the Pope; "put rather a sword; thou knowest I am no scholar." The fate of this statue, however we may lament it, was fitting and characteristic: a few years afterwards, in 1511, the populace of Bologna rebelled against the popedom, flung down the statue of Julius, and out of the fragments was constructed a cannon, which from its origin was styled "La Giuliana."

On his return to Rome, Michael Angelo wished to have resumed his work on the mausoleum; but the Pope had resolved on the completion of the Sistine Chapel: he commanded Michael Angelo to undertake the decoration of the vaulted ceiling; and the artist was obliged, though reluctantly, to obey. At this time the frescoes which Raphael and his pupils were painting in the chambers of the Vatican had excited the admiration of all Rome. Michael Angelo, who had never exercised himself in the mechanical part of the art of fresco, invited from Florence several painters of eminence to execute his designs under his own superintendence; but they could not reach the grandeur of his conceptions, which became enfeebled under their hands, and one morning, in a mood of impatience, he destroyed all that they had done, closed the doors of the chapel against

them, and would not thenceforth admit them to his presence. He then shut himself up, and proceeded with incredible perseverance and energy to accomplish his task alone; he even prepared his colors with his own hands. He began with the end towards the door; and in the two compartments first painted (though not first in the series), the Deluge, and the Vineyard of Noah, he made the figures too numerous and too small to produce their full effect from below, a fault which he corrected in those executed subsequently. When almost half the work was completed, the Pope insisted on viewing what was done, and the astonishment and admiration it excited rendered him more and more eager to have the whole completed at once. The progress, however, was not rapid enough to suit the impatient temper of the pontiff. On one occasion he demanded of the artist when he meant to finish it; to which Michael Angelo replied calmly, "When I can." "When thou canst!" exclaimed the fiery old Pope: "thou hast a mind that I should have thee thrown from the scaffold!" At length, on the day of All Saints, 1509, half of the ceiling was uncovered to public view, and by October, 1512, the entire work was completed. Michael Angelo had employed on the painting only, without reckoning the time spent in preparing the cartoons, twenty-two months.

# MICHAEL ANGELO AND RAPHAEL IN THE VATICAN

# MICHAEL ANGELO AND RAPHAEL IN THE VATICAN

BY HORACE VERNET

(*France.* 1789–1863)

The beginning of the Vatican Palace is thought to have been a house built in the days of the Emperor Constantine. One Pope after another added to it, and in 1377 it became the papal residence. Little of the present building is older than the fifteenth century; but its lack of architectural harmony is more than made up by its magnificence and the great interest which attaches to it. The Vatican covers thirteen and one half acres and contains more than a thousand rooms. Its picture gallery and its collections of manuscripts are the most valuable in the world. In the times of the Renaissance each Pope in turn aimed at beautifying the Vatican and leaving something to show his touch upon the palace. Alexander VI renovated the old building; Sixtus IV added the Sistine Chapel; Julius II founded the museum; Fra Angelico, Perugino, Michael Angelo, and Raphael were all called upon to adorn what is one of the most magnificent and most famous buildings in the world.

This painting was inspired by the following anecdote. It is said, probably without truth, that Michael Angelo, encountering Raphael in the court of the Vatican, attended by his many pupils, sneeringly remarked, "You walk with the retinue of a prince." To which Raphael is supposed to have given the somewhat uncourteous reply, "And you alone, like an executioner."

In the center of the picture Raphael is seen sketching on a paper that is held by one of his pupils. He has been struck by the graceful attitude of a young mother seated with her child among the throng in the courtyard, and is transferring to canvas by rapid touches the outline of some future picture of the Madonna. Michael Angelo is in front, carrying the model of a statue. From the steps at the right Leonardo da Vinci watches the scene with evident interest, and at the left is Pope Julius II, his head shaded by an umbrella.

# RAPHAEL AND HIS CRITIC

[1483–1520]

BY GIORGIO VASARI

[RAPHAEL was the son of a painter and grew up in the artistic little city of Urbino. He became a pupil of Perugino, but soon began to execute independent work, and, when barely twenty-one, was met as an equal by the great artists of Florence. The Coronation of the Virgin, painted when he was but twenty, was his first great work. This was in the style of his teacher, but he soon set himself free from all imitative work, and his paintings in the Vatican are in his own individual style. These were done for Julius II, but the succeeding Pope, Leo X, was no less eager to secure the genius of Raphael, and the artist worked as if he realized how few years lay before him. He not only adorned the Vatican, but he was for a time chief architect of St. Peter's; he arranged festivities for the Popes, and wrote a large book on archæology. He died at the age of thirty-seven, and "all Rome flocked to the place for a last sight of the 'divino pittore.'"

*The Editor.*]

HIS [Raphael's] glory grew great, and the fame of him reached to France and Flanders, and Albert Dürer, the great German painter and engraver, sent to Raffaello a tribute of his own works, a portrait of himself painted in water-color on very fine linen, so that it showed equally on both sides. And Raffaello, marveling at it, sent to him many drawings from his own hand, which were much prized by Albert. Also the goldsmith, Francesco Francia of Bologna, heard of him, and desired greatly to

see him. For while he was enjoying in peace the glory he had earned by his labors in Bologna, many gentlemen of that city going to Rome went to see Raffaello and his works. And as it is usually the case that men like to praise to others those of their own house who have talent, so these Bolognese began to talk to Raffaello in praise of Francia's works, and his life and virtues; and so between them there sprang up a kind of friendship, and Francia and Raffaello saluted each other by letter. And Francia, hearing of the divine works of Raffaello, desired much to see them, but being already old was loath to leave his Bologna. Then it happened that Raffaello painted a picture of St. Cecilia, which was to be sent to Bologna and placed in a chapel in San Giovanni in Monte, and having packed it, he directed it to Francia as his friend that he might set it up in the chapel. At which Francia was very glad, having so long desired to see one of Raffaello's works. And having opened Raffaello's letter (in which he prayed him, if he found it scratched, to mend it, and also, if he saw any error, like a true friend, to correct it), with great delight he drew the picture out of the case and put it in a good light. But so great was his astonishment at what he saw that, recognizing his foolish presumption, he fell sick of grief, and in a short time died. For the picture of Raffaello was divine, not painted but living; and Francia, half dead with the shock, and altogether disheartened by the beauty of the picture compared with those which he saw around him by his own hand, had it placed carefully in the chapel where it was to be, and then in a few days took to his bed, feeling that in art he was nothing compared to what he had thought himself

to be and was reputed by others, and died of grief and melancholy. However, some people say that his death was so sudden that it was more like poison or apoplexy.

After this Raffaello painted for the Brothers of Monte Oliveto, in the monastery called Santa Maria dello Spasimo of Palermo, a picture of Christ bearing his cross, which when it was finished nearly met with an evil end. For as it was being borne by sea to Palermo, a horrible tempest cast the ship upon a rock, and it was broken to pieces, and all the crew lost, with the merchandise, except this picture, which was carried in its case by the sea to Genoa. Here being drawn to shore, it was seen to be a thing divine, and was taken care of, being found uninjured, even the fury of the winds and waves having respect to the beauty of such a work. When the news of it was spread abroad, the monks sought to regain it, and with the intercession of the Pope obtained it, satisfying the demands of those that saved it. Being carried safe to Sicily, it was placed in Palermo, where it has more reputation than the volcano itself.

# VASARI'S MEMORIES OF TITIAN

[1477–1576]

BY GIORGIO VASARI

[TITIAN was born in a little town in the Alps, in 1477. When a child of nine, he was apprenticed to a maker of mosaics in Venice. He was slow in developing, and while Raphael was called to Rome at the age of twenty-seven, no such invitation came to Titian until he was forty. This invitation he declined, and was soon made portrait painter to the Doges. Honors came rapidly and in generous measure. He was made court painter of Spain, and was summoned to paint a portrait of the Emperor. During the last years of his life, he painted little but religious pictures. His rapid, sweeping method of painting did away in great degree with the painfully finished detail work of earlier artists. He died in 1576, in his hundredth year.

*The Editor.*]

IN the year 1546 he [Titian] was called by Cardinal Farnese to Rome, where he found Vasari employed in the hall of the cardinal, and Titian being recommended to his care, he took him about to see Rome. And after he had rested some days, rooms were given him in the Belvedere that he might paint the Pope Paul III, Cardinal Farnese, and Duke Ottavio, which he completed to their great satisfaction. Afterwards he painted an Ecce Homo to present to the Pope; but whatever the cause might be, it did not appear to painters equal to his other paintings, especially his portraits.

One day Michael Angelo and Vasari went together to

see Titian in the Belvedere, and he showed them a picture he had just painted of Danaë in the shower of gold, and they praised it much. After they had left him, talking over Titian's work, Buonarotti commended him greatly, saying that his color pleased him, but that it was a fault that at Venice they did not learn first of all to draw well, for if this man, he said, were assisted by art as he is by nature, especially in imitating life, it would not be possible to surpass him, for he has the finest talent and a very pleasant, vivacious manner.

Titian left Rome at length, having received many gifts, particularly a benefice with good revenues for his son Pomponio. Coming to Florence, he saw the rare things in that city, and was no less astonished than he had been at Rome, and so returned to Venice.

But because his works are infinite, especially his portraits, it is impossible to mention them all. So to speak only of the most remarkable without order of time. He painted Charles V many times, and was at last called to his court that he might paint him as he was almost in his last years; and so much did he please that invincible Emperor that he would never afterwards be painted by any other painter, and every time Titian painted him he had a donative of one thousand crowns of gold. His Majesty also made him a knight, with a provision of two hundred crowns from the treasury of Naples. When he painted the portraits of Philip, King of Spain, and his son Carlos, he received from him a settled provision of two hundred crowns; so that, adding these four hundred to the three hundred that he had from the Venetian Signory, he received seven hundred crowns a year without any labor for it. He painted Ferdinand, King of the Romans, and

his sons, and the Queen Maria. But what is the use of losing time in this way? There is no lord of note or prince or great lady who has not been painted by Titian; and besides, at different times, he produced many other works.

It is true that his way of working in his last pictures is very different from that of his youth. For his first works were finished with great diligence, and might be looked at near or far; but the last are worked with great patches of color, so that they cannot be seen near, but at a distance they look perfect. This is the reason that many think they are done without any trouble, but this is not true. And this way of working is most judicious, for it makes the pictures seem living.

All these works, with a great many others, which cannot be mentioned, lest I should become tedious, he has completed, having now reached the age of seventy-six. He has been most healthy, and as fortunate as any one has ever been. In his house at Venice he has received all the princes and learned and famous men who have come to Venice; for besides his excellence in art, his manners have been most pleasant and courteous. He has had some rivals, but not very dangerous ones. He has earned much, for his works have always been well paid; but it would be well for him, in these his last years, to work only for pastime, lest he diminish his reputation.

When the present writer was in Venice in 1566, he went to visit Titian, and found him, old as he was, with his brush in his hand, painting, and he found great pleasure in seeing his works and talking with him.

Thus Titian, having adorned Venice, or rather, Italy,

and other parts of the world, with the finest pictures, deserves to be loved and studied by artists, and in many things imitated, for he has done works worthy of infinite praise, which will last as long as illustrious men are remembered.

# V

# MODERN ITALY

## HISTORICAL NOTE

There is little to say of either the seventeenth or the eighteenth century, except that the latter was especially marked by warfare. The War of the Spanish Succession, that of the Polish Succession, and that of the Austrian Succession all threw Europe into a ferment. After the settlement of the last, Italy dwelt in comparative peace for some forty years; then came the French Revolution and the rule of Napoleon.

At the breaking-out of the French Revolution, the Two Sicilies and Parma were ruled by Spain; north of the Sicilies and beginning with Gaeta and Rome, the States of the Church, a long, irregular strip stretching to the northward, belonged to the Pope; to the northwest of this were Lombardy, Modena, and Piacenza, which were subject to Austria, as was also Tuscany, with the little republic of Lucca. Farther west was the Kingdom of Sardinia. Venice and Genoa were half independent; Corsica had been given up to France. Within the States of the Church was the tiny republic of San Marino.

At the downfall of Napoleon, representatives of the different European States met at Vienna in 1814 to rearrange the boundaries which his conquests had thrown into confusion. Italy was put as nearly as possible into the same condition as before the French Revolution; but she had no idea of remaining there. The insurrections of her people were crushed by Austria; but the spirit of freedom had been fully aroused and would not down. In 1848, a third attempt was made to win independence and a united country. This was suppressed by the Austrians and the French. But the end was not yet. On the throne of Sardinia was Victor Emmanuel II. His minister was Count Cavour. These two, together with Garibaldi, a man of the most venturesome daring, singularly combined with rare ability as a commander, finally led the Italians to their independence. In 1871, Victor Emmanuel II entered Rome and took up his residence in the city as the capital of Italy.

Such is the story of the struggle of the Italians for liberty and union.

# WHEN NAPOLEON CROSSED THE ALPS

[1800]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

[In 1796, the French under Napoleon succeeded in driving the Austrians from their holdings in northern Italy; but while Napoleon was in Egypt, in 1799, the French armies were defeated both in Italy and on the Rhine. Napoleon had now become First Consul. During the following year he crossed the Alps and by the victory of Marengo became master of the whole peninsula. He divided it up into small States, and gave over their government into the hands of his relatives and friends.

The following extract pictures Napoleon's crossing of the Alps.

*The Editor.*]

Marshal Melas had spread his vast host of one hundred and forty thousand Austrians through all the strongholds of Italy, and was pressing with tremendous energy and self-confidence upon the frontiers of France. Napoleon, instead of marching with his inexperienced troops to meet the heads of the triumphant columns of Melas, resolved to climb the rugged and apparently inaccessible fortresses of the Alps, and, descending from the clouds over pathless precipices, to fall with the sweep of the avalanche upon their rear. It was necessary to assemble this army at some favorable point, to gather in vast magazines its munitions of war. It was necessary that this should be done in secret, lest the Austrians, climbing to the summits of the Alps, and defending the gorges through which the troops of Napoleon would

be compelled to wind their difficult and tortuous way, might render the passage impossible. English and Austrian spies were prompt to communicate to the hostile powers every movement of the First Consul.

Napoleon fixed upon Dijon and its vicinity as the rendezvous of his troops. He, however, adroitly and completely deceived his foes by ostentatiously announcing the very plan he intended to carry into operation. Of course the Allies thought that this was a foolish attempt to draw their attention from the real point of attack. The more they ridiculed the imaginary army of Dijon, the more loudly did Napoleon reiterate his commands for battalions and magazines to be collected there. The spies who visited Dijon reported that but a few regiments were assembled in that place, and that the announcement was clearly a very weak pretense to deceive. The print-shops of London and Vienna were filled with caricatures of the army of Dijon. The English especially made themselves very merry with Napoleon's grand army to scale the Alps. It was believed that the energies of the Republic were utterly exhausted in raising the force which was given to Moreau. One of the caricatures represented the army as consisting of a boy dressed in his father's clothes, shouldering a musket which he could with difficulty lift, and eating a piece of gingerbread, and an old man with one arm and a wooden leg. The artillery consisted of a rusty blunderbuss. This derision was just what Napoleon desired. Though dwelling in the shadow of that mysterious melancholy which ever enveloped his spirit, he must have enjoyed in the deep recesses of his soul the majestic movements of his plans.

# WHEN NAPOLEON CROSSED THE ALPS

On the eastern frontiers of France there surge up, from luxuriant meadows and vine-clad fields and hill-sides, the majestic ranges of the Alps, piercing the clouds, and soaring with glittering pinnacles into the region of perpetual ice and snow. Vast spurs of the mountains extend on each side, opening gloomy gorges and frightful defiles, through which foaming torrents rush impetuously, walled in by almost precipitous cliffs, whose summits, crowned with melancholy firs, are inaccessible to the foot of man. The principal pass over this enormous ridge was that of the Great St. Bernard. The traveler, accompanied by a guide, and mounted on a mule, slowly and painfully ascended a steep and rugged path, now crossing a narrow bridge, spanning a fathomless abyss, again creeping along the edge of a precipice, where the eagle soared and screamed over the fir tops in the abyss below, and where a perpendicular wall rose to giddy heights in the clouds above. The path, at times, was so narrow, that it seemed that the mountain goat could with difficulty find a foothold for its slender hoof. A false step, or a slip upon the icy rocks, would precipitate the traveler, a mangled corpse, a thousand feet upon the fragments of granite in the gulf beneath. As higher and higher he climbed these wild, rugged, and cloud-enveloped paths, borne by the unerring instinct of the faithful mule, his steps were often arrested by the roar of the avalanche, and he gazed appalled upon its resistless rush, as rocks, and trees, and earth, and snow, and ice, swept by him with awful and resistless desolation, far down into the dimly discerned torrents which rushed beneath his feet.

At God's bidding the avalanche fell. No precaution

could save the traveler who was in its path. He was instantly borne to destruction, and buried where no voice but the archangel's trump could ever reach his ear. Terrific storms of wind and snow often swept through those bleak altitudes, blinding and smothering the traveler. Hundreds of bodies, like pillars of ice, embalmed in snow, are now sepulchered in those drifts, there to sleep till the fires of the last conflagration shall have consumed their winding sheet. Having toiled two days through such scenes of desolation and peril, the adventurous traveler stands upon the summit of the pass, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, two thousand feet higher than the crest of Mount Washington, our own mountain monarch. This summit, over which the path winds, consists of a small level plain, surrounded by mountains of snow of still higher elevation.

The scene here presented is inexpressibly gloomy and appalling. Nature in these wild regions assumes her most severe and somber aspect. As one emerges from the precipitous and craggy ascent upon this Valley of Desolation, as it is emphatically called, the Convent of St. Bernard presents itself to the view.

This cheerless abode, the highest spot of inhabited ground in Europe, has been tenanted for more than a thousand years by a succession of joyless and self-denying monks, who, in that frigid retreat of granite and ice, endeavor to serve their Maker by rescuing bewildered travelers from the destruction with which they are ever threatened to be overwhelmed by the storms which battle against them. In the middle of this ice-bound valley lies a lake, clear, dark, and cold, whose

depths, even in midsummer, reflect the eternal glaciers which soar sublimely around. The descent to the plains of Italy is even more precipitous and dangerous than the ascent from the green pastures of France. No vegetation adorns these dismal and stormswept cliffs of granite and of ice. The pinion of the eagle fails in its rarefied air, and the chamois ventures not to climb its steep and slippery crags. No human beings are ever to be seen on these bleak summits, except the few shivering travelers who tarry for an hour to receive the hospitality of the convent, and the hooded monks, wrapped in thick and coarse garments, with their staves and their dogs, groping through the storms of sleet and snow. Even the wood, which burns with frugal faintness on their hearths, is borne, in painful burdens, up the mountain sides upon the shoulders of the monks.

Such was the barrier which Napoleon intended to surmount, that he might fall upon the rear of the Austrians, who were battering down the walls of Genoa, where Massena was besieged, and who were thundering, flushed with victory, at the very gates of Nice. Over this wild mountain pass, where the mule could with difficulty tread, and where no wheel had ever rolled, or by any possibility could roll, Napoleon contemplated transporting an army of sixty thousand men, with ponderous artillery and tons of cannon balls, and baggage, and all the bulky munitions of war. England and Austria laughed the idea to scorn. The achievement of such an enterprise was apparently impossible.

Napoleon, however, was as skillful in the arrangement of the minutest details as in the conception of the grandest combinations. Though he resolved to take the mass

of his army, forty thousand strong, across the pass of the Great St. Bernard, yet, to distract the attention of the Austrians, he arranged also to send small divisions across the passes of St. Gothard, Little St. Bernard, and Mount Cenis. He would thus accumulate suddenly, and to the amazement of the enemy, a body of sixty-five thousand men upon the plains of Italy. This force, descending like an apparition from the clouds, in the rear of the Austrian army, headed by Napoleon, and cutting off all communication with Austria, might indeed strike a panic into the hearts of the assailants of France.

The troops were collected in various places in the vicinity of Dijon, ready at a moment's warning to assemble at the place of rendezvous, and with a rush to enter the defile. Immense magazines of wheat, biscuit, and oats had been noiselessly collected in different places. Large sums of specie had been forwarded, to hire the services of every peasant, with his mule, who inhabited the valleys among the mountains. Mechanic shops, as by magic, suddenly rose along the path, well supplied with skillful artisans, to repair all damages, to dismount the artillery, to divide the gun-carriages and the baggage-wagons into fragments, that they might be transported, on the backs of men and mules, over the steep and rugged way. For the ammunition a vast number of small boxes were prepared, which could easily be packed upon the mules. A second company of mechanics, with camp forges, had been provided, to cross the mountain with the first division, and rear their shops upon the plain on the other side, to mend the broken harness, to reconstruct the carriages, and remount the pieces.

On each side of the mountain a hospital was established, and supplied with every comfort for the sick and the wounded. The foresight of Napoleon extended to sending, even at the very last moment, to the convent upon the summit, an immense quantity of bread, cheese, and wine. Each soldier, to his surprise, was to find, as he arrived at the summit, exhausted with herculean toil, a generous slice of bread and cheese, with a refreshing cup of wine, presented to him by the monks. All these minute details Napoleon arranged, while at the same time he was doing the work of a dozen energetic men in reorganizing the whole structure of society in France. If toil pays for greatness, Napoleon purchased the renown which he attained. And yet his body and mind were so constituted that his sleepless activity was to him a pleasure.

The appointed hour at last arrived. On the 7th of May, 1800, Napoleon entered his carriage at the Tuileries, saying, —

"Good-bye, my dear Josephine! I must go to Italy. I shall not forget you, and I will not be absent long."

At a word, the whole majestic array was in motion. Like a meteor he swept over France. He arrived at the foot of the mountains. The troops and all the paraphernalia of war were on the spot at the designated hour. Napoleon immediately appointed a very careful inspection. Every foot-soldier and every horseman passed before his scrutinizing eye. If a shoe was ragged, or a jacket torn, or a musket injured, the defect was immediately repaired. His glowing words inspired the troops with the ardor which was burning in his own bosom. The genius of the First Consul was infused into

the mighty host. Each man exerted himself to the utmost. The eye of their chief was everywhere, and his cheering voice roused the army to almost superhuman exertions. Two skillful engineers had been sent to explore the path, and to do what could be done in the removal of obstructions. They returned with an appalling recital of the apparently insurmountable difficulties of the way.

"Is it *possible,*" inquired Napoleon, "to cross the pass?"

"Perhaps," was the hesitating reply; "it is within the limits of *possibility.*"

"Forward, then," was the energetic response.

Each man was required to carry, besides his arms, food for several days and a large quantity of cartridges. As the sinuosities of the precipitous paths could only be trod in single file, the heavy wheels were taken from the carriages, and each, slung upon a pole, was borne by two men. The task for the foot-soldiers was far less than for the horsemen. The latter clambered up on foot, dragging their horses after them. The descent was very dangerous. The dragoon, in the steep and narrow path, was compelled to walk before his horse. At the least stumble he was exposed to being plunged headlong into the abysses yawning before him. In this way many horses and several riders perished. To transport the heavy cannon and howitzers, pine logs were split in the center, the parts hollowed out, and the guns sunk into the grooves. A long string of mules, in single file, were attached to the ponderous machines of war, to drag them up the slippery ascent. The mules soon began to fail, and then the men, with hearty good will, brought

their own shoulders into the harness — a hundred men to a single gun. Napoleon offered the peasants two hundred dollars for the transportation of a twelve-pounder over the pass. The love of gain was not strong enough to allure them to such tremendous exertions. But Napoleon's fascination over the hearts of his soldiers was a more powerful impulse. With shouts of encouragement they toiled at the cables, successive bands of a hundred men relieving each other every half hour. High on those craggy steeps, gleaming through the mist, the glittering bands of armed men like phantoms appeared. The eagle wheeled and screamed beneath their feet. The mountain goat, affrighted by the unwonted spectacle, bounded away, and paused in bold relief upon the cliff, to gaze upon the martial array which so suddenly had peopled the solitude.

When they approached any spot of very especial difficulty, the trumpets sounded the charge, which re-echoed, with sublime reverberations, from pinnacle to pinnacle of rock and ice. Animated by these bugle notes, the soldiers strained every nerve as if rushing upon the foe. Napoleon offered to these bands the same reward which he had promised to the peasants. But to a man they refused the gold. They had imbibed the spirit of their chief, his enthusiasm, and his proud superiority to all mercenary motives. "We are not toiling for money," said they, "but for your approval, and to share your glory."

Napoleon, with his wonderful tact, had introduced a slight change into the artillery service, which was productive of immense moral results. The gun carriages had hitherto been driven by mere wagoners, who, being

considered, not as soldiers, but as servants, and sharing not in the glory of victory, were uninfluenced by any sentiment of honor. At the first approach of danger, they were ready to cut their traces and gallop from the field, leaving their cannon in the hands of the enemy.

Napoleon said, "The cannoneer who brings his piece into action performs as valuable a service as the cannoneer who works it. He runs the same danger, and requires the same moral stimulus, which is the sense of honor."

He therefore converted the artillery drivers into soldiers, and clothed them in the uniform of their respective regiments. They constituted twelve thousand horsemen, who were animated with as much pride in carrying their pieces into action and in bringing them off with rapidity and safety, as the gunners felt in loading, directing, and discharging them. It was now the great glory of these men to take care of their guns. They loved, tenderly, the merciless monsters. They lavished caresses and terms of endearment upon the glittering, polished, death-dealing brass. The heart of man is a strange enigma. Even when most degraded, it needs something to love. These blood-stained soldiers, brutalized by vice, amid all the horrors of battle, lovingly fondled the murderous machines of war, responding to the appeal, "Call me pet names, dearest." The unrelenting gun was the stern cannoneer's lady-love. He kissed it with unwashed, mustached lip. In rude and rough devotion he was ready to die rather than abandon the only object of his idolatrous homage. Consistently he named it Mary, Emma, Lizzie. In crossing the Alps, dark night came on, as some cannoneers were flounder-

ing through drifts of snow, toiling at their guns. They would not leave the gun alone in the cold storm, to seek for themselves a dry bivouac; but, like brothers guarding a sister, they threw themselves, for the night, upon the bleak and frozen snow by its side. It was the genius of Napoleon which thus penetrated these mysterious depths of the human soul, and called to his aid those mighty energies. "It is nothing but imagination," said one once to Napoleon. "*Nothing but imagination!*" he rejoined. "*Imagination rules the world.*"

When they arrived at the summit, each soldier found, to his surprise and joy, the abundant comforts which Napoleon's kind care had provided. One would have anticipated there a scene of terrible confusion. To feed an army of forty thousand hungry men is not a light undertaking. Yet everything was so carefully arranged, and the influence of Napoleon so boundless, that not a soldier left the ranks. Each man received his slice of bread and cheese, and quaffed his cup of wine, and passed on. It was a point of honor for no one to stop. Whatever obstructions were in the way were to be at all hazards surmounted, that the long file, extending nearly twenty miles, might not be thrown into confusion. The descent was more perilous than the ascent. But fortune seemed to smile. The sky was clear, the weather delightful, and in four days the whole army was reassembled on the plains of Italy.

Napoleon had sent Berthier forward to receive the division and to superintend all necessary repairs, while he himself remained to press forward the mighty host. He was the last man to cross the mountains. Seated upon a mule, with a young peasant for a guide, slowly

and thoughtfully he ascended those silent solitudes. He was dressed in the gray coat which he always wore. Art has pictured him as bounding up the cliff, proudly mounted on a prancing charger; but truth presents him in an attitude more simple and more sublime. Even the young peasant who acted as his guide was entirely unconscious of the distinguished rank of the plain traveler whose steps he was conducting.

Much of the way Napoleon was silent, abstracted in thought. And yet he found time for human sympathy. He drew from his young and artless guide the secrets of his heart. The young peasant was sincere and virtuous. He loved a fair maid among the mountains. She loved him. It was his heart's great desire to have her for his own. He was poor, and had neither house nor land to support a family. Napoleon, struggling with all his energies against combined England and Austria, and with all the cares of an army, on the march to meet one hundred and twenty thousand foes, crowding his mind, won the confidence of his companion, and elicited this artless recital of love and desire.

As Napoleon dismissed his guide with an ample reward, he drew from his pocket a pencil, and upon a loose piece of paper wrote a few lines, which he requested the young man to give, on his return, to the Administrator of the Army upon the other side. When the guide returned and presented the note, he found, to his unbounded surprise and delight, that he had conducted Napoleon over the mountains, and that Napoleon had given him a field and a house. He was thus enabled to be married, and to realize all the dreams of his modest ambition. Generous impulses must have been instinc-

tive in a heart which, in an hour so fraught with mighty events, could turn from the toils of empire and of war, to find refreshment in sympathizing with a peasant's love. This young man but recently died, having passed his quiet life in the enjoyment of the field and the cottage which had been given him by the ruler of the world.

The army now pressed forward, with great alacrity, along the banks of the Aosta. They were threading a beautiful valley, rich in verdure, and blooming beneath the sun of early spring. Cottages, vineyards and orchards in full bloom, embellished their path, while upon each side of them rose, in majestic swells, the fir-clad sides of the mountains. The Austrians, pressing against the frontiers of France, had no conception of the storm which had so suddenly gathered, and which was, with resistless sweep, approaching their rear. The French soldiers, elated with the achievement they had accomplished, and full of confidence in their leader, marched gayly on. But the valley before them began to grow more and more narrow. The mountains on either side rose more precipitous and craggy. The Aosta, crowded into a narrow channel, rushed foaming over the rocks, leaving barely room for a road along the side of the mountain. Suddenly the march of the whole army was arrested by a fort, built upon an inaccessible rock, which rose pyramidally from the bed of the stream. Bristling cannon, skillfully arranged on well-constructed bastions, swept the pass, and rendered further advance apparently impossible.

Rapidly the tidings of this unexpected obstruction spread from the van to the rear. Napoleon immediately

hastened to the front ranks. Climbing the mountain opposite the fort by a goat path, he threw himself down upon the ground, where a few bushes concealed his person from the shot of the enemy, and with his telescope long and carefully examined the fort and the surrounding crags. He perceived one elevated spot, far above the fort, where a cannon might by possibility be drawn. From that position its shot could be plunged upon the unprotected bastions below.

Upon the face of the opposite cliff, far beyond the reach of cannon-balls, he discerned a narrow shelf in the rock, by which he thought it possible that a man could pass. The march was immediately commenced, in single file, along this giddy ridge. And even the horses, inured to the terrors of the Great St. Bernard, were led by their riders upon the narrow path which a horse's hoof had never trod before, and probably will never tread again. The Austrians in the fort had the mortification of seeing thirty-five thousand soldiers, with numerous horses, defile along this airy line, as if adhering to the side of the rock, but neither bullet nor ball could harm them.

Napoleon ascended this mountain ridge, and upon its summit, quite exhausted with days and nights of sleeplessness and toil, laid himself down in the shadow of the rock and fell asleep. The long line filed carefully and silently by, each soldier hushing his comrade, that the repose of their beloved chieftain might not be disturbed. It was an interesting spectacle to witness the tender affection beaming from the countenances of these bronzed and war-worn veterans, as every foot trod softly and each eye, in passing, was riveted upon the slender form and pale and wasted cheek of the sleeping Napoleon.

The artillery could by no possibility be thus transported; and an army without artillery is a soldier without weapons. The Austrian commander wrote to Melas that he had seen an army of thirty-five thousand men and four thousand horse creeping by the fort, along the face of Mount Albaredo. He assured the commander-in-chief, however, that not one single piece of artillery had passed, or could pass, beneath the guns of his fortress. When he was writing this letter, already had one half the cannon and ammunition of the army been conveyed by the fort, and were safely and rapidly proceeding on their way down the valley.

In the darkness of the night, trusty men, with great caution and silence, strewed hay and straw upon the road. The wheels of the lumbering carriages were carefully bound with cloths and wisps of straw, and, with axles well oiled, were drawn by the hands of these picked men beneath the very walls of the fortress, and within half pistol-shot of its guns. In two nights the artillery and the baggage-trains were thus passed along, and in a few days the fort itself was compelled to surrender. Melas, the Austrian commander, now awoke, in consternation, to a sense of his peril. Napoleon — the dreaded Napoleon — had, as by a miracle, crossed the Alps.

# HOW ITALY BECAME A UNITED COUNTRY

[1848–1861]

BY LOUISE CREIGHTON

After the fall of Napoleon, the princes whom he had driven out of Italy came back to their lands. In the north of Italy, Lombardy and Venice fell again under Austrian rule. The dukes and princes who ruled in the other parts of Italy were all friends of the Emperor of Austria; many of them were not even Italians; and they ruled very harshly. The Italians hated the rule of Austria. The ideas of the French Revolution had made them, too, long for liberty and equality. Many Italians said that Italy ought to be one country with a government of its own, and that the Austrians must be driven out. Italy had never been one nation, and this was a new idea; but to free Italy from the foreigner, and to unite all Italians now became the passionate desire of many who were inspired by the love of their beautiful land, and by the memory of the great men who had made her name famous.

Chief amongst these patriots was Mazzini, a native of Genoa. By his words and his writings, he taught the Italians to realize their wrongs, to burn with hatred for all oppressors, and to long for liberty. There were Austrian spies everywhere, and these new ideas could only be spread by secret societies. Many of those who belonged to the party of "Young Italy," which Mazzini founded, were thrown into prison. Mazzini himself was exiled

and spent much of his life in London. But wherever he was, he guided "Young Italy" by his writings and taught his followers to work for a united Italy.

In 1848 the French in Paris had once more risen against the monarchy that had been imposed upon them after the fall of Napoleon. They established a republic, and their example led to risings of the people all over Europe. In Italy most of the rulers were forced to give their peoples constitutions. The Austrians were driven out of Milan, and the King of Sardinia and Piedmont, the one prince who was a true Italian, put himself at the head of the patriots. Most of the states in the north joined him; but he was not strong enough to defeat the well-trained Austrian army, and at the battle of Novara he was utterly defeated. The hopes of "Young Italy" were crushed, and the old King of Piedmont gave up his crown to his son Victor Emmanuel.

In Rome the people had risen against the Pope, driven him out, and set up a republic with Mazzini's help. But the Pope found a friend in the nephew of Napoleon, who had just been chosen President of the French Republic. He sent French troops, who won back Rome for the Pope. All hope of freedom and unity for Italy seemed over, and Austria was triumphant.

The young King of Sardinia and Piedmont, Victor Emmanuel, was very different from the other rulers of Italy. He wanted to be a true friend to his people and to rule them well. He was helped in his reforms by a wise minister, Cavour, who had traveled much and studied the ways of other countries. Those who longed for better things for Italy began to look hopefully to Victor Emmanuel and Cavour. But Cavour was wise and would

not be hurried, and he knew that the little kingdom of Sardinia and Piedmont alone could not be successful against Austria. Victor Emmanuel was a good soldier and did much to improve his little army. He found a friend in France, where the President had succeeded in getting himself made Emperor as Napoleon III. Napoleon now agreed to help the Italians against Austria.

When Victor Emmanuel opened his Parliament in 1859, he told it that it was impossible to be deaf to the cry of anguish that came from many parts of Italy. His words were greeted with enthusiasm. All present sprang to their feet with passionate cries of devotion. Austria, angry at the growth of Victor Emmanuel's power, had bidden him disarm his soldiers if he wished peace to be kept. But now Cavour felt that the time had come to defy Austria. The Sardinian army was bidden to march into Lombardy. The Emperor of the French himself brought French troops to help his ally; and he and Victor Emmanuel led their armies to fight the Austrians. There were two great battles, at Magenta and Solferino. But then Napoleon III thought that he had done enough. He made a truce with Austria at Villafranca by which it was agreed that Lombardy should be united with Piedmont and Sardinia, but Venice was left to Austria, and the other princes were undisturbed.

Cavour was indignant, and would have nothing to do with this treaty. But Victor Emmanuel was wise enough to see that for the moment he must be content. The next year, the other states in North Italy of their own accord joined the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, and Cavour saw that his master had been right. But it was a bitter moment for them both when they were forced

to give up to Napoleon III as payment for his friendship Savoy on the French side of the Alps and a bit of the coast of the Mediterranean between Mentone and Marseilles. The Italian patriots abused Cavour as a traitor for yielding, but he was powerless.

Amongst those who had fought for the liberation of Italy was the brave soldier Garibaldi. He had gathered round him his own band of followers, brave men who were ready to follow him anywhere. They wore no regular uniform, but were distinguished by their red shirts. Garibaldi's courage and skill as a leader made him the hero of Italy. The peace of Villafranca had done nothing to help the people of Naples and Sicily, who suffered under the most hideous tyranny, and next year the Sicilians rose in revolt. Garibaldi determined to go to their help. Cavour could not allow him to go, because Victor Emmanuel was supposed to be at peace with Bomba, King of Naples and Sicily; but he gave secret instructions that his going was not to be prevented. Garibaldi landed in Sicily and carried all before him. He crossed to Naples, and there, too, he was everywhere victorious. Bomba was driven out, and Garibaldi was named dictator. Then men wondered what he would do next. Mazzini wanted him to proclaim a republic. Cavour was afraid that in the pride of victory he would march to Rome and turn the Pope out, for then the French Emperor would interfere to defend the Pope, and all that had been gained for Italy would be lost.

Cavour thought it well to send some troops south to be ready to keep order. So when Garibaldi had finally defeated Bomba and marched north, he met Victor Emmanuel with his army. To him he gave up the king-

dom he had won, which he called a new and brilliant jewel for his crown. Garibaldi having done his work, asked nothing for himself, and went back quietly to his home in the little island of Caprera.

Italy, with the exception of Rome and Venice, was at last united. The capital, which was first at Turin, the chief city of Piedmont, was moved after a few years to Florence. The government was arranged as a constitutional monarchy, much like that of England. Some, especially Mazzini and his followers, were bitterly disappointed that united Italy was not made a republic, and Garibaldi could not be content so long as Rome was left to the Pope and Venice to Austria. But Victor Emmanuel and his successors have ruled as true constitutional monarchs. Italy has been as free as it would have been under a republic, and many years did not pass before Venice was taken from the Austrians and made part of the kingdom of Italy.

When Naploeon III lost his power and could no longer defend the Pope with French soldiers, the Italians entered Rome, and it is now the capital of Italy. Unfortunately the Pope has always refused to accept the new state of things. The great church of St. Peter and the palace of the Vatican, with its wide gardens, are left to him, and there he lives without ever coming outside.

[Victor Emmanuel II was succeeded by his son Humbert, the "gallant Humbert," as he was called because of his bravery at the battle of Magenta when he was only fifteen years of age. He was greatly beloved by his people; but not even their devotion could protect him from the bullet of an anarchist, and in 1900 he was assassinated.

*The Editor.*]

## THE FORCED RECRUIT

*Solferino, 1859*

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

[This poem is founded upon the fact that many Italians were forced by Austria to fight against their fellow countrymen.
*The Editor.*]

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him.
  He died with his face to you all;
Yet bury him here where around him
  You honor your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured and slender,
  He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips over-tender
  For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor,
  Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
  Young heart has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
  To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see) never was loaded,
  He facing your guns with that smile!

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
  He yearned to your patriot bands; —

## ITALY

"Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
  If not in your ranks, by your hands!

"Aim straightly, fire steadily! spare me
  A ball in the body which may
Deliver my heart here and tear me
  This badge of the Austrian away!"

So thought he, so died he this morning.
  What then? many others have died.
Ay, but easy for men to die scorning
  The death-stroke, who fought side by side;

One tricolor floating above them;
  Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
  And blazon the brass with their names.

But he — without witness or honor,
  Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her
  Died faithful and passive: 't was hard.

'T was sublime. In a cruel restriction
  Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
  His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? Nay, grudge not to show it,
  While digging a grave for him here
The others who died, says your poet,
  Have glory — let *him* have a tear.

# GARIBALDI AND HIS PRISONER

[1860]

BY FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK

[When Garibaldi was a young man, he was exiled from Italy on political grounds. He could not help his own country to become free, and therefore he went to South America and lent his aid to Rio Grande do Sul and then to Uruguay. In 1849, the "Roman Republic" was established. Of course, Garibaldi was on the spot, and when it came to an end, after only one year of existence, he was again exiled, and came to America.

The following scene is from a work of fiction, but it gives a vivid picture of the famous leader.

*The Editor.*]

The battle of Milazzo was over, and Garibaldi, surrounded by his officers, sat in the large living-room of the castle overlooking the blue dancing waves of the Mediterranean. The castle was bare and dreary, for it had long been uninhabited, but in the midst of dust and dingy cobwebs the soldiers secured a few hours of much needed rest, lying stretched at full length upon the stones of the courtyard or in the cellars, the cool dampness very grateful to the weary men after a desperate fight which had lasted many hours.

The room in which the general sat about three o'clock of this eventful day was long and narrow. On the side three windows opened upon the sea, overlooking the gray houses of the village which, in mediæval fashion, were clustered about it. In this manner all country

towns in Italy are built; miniature cities, clinging closely to the cardinal's palace or the castle of a feudal lord. The roofs of the buildings were tiled with red, and terraces opened from them, broad, full of flowers, through which a girl's face occasionally peeped out, half in fear, half in mischief, to watch the doings at the long unoccupied castle. Along the damaged walls of this once handsome hall hung paintings grimly black with age; portraits of former governors — long-nosed, narrow-faced men, whose eyes glared down at the rebel general who had dared to come into their presence and usurp their places. Garibaldi gave but a glance at these relics of a more glorious past. He threw off his cap with an air of relief and motioned the Neapolitan general to sit near him, on one of the plain wooden chairs.

"Be careful that it has a firm seat," he remarked humorously; and the general responded with a smile, "I fear we have not provided luxurious quarters for our conquerors."

"As good as I am used to." Garibaldi shrugged his shoulders. "A bed of roses has never fallen to my share."

The general bowed. His face was pale, and an old wound in his arm had evidently broken out afresh in the exertions of that terrible fight. Though Palermo had been taken at the cost of many lives and much shedding of blood, the battle of Milazzo had been still more sanguinary. Any one but the iron General Garibaldi, who had fought his way through life with his own strong sword, would have been exhausted by the day. He showed a few heavy lines around his eyes, but he might have marched forth to conquer other fortresses if it had been necessary.

Count Romoli looked at him with a mixture of curiosity and admiration. From his bed in the lovely villa he had risen to go back to his soldiers. He had heard how the Sicilians had welcomed Garibaldi, calling him "Savior," "Deliverer," falling on their knees before him and worshiping him as a divine being, with far more reverence than the pagans showed when they bowed before Jove. He knew how the women called down blessings upon him and held up their children that he might lay his hand on their little black heads. And he had listened to the marvelous tales of his bravery; how he fought a whole army single-handed in the jungles of Brazil, how he had been helped by the Amazons; how he had escaped from terrible dangers — been shipwrecked, been captured by pirates — all these, and many other exaggerated tales, passed from mouth to mouth until the name of Garibaldi was surrounded by a halo of romance equal to that of Achilles, of Agamemnon, and all the ancient heroes of Greece and Asia.

"You are my prisoner, I suppose," said General Garibaldi, after a few words of conversation of the battle, "but I beg that you will accept my poor hospitality and eat at my table until orders come from Naples."

A dull crimson swept over Count Romoli's white face. The situation was humiliating. The battle was lost and he was a prisoner. Who would carry the news of the defeat to Alicia, waiting so anxiously at home? The full force of his position came upon him. He — the conqueror — was the prisoner of the rebel Garibaldi!

"I thank you, General," he replied, a little stiffly. "Your courtesy is appreciated. If you permit, I will go

now to the wounded soldiers under my command. They need me."

Garibaldi looked at him a moment, very gravely. Then a smile crossed his face, illuminating and beautifying it. Rising, he held out his hand cordially. As simply as a child he spoke. "Believe me, I could n't help it. I would have given years of my life to save your men their suffering and you this sorrow. But it had to be done, General; it had to be done, and there was no other way but through streams of blood. It is not such noble men as you who have harassed and tortured these people till they were crazy in their agony and sent Crispi to ask me to help them. It is that tyrant at Naples!" He paused for an instant. Fascinated by his earnestness, Count Romoli stood, grasping his hand, and a great love for this brave soldier of fortune sprang up in his soul. Garibaldi was right. The people had been tortured, but the fault lay in the barbarous selfishness of those in authority at Naples, not in the army, which only carries out the commands of its superiors. "Your pardon, General! You are at liberty. Go where you please and return when you please. Only do not forget that in an hour we shall have bread and wine and a little soup — very poor fare — served here, and if your appetite is like mine you will enjoy it."

"I give you my word of honor," stammered Count Romoli, with scarlet face. He loosened from his belt his sword and laid it on the long deal table, which with the rough chairs completed the furnishing of the hall. The metal clanged as the heavy weapon fell upon the wood. "I shall not run away." The count's lips trembled.

Garibaldi sprang forward, seized the sword, fastened the buckle of the belt securely at Count Romoli's waist, and suddenly, exuberantly, kissed the captive general on both cheeks, in the warm, Southern manner.

"We are gentlemen!" he said proudly. "I require no 'parole d'honneur' from my friends."

Stumbling down the irregular stone staircase set deep into the massive walls, the count went. His eyes were dim with tears. Garibaldi, the rebel, had surprised him into emotion. He no longer felt humiliated, for he had experienced that love which binds men together sometimes in links so strong, so lasting, that only death can break them, even though fate may have made them outward enemies, born to lead armies against each other.

# FRANCE

## I

## IN THE DARK AGES

## HISTORICAL NOTE

In 51 B.C., Julius Cæsar went forth from Rome to conquer the almost unknown country called Gaul. This was what is now called France, but it included also the Netherlands and the western part of Germany. Cæsar had to cut roads and build bridges and overcome tribes of tall, strong, independent fighters; but he was successful, and Gaul passed into the hands of the Romans.

The Gauls learned Roman ways. They learned better methods of cultivating the land; they learned how to manufacture linen and silk, how to make armor and weapons, and how to fight in the Roman fashion. They were governed by Roman laws, they had temples and palaces, theaters, baths, aqueducts, schools, and libraries. A forlorn little village called Lutetia, or the town of mud, was situated on an island in the river Seine. It was inhabited by a tribe called the Parisii, and in 508 it became Paris.

Long before the fall of the Roman Empire in the West, her power was weakening. On the shores of the lower Rhine and the Weser dwelt the Franks, and by the time that the fifth century was well begun, they had pushed their way into Gaul. They were invaders, but they had come just in time to aid their unwilling hosts and the Romans to drive away the ferocious Attila and his Huns.[1]

The Franks still came, and in even larger numbers, and pushed farther into northern Gaul. In 486, ten years after the fall of the Empire in the West, Clovis, their chief, led them to Soissons, about sixty miles from Paris, and overcame the Roman governor. They were converted to Christianity; and when the year 732 had come, they were so powerful that they were able to repel the forces of the Mohammedans. Toward the end of the eighth century, Charlemagne became king; and in the year 800 he was crowned by the Pope as Emperor of the Romans. Not many years after Charlemagne's death, France was invaded by the Norsemen. They, too, became Christians, and made their home in Normandy, which took its name from theirs.

[1] See "How the Empire was saved from the Huns," in volume IV.

# THE CHRISTMAS OF 496

BY J. C. BATEMAN

[Chlovis (or Clovis), King of the Franks, married a Christian princess named Chlotildis. Her one desire was that her husband should also become a Christian, and at length, on going forth to meet the invading Alemanni, he promised her that he would call upon her God. The following selection tells the rest of the story.

*The Editor.*]

The eyes of Chlovis blazed with wrath. He stood, his head proudly erect, his forehead resembled a rock of adamant, against which all the wild hordes of the Hercynian forests might dash themselves in vain. Chlotildis had never seen him look more royal. He felt himself the father of his young kingdom, of the companions he was gradually moulding into the people of that kingdom, the sole protector of all that was beginning to take form under the patient exercise of his great sagacity. He was not only determined to hurl back the wave of benighted barbarism, bringing ruin and desolation in its train, but he felt equal to it, and his swelling nostrils, like those of a war horse, scented the war and victory from afar.

"My gracious lord, and great king!" said the queen, rising, her baby prince still cradled in her soft white arms, "you are going to conquest; but in order to be victorious, invoke the God of the Christians. He is the sole Lord of the universe, and is styled the Lord of armies. If you address yourself to Him with confidence, nothing

can resist you. Though your enemies were a hundred against one, you would triumph over them."

Chlovis gazed into her face, upturned to his, beaming with fervor, pious enthusiasm, and heavenly faith. Passing his strong arm around her, he drew her gently towards him, and tenderly kissed her.

"I will not forget, sweet wife! Thou art, indeed, my guardian angel. Under the sign of the Cross will I conquer, like the great Constantine of old. I shall return to thee in triumph to be baptized, to make all thy sons kings and thy daughters the wives of kings. Take care of my little one. He is so small, I fear to hurt him. There, lift him thyself to my lips, though I fear my lip fringe may scratch his soft face," he continued, smiling. Chlotildis lifted the infant, her heart filled with rapturous thanksgiving, pouring itself out in mental prayer, whilst the stern warrior, stooping down, kissed the baby cheek with the softness of a woman's touch.

"My dearest wife," he said, rising again to his height, "thou wilt depart for Rheims this day. Only a few guards can I leave in any city or town under my protection. Therefore, thou wilt retire again to the convent, where thou wilt pray to thy God for me, for success to my arms is the sole protection to thee, my dearest. Nay, do not weep. Remember, thou art the wife of a warrior going forth against his enemies and thine, of a king going to do battle for his people. There, that is as it should be; smile on me, beloved. Fare thee well, sweet one, for thou wilt not see me again till I return to thee a conqueror and a Catholic."

Again the streets of Soissons rang with the din of warlike preparation. Chief after chief rode in with his

companions or retainers. The Grafs came in with three fourths of their respective guards. The Antrustion Chararic led the king's own body guard, whilst Ethelbert and Athanaric rode at the head of a large body recruited from the southern frontiers. The place of meeting was in the Field of Mars, and there Chlovis received and welcomed his friends and allies as they came up "to the feast of battle." There were the usual names, Ragnacair of Cambray, Regnomer of Mans, Carnaric of Dispargum, and his son, Chlodomir, Chilperic the Merovingian, with a goodly number of armed followers. It was a splendid army, well appointed, well equipped, which filed along the road to Laon, on their way to join King Siegbert at Cologne. At the head of the army rode Chlovis, triumph already in his eyes, and by his side, Aurelian, ever ready to support him with his arm or his counsel. Arrived at Cologne, the king was met by his cousin Siegbert. From him he learned the number and situation of the enemy.

"A goodly mustering," he answered; "let us go forth to meet them. Thou sayest the plain of Tolbiac is a fair battle-field. So be it. Siegbert, take thou the command of the infantry, they are chiefly thine own men; they will obey thee more implicitly. Myself will lead my valiant horsemen. Eight leagues from hence, is it? Right glad am I it is so little distant. When the men and horses are refreshed, we will proceed at once."

Four-and-twenty miles from Cologne, Chlovis and his allies arrived in the close neighborhood of the plains of Tolbiac, and here they found their ancient foes already drawn up. Proudly passed on the Franks, defiling on to the plain before the king, who smiled on them as they

passed with words of commendation, encouragement, and assurances of victory.

And now face to face stood two of the fiercest nations of Germany, mutually animated by the memory of past exploits and prospect of future greatness. The Alemanni covered two good thirds of the field of battle with their innumerable hosts, whilst Chlovis and Siegbert drew up their troops, well disciplined, well armed, and trained in many a glorious battle-field, but certainly outnumbered by their adversaries. Chlovis rode along the front of his army, encouraging his men.

"Fight for victory," he 'said, 'and it will alight on our banner. Fight, comrades, for your wives and little ones. Think on the walls of Soissons; think on our fair and smiling plains. Shall they be the prey of the rude Alemanni? No; we will utterly destroy these howling wolves who would ravage our fair country, assuage their hunger with our harvests and cattle. Comrades, the only passage to Soissons is over our dead bodies. But the gods of our country fight on our side. They lead us on to victory!"

The shock of the two contending armies was terrible. The noise of it was like to the roar of thunder. They fought hand to hand and foot to foot. Chlovis had dashed upon the Alemanni with the flower of his cavalry, and had routed and put to flight the right wing of his enemy. But their left wing pressed hard upon Siegbert at the head of his Ripuarians and the rest of the Frank infantry, and gaining ground, steadily drove them back. In vain Chlovis charged at their close ranks; in vain Aurelian, supported by Chararic at the head of his chosen body guard, brought up fresh supplies of cavalry.

Still the Alemanni pressed onward, onward, and all that the valor of the Franks of Soissons could achieve was to force themselves into their midst by dint of fierce fighting. Chlovis fought like a lion, covered with dust and blood, but still the enemy poured on, their number seeming never to diminish. At one moment of the battle, Ethelbert, fighting near to the king, saw Siegbert of Cologne borne off the field desperately wounded.

"Even so," said Chlovis, to whom he spurred with the news. "Seek Athanaric: thou and he force a passage to the Ripuarians, and charge the enemy back before them."

This charge was in vain. Chlovis, wielding his fatal francisque with a power that cleared a path before him, now saw with dismay that his own cavalry, at whose head rode Chararic, began to waver and give way before the Alemanni. All seemed lost. Ragnacair of Cambray was down, Regnomer of Mans was severely wounded, the Antrustion fell bravely, fighting to the last, and many of the best warriors from the frontiers of Gaul were in bad or similar plight.

Then Chlovis suddenly remembered the words which Chlotildis had spoken to him. Smitten to the heart, he acknowledged that, in the absorbing nature of his duties as leader and organizer in such a battle, he had not only forgotten his promise to her, but in the fervor of his address to his warriors had even promised them victory in the name of their own gods. Lifting up his eyes to heaven, in this his dire extremity, he said, the tears of earnest prayer filling his eyes: —

"O Christ! Whom Chlotildis invokes as Son of the living God, I implore thy succor! I have called upon my

gods, and find they have no power. I therefore invoke Thee! I believe in Thee! Deliver me from mine enemies, and I will be baptized in thy Name!"

At this moment Aurelian rode up with a fresh troop of horse, which he had succeeded in gathering together, persuading them to follow him. Chlovis put himself at their head, and swooped afresh upon the enemy, at the precise spot where the last King of the Alemanni was fighting at the head of his people. Loudly shouting his war cry, as much to animate his men as to cause panic to his enemy, Chlovis rushed upon him, and after a short but severe struggle, felled him to the ground. The Alemanni, dismayed with this disaster and the pertinacity of a foe who did not know when he was beaten, but returned again and again to the struggle, gave way. Many fled in different directions, whilst others, closely pressed by the cavalry led by Ethelbert and his foster brother, threw down their arms and begged for quarter. A general slaughter took place in other parts of the field, and a hot pursuit of the fugitives, Chlovis having sworn to rout them so entirely they should never rally again.

The news of this great victory was sent to the queen by the triumphant Chlovis, as well as the manner in which it had been obtained. She sent to tell Remigius the important tidings, asking him to celebrate a Mass of Thanksgiving, at which she would be present. At the interview which she held with the holy prelate after these first fruits of gratitude had been offered, she told him of her wish to be the first to go and meet the returning king, as she should like to be the first to congratulate him on his double victory.

"It is well said, my daughter. I myself will accom-

pany thee on such an occasion of joy to the whole Church of Christ. We will go out to meet him with religious pomp and sacred hymns of triumph. It is meet that a conqueror so favored by the Most High should be honored by the Spouse of Christ, whose obedient son he will soon become."

It was in Champagne that the meeting of the loving wife and the victorious warrior-king took place. Chlovis, riding up to her chariot in the long procession of priests and people coming to meet him, said to her:—

"Chlovis has vanquished the Alemanni, and thou hast vanquished Chlovis. The business thou hast so much at heart is done: my baptism can no longer be delayed."

"Thanks be to God," devoutly answered the queen. "To the Lord of Hosts are both these triumphs due!"

On his arrival at Soissons, the first care of Chlovis was to assemble all the chiefs and warriors in a Mallum, where he laid before them the step which he was about to take, and his motives for it.

"It was," he said, "when the battle was well-nigh lost; when my bravest warriors and brethren in arms were falling before the enemy, that I made the vow to worship henceforth only the Lord God of the Catholic Church. Judge, my valiant comrades, whether such a vow, at such a moment, followed by such fortunate results to us all, ought not to be paid most rigorously and without loss of time."

Loud acclamations greeted this speech, and the shouts "for the Lord Christ," were heard by the queen in her oratory, whither she had repaired to supplicate God for her lord and king in this important meeting. When the

shouts died away, they cried out with unanimous voice: —

"My lord king, to thy valor and thy piety we owe the victory. We abandon our mortal gods, and are ready to follow thy example and worship the immortal God whom Remigius teaches!"

This was, indeed, an answer to the prayers of the pious queen, and great were now the preparations for the important ceremony which it was thought best should take place on Christmas Day, rather than defer it till Easter. Remigius and Vedast of Toul instructed and prepared the catechumens, whilst many bishops repaired to Rheims in order to be present at this fulfillment of their most fervent prayers.

The efforts of their spiritual teachers were unremitting to prepare the hearts of these fierce warriors and soften them with sentiments of Christian meekness and humility. A great blessing attended their pious work. The king set them all an example of compunction and devotion, induced thereto by the gentle influence of his religious queen, laying aside his regal state and prostrating himself, clothed in sackcloth, imploring day and night the divine mercy. Such conduct on the part of a chief for whom his warriors felt such enthusiastic devotion, had a great effect on them, calming their spirits and giving greater weight to the words of the holy ecclesiastics.

The long-expected day at length drew near. The weather was so clear and bright it seemed as if even the elements had agreed to second the efforts of the queen to give a great external pomp to the sacred rite which should strike the senses of a barbarous people, and

implant an awe and respect in their minds befitting the administration of a sacrament so important in its results to the future destinies of the great kingdom fast rising under the auspices of Chlovis. It was a double festival to celebrate — the glorious Nativity of Christ, the birth of the Sun of Justice, spreading light and life in the midst of darkness and death, and the birth to this light and life of those hitherto lost in the darkness of heathendom. All Rheims was alive with joyful anticipation. Never since the first Christmas Day, four hundred and ninety-six years before, had the great festival of the Nativity been more anxiously expected.

The streets leading from the palace — where the king had taken up his abode for the last few weeks — to the door of the cathedral, were hung with rich tapestry and carpets of various colors. The forests had been rifled to supply scarlet berries to twine with lustrous evergreens, hung everywhere in festoons and wreaths, or woven into myriads of sacred devices by the Gauls, to whose taste were always allotted the decorations on these occasions.

These decorations were in themselves a splendid sight in the bright morning sunshine of this long-desired day. It was cold but dry. Snow had fallen in the night, and its myriad crystals sparkled in the sun, its virgin purity contrasting with the bright colors of the tapestries and the glossy green of the wreaths and garlands. The streets through which the procession was to pass were kept clear of foot passengers, but scaffolds and platforms, here and there erected, were crowded with spectators, as well as the tops of the houses, where the most daring had contrived to post themselves.

"It is a most beautiful sight," said the Lady Marcia,

all wrapped in furs, to a friend sitting beside her on a balcony overlooking the whole length of a street opening on the cathedral. "But have you been in the cathedral? It is lovely! it is gorgeous! I was admitted as an especial favor early this morning. All the pillars and arches are twined with holly and ivy, and the high altar is one mass of gold and jewels! As for the baptistery, it passes all description! It is carpeted with lovely green moss, kept down by branches of ivy fastened across. Ivy runs up all the pillars as if it grew there, and here the perfumed wax tapers are put, winding in the other direction. It will be like a wreath of fire when they are lit, before the procession enters. They say that the water in the font comes all the way from the Jordan, from the very spot where our Lord Christ was baptized. It was sent by the Princess Llantildis for the king's baptism, and arrived here last night."

"Who are those going down the street?" asked the Lady Julia, sitting not far from her sister.

"Those," said another lady, "are the people who are to let the birds loose. Such a quantity of pigeons, all white, and some white doves. There would have been more doves, but the people who were bringing them from the south could not get through the snow. I am glad we have not so much snow as it appears they have at Lyons and Vienne."

"Hark! I hear the music of the procession," said the Lady Marcia. "Yes; here they come. What a fine view we have right down the street. I do so like a grand sight like this!"

And grand it certainly was in every sense. Three thousand catechumens marched in procession, all

dressed in white, carrying crosses in their hands, and singing litanies. A body of clergy walked at their head, with cross and banner displayed, sacred music swelling as they advanced in the sharp morning air. Then came the king, led by the right hand by the venerable archbishop, clad in his robes and carrying his crozier, a true shepherd, leading his flock into the fold of his Master and Lord. The queen followed, leading the young Prince Theodoric, and then the rest of the catechumens two and two, whilst on each side of them walked a long line of priests in white surplices and scarlet cassocks.

As they were about to enter the door of the cathedral, the archbishop turned to the king and laid the end of his richly embroidered stole, symbol of the yoke of Christ, on his arm, that strong right arm, so often uplifted to fight the battles of the Church, now adopting him as her true son, whilst he addressed to him words of holy exhortation to "enter the temple of the Lord." Followed by Chlovis and the rest, he preceded them to the holy font, amidst the soft strains of sacred music, and entered the baptistery, now as well as the interior of the cathedral a blaze of light, and redolent of the richest perfumes.

The ceremonies of the Church proceeded in the midst of a solemn silence pervading the vast assemblage, and the rapt attention of the Frank warriors, subdued into reverent awe. This feeling increased in intensity as the archbishop, about to pour the consecrated water on the head of Chlovis, addressed to him these ever-memorable words: "Lower thy head, meek Sicambrian! Burn what thou hast adored, and adore what thou hast burned"; whilst Chlovis was bending his head over the

sacred font, the archbishop poured over it the regenerating water which cleansed his soul from sin.

At this moment a beautiful white dove — escaped perhaps before the time from its keepers — flew through the open window of the baptistery, and swooping down upon the altar, to which the archbishop turned for the vial containing the holy chrism, rose again, and soaring on high through the chancel, disappeared from view. Scarcely interrupted by this slight incident, Remigius took the consecrated oil and anointed the king, singeing him on the forehead as he knelt before him, thus enlisting him into the ranks of the army of the Lord of Hosts.

After the sacred rites had been administered to all the catechumens, they returned up the church in long procession, the triumphant chants of the clergy answered by the loud shouts of the multitude without, waving branches and flags, whilst martial music swelled high, and those who held the birds in cages set them free, saying, —

"Soar towards heaven! souls of the redeemed of the Lord! Captives of sin no longer, washed in the pure water of Baptism, ransomed by His precious Blood!"

The Sacrifice of the Mass was then offered; wreaths of incense ascended in clouds, whilst the pealing strains of the *Gloria in excelsis* rose to the lofty arches, and the threefold *Sanctus* of the heavenly choir was reëchoed upon earth.

# THE FAMOUS VICTORY OF CHARLES MARTEL

[732]

BY A. W. GRUBE

[Owing to a succession of weak sovereigns in France, the real power of the crown fell more and more completely into the hands of the mayors of the palace. Charles Martel held this office. He was succeeded by his son Pepin, who determined to have the title as well as the power of king. Thereupon he appealed to the Pope: "Say, father of Christendom, who ought to be king of the Franks, he who merely bears the name, or he who makes his people great by his counsel and power?" The Holy Father answered: "He alone should wear the crown who deserves it." And Pepin was crowned king of France.

*The Editor.*]

Pepin was succeeded by Charles Martel, in whose time Abderrahman was the leader of the Moors in Spain. Abderrahman, in accordance with the aspirations of his nation, formed a design of extending the Arab empire to the north of the Pyrenees, and then advancing through Europe from west to east till he should again reach the Arab empire in the east. With an immense army he crossed the Pyrenees, destroying as he went, defeated Eudes, Duke of Aquitaine (southern France), and bore down all resistance. He then advanced to the Rhone in order to take Arles. Here Eudes encountered him again, but in vain; the waters of the Rhone washed the bodies of the slaughtered Franks down to the sea in thousands. Once more Eudes assembled an army, but his defeat was

so crushing that the Franks said with sorrow that God alone could have counted the slain. The churches and monasteries were in ashes, the fields lay waste; in the great Frankish kingdom there was none to help and save except Charles, the mayor of the palace.

The Frankish nobles accordingly came to him, and even Eudes forgot the enmity which he had formerly shown towards Charles, and begged him now to help him. Charles's answer to the petition was: "Let the Moors first march unopposed, and do not be in too great hurry to attack them, for they are like a stream, which can only be impeded in its course at a great risk. Let them first satiate their thirst for riches, and encumber themselves with booty; then they will be disunited, and will make the victory easier for you!"

Charles spoke thus, having regard to the difficulty of speedily assembling a great army; for Austrasia was tardy in raising a levy, as it did not realize the danger to which Neustria had almost succumbed. But when at length the army had, with great trouble, been collected, Charles marched with a stout heart against the robbers whose bands were busy with pillage in the neighborhood of Tours and Poitiers. Then the nations of the remote East and West encountered each other. It was a hard-fought and terrible battle, and lasted seven days. The Arabs were superior to the Franks in cavalry and in the quickness of their archers; the German tribes, on the other hand, had stouter bodies and stronger limbs, and had the advantage when it came to fighting at close quarters.

Charles had chosen a strong position, for a chain of hills protected the flank of his army, and made it difficult

for the Moors to attack with cavalry on that side. But after the battle had lasted six days they advanced nearer, and the Arabs were terrified by the broad limbs and fierce looks of the Germans. Abderrahman himself fell on the seventh day, and at evening the Moors withdrew into their camp.

Quite late in the evening the Franks heard a great uproar in the Moorish camp, but they did not know the reason, and prepared to continue the battle on the following day. Morning dawned and the sun rose higher and higher in the heavens, but all remained silent in the camp of the Moors. The Christians were surprised at this, and Charles suspected a stratagem. But scouts reported that the whole camp was empty and deserted, so the Franks advanced. They found in the camp a quantity of plundered treasures and valuables. But Charles allowed the Arabs themselves to escape unmolested, for his army was fatigued with seven days' fighting.

Three hundred and fifty thousand Moorish corpses are said to have covered the battle-field; and Charles's fame resounded through Christendom, which he and his Franks had saved by this victory. From this battle he acquired the surname of "Martel" (hammer), because he had shattered the power of the Moors like a hammer.

# THE LAMENT OF CHARLEMAGNE FOR ROLAND

[About 780]

TRANSLATED BY ISABEL BUTLER

[CHARLEMAGNE, the one great figure of his age, came to the throne in 768. Then followed one campaign after another, against the Lombards, the Saracens, and the Saxons. When in pursuit of the Saracens, he crossed the Pyrenees, took possession of the northeastern corner of Spain, and then started triumphantly on his return. His rear forces were commanded by Roland, a knight of marvelous achievements, and while marching through a narrow pass in the mountains these troops were attacked by the wild Gascons and Basques and were cut down before Charlemagne could come to them. Poems without number have been written on this episode; but the most famous is the "Song of Roland," from which the following extract is taken. This pictures the coming of Charlemagne to take vengeance upon his heathen foes.

*The Editor.*]

CHARLES is come into Roncevals. He begins to weep because of the dead he finds there, and he saith to the Franks: "Barons, ride softly, for I would go on before, to seek my nephew, whom I myself would find. Once at Aix, at the feast of Christmas, when my good knights were boasting of great battles and fierce onsets, I heard Roland speak his mind, saying, that if he should hap to die in a strange land, it would be at the head of his men and his peers, and his face would be turned to the land

of his foes, and he would die as a conqueror, the baron." And farther than a man may throw a staff, before all the rest Charles rides on up the mountain.

As the Emperor went seeking his nephew, he found the grass and the flowers of the field bright red with the blood of his barons. Great pity he has thereof, and he may not help but weep. He has come up the hill to the two trees, full well he knew Roland's blows on the three stairs, and he sees his nephew lying stretched on the green grass. No wonder is it that Charles is full of wrath. He lights down from his horse, and runs to Roland and gathers him in his arms; and he swoons over him, so great is his grief.

The Emperor has recovered from his swoon; and Naymes the Duke and Count Acelin, Geoffrey of Anjou, and his brother Thierry take the king and help him to sit up under a pine tree. He looks to the ground and sees his nephew lying there, and begins softly to lament him: "Dear Roland, may God have mercy upon thee! For the arraying and winning of great battles, never has the world seen thy like. My glory is near to its setting." And Charles cannot help but swoon again.

Charles the King has recovered from his swoon, four of his barons hold him in their arms; he looks to the ground and sees his nephew lying dead, still strong and gallant of seeming, but his color is gone, and his eyes, which have turned upwards, are darkened. Charles makes lament for him in all faith and love: "Dear Roland, may God bring thy soul among the flowers of Paradise, among the glorious. Woe worth the day thou camest into Spain, Baron! Never shall the day dawn whereon I shall not grieve for thee. Now my pride and

my power will pass; for who henceforth will uphold my kingdom? In all the world I do not think to have a single friend; though I have other kindred, none are valiant as thou wert." With both his hands he plucks the hair of his head; and so great is the dole of the Franks, that of a hundred thousand men there is not one that doth not weep.

"Dear Roland, I shall go back to France, and when I am come to Laon, to my great hall there, strange men will come to me from many lands, and they will ask of me where is the Count, the great chieftain, and I shall say to them that he lies dead in Spain. Thenceforth in sorrow shall I maintain my kingdom; never shall the day dawn whereon I shall not mourn for thee.

"Dear Roland, brave captain, fair youth, when I am come to Aix, to my chapel there, men will come to me asking news, and I shall tell them marvelous and heavy news: 'My nephew, who has conquered many lands for me, is dead.' Then the Saxons will rise up against me, and the Hungarians and the Bulgarians, and many hostile people, the Romans and the Apulians, and all those of Palermo, and those of Africa, and those of Califerne; then my woes and troubles will increase; for who will lead my armies against such a host when he is dead who was ever our champion? Ah, fair France, how art thou made desolate! So great is my sorrow that gladly would I lay down my life." With both hands the king plucks his white beard and the hairs of his head. And a hundred thousand Franks fall swooning to the ground.

"Dear Roland, woe worth thy life days! May thy soul be brought into Paradise. He who slew thee wrought shame to sweet France. Now is my grief so great that I

would not outlive those of my household who lie dead for my sake. May God, the son of Mary, grant that before I am come to the pass of Cizre, my soul may part from my body, and follow their souls, and that my body may be laid in the earth beside their bodies." And the king weeps and plucks his white beard. "Now great is the wrath of Charles," quoth Naymes the Duke.

"My lord and Emperor," then saith Geoffrey of Anjou, "make ye not such great dole; rather let the field be searched and our dead, whom those of Spain have slain in battle, be brought together in a common grave." "Now, blow thy horn," the king makes answer.

Geoffrey of Anjou has sounded his horn; and the Franks light down from their horses, so Charles hath bidden it. And all their comrades which they find dead they straightway bring to the fosse. Many a bishop and abbot is there, and monks and canons and tonsured priests, and they have absolved the dead, and blessed them in God's name. And they kindled myrrh and sweet spices, and richly they perfumed them with incense, and buried them with great honor; and then they left them — how else should they do?

## CHARLEMAGNE, EMPEROR OF THE WEST

[800]

BY A. W. GRUBE

THE presence [at Rome] of the powerful King of the Franks, and of many nobles of his kingdom, gave additional splendor to the [Christmas] festival, and attracted an immense multitude to Rome. Clad in a purple mantle, Charlemagne knelt on the steps of the high altar to offer up his prayer. As he rose up, and was about to depart, the Holy Father approached him, followed by a procession of ecclesiastical dignitaries, with a crown of gold in his hand, which he set on the head of the King of the Franks, and anointed him with oil as Emperor of the Romans, and temporal lord of the whole of Catholic Christendom. The people cheered, and cried aloud three times, "Long life and victory to Charlemagne, the peace-bringing Emperor, crowned of God!" The trumpets at once struck up, clear music mingled with the repeated cheers of the multitude, and an immense chorus joined in the coronation hymn. Universal rapture pervaded the city.

The imperial dignity had been in abeyance for three hundred and twenty-four years, ever since Odoacer had dethroned Romulus Augustulus. As the Empire of the Romans was then overthrown by a German, so it was now restored by a German, to the great vexation of the Emperor of the East, who was now called simply the Greek Emperor.

# THE CORONATION OF CHARLEMAGNE

If Charlemagne had been merely a conqueror he would have done but little good, for soon after his death the edifice of his kingdom, which was composed of so many incongruous elements, tumbled to pieces. But his efforts were directed towards something higher and nobler. Those whom he, as hero, had conquered with the sword, he would make happy by his fatherly love.

He was incessantly laboring to civilize his people, and to make them wiser and better. The most learned men of his time lived at his court, and enjoyed his esteem and friendship. With their aid he established many schools to provide a better education for youth.

He had more regard for knowledge acquired by study, which ennobles the poorest, than for the hereditary advantages of rank. He once found, on visiting a school, that the children of the higher ranks were far inferior in diligence and good manners to those of the common citizens. He had the industrious placed on his right hand, and the lazy on his left, and then spoke thus to the poor but clever children: "I thank you, my children; you have behaved according to my wishes: honor and permanent usefulness will be yours." Then he turned angrily to the high-born children: "But you, sons of noblemen, you well-dressed dolls, who have been idle and disobedient to my commands, do not rely on the rank and wealth of your parents; if you do not mend, none of you shall ever come into my sight again. By the King of Heaven, I will punish you as you deserve."

He was devoted to Christianity with his whole heart. He was therefore careful to provide good priests, and forbade them to do anything inconsistent with the dignity of their calling—as, for example, hunting. The

monasteries were richly endowed, for within their quiet walls not only was the education of youth promoted, but the sick and poor were provided for, and strangers were hospitably entertained; for in those days inns were but little known. The churches were adorned with images of the saints, for Charlemagne thought it good that the lives and deeds of pious men should awaken pious memories in the Christian congregations. To make the church service more impressive, he brought singers and organists from Italy; for his Franks had such harsh and untrained voices, that their singing almost resembled the roaring of wild beasts. The more refined Romans compared this music to the rumbling of a wagon over the pavement.

Charlemagne loved his mother tongue above everything. He himself labored, in conjunction with the learned men of his court, at the compilation of a German grammar, and had a collection made of ancient German heroic lays. Unfortunately nothing of the praiseworthy efforts of the great man has come down to us except the German names which he gave to the winds and months.

January he called Winter-month; February, Horning (perhaps because in that month stags cast their horns); March, Spring-month; April, Easter-month; May, Joy-month; June, Fallow-month; July, Hay-month; August, Harvest-month; September, Autumn-month; October, Wine-month; November, Wind-month; December, Christ-month.

He bestowed particular care on the administration of justice. For this purpose he appointed respectable men, distinguished by their age and experience, who bore the name of "Graves," i.e., "Gray-beards," for most of

them, being old men, had gray hair. These Graves had different titles, according to their functions. Those who were set over a province (gau) were called Gaugraves; those who were set over a castle (burg) were styled Burgraves; the Pfalzgraves, or Counts Palatine, had the charge of the Emperor's palaces — *pfalz* meaning palace. The Margraves guarded the Marches or borders.

He, moreover, made strict inquiries as to whether his servants were faithful to their duties. To this end he from time to time sent special judges into the provinces, who were to render exact information about everything.

In the midst of the great affairs of the empire he did not forget the little ones of his household. He examined with the greatest strictness his steward's account of receipts and expenditure. Some written directions which he had sketched out for them are still extant. He prescribed exactly, like an experienced farmer, how butter and cheese, honey and wax, were to be prepared, how grapes were to be pressed and beer brewed, and how many eggs, geese, ducks, and fowls were to be sold.

Charlemagne had no fixed residence. He was now here, now there; but was most partial to Aix-la-Chapelle, on account of the warm baths, which had been held in high estimation by the Romans; he also favored Ingelheim, near Mayence, and lastly Nimeguen.

Charlemagne was a true German, strongly built and slender. He had a high, open forehead, and extremely large, keen eyes, which seemed friendly to friends and suppliants, but formidable to enemies. In early youth, according to the custom of the Franks, he exercised his bodily powers, and excelled in fighting and swimming. He especially delighted in the chase, and when he

wished to prepare a feast for his court, a battue was organized. Every one mounted his horse, and then, amid the winding of horns and the barking of countless hounds, they went forth with shouts of joy into the depths of the forest, where each of the young nobles strove to surpass the rest in skill and courage. Charlemagne in their midst endured many an arduous conflict with wild boars, bears, and buffaloes.

Charlemagne had a large appetite, but was not luxurious in eating or drinking. Roast venison brought to table by a huntsman on the spit was his favorite dish. Drunkenness was hateful to him.

He often rose from his couch at night, took writing-tablets and style, and practiced the art of writing, which he had neglected in his early years; or he prayed, or set himself at the window to survey the starry heavens with reverence and admiration for the Creator.

His simple mode of life wonderfully increased the strength of the powerful man, and he became so strong that he could lift a man in full armor like a child.

His dress was simple, according to the German custom. His clothes were the work of his wife's busy fingers; he wore stockings and linen trousers crossed with colored stripes, a linen waistcoat, and over it a plain coat striped with silk; occasionally a square cloak of a white or green color. But a great sword, with a golden hilt and belt, hung ever by his side. Only at diets and great festivals did he appear in full majesty, with a golden crown glittering with diamonds on his head, dressed in a long flowing robe, decked with golden bees.

Up to his latest years Charlemagne always enjoyed good health. Not until four years before his death did

it begin to fail, when continual attacks of fever shattered him. He was deeply affected by the deaths of his two favorite sons, Pepin and Charles, who died within a year of each other. He continued, nevertheless, to study the welfare of his empire.

Feeling himself to be growing weaker and weaker, he summoned his only remaining son, Louis, who had for some time been King of Aquitaine, to a State Council at Aix-la-Chapelle (813). Here he exhorted the nobles of his empire to show themselves loyal to his son, and then asked each of them from the greatest to the least whether he approved of his making over a share in the government and the imperial title to Louis. With one accord they answered: "Such is the will of God!"

The next Sunday Charlemagne proceeded with his son to the Church of St. Mary at Aix, which he had built. He himself appeared in royal attire, with a crown on his head, and had another crown placed on the altar. Both father and son prayed in silence for a long time before the altar. Then the venerable old man arose, and in presence of the whole people exhorted his son "to fear and love God, and obey His commandments in all things, to provide for the Church and protect it against evil-doers, always to show himself kind to his kinsmen, to honor the priests as fathers, and to love like children the nations who were committed to his care, to appoint faithful and God-fearing officers, and to deprive no one of his fiefs or dignities without sufficient cause." After this exhortation, Charlemagne asked his son whether he was resolved to live in conformity to it. "Gladly," replied Louis; "gladly will I obey, and by God's help fulfill the commands which you have given me." Charle-

magne now enjoined him, as if in token that he owed the empire to God alone, to take the crown from the altar and to set it on his own head. Louis did as he was ordered.

After the ceremony was over, Charlemagne went back, supported by his son, to the imperial palace. Here he bestowed splendid presents upon him and sent him back to Aquitaine. At parting they embraced and kissed each other, and shed tears of love and sorrow. They felt that this was their last meeting; and, in fact, they never saw each other again.

In January of the following year (814), Charlemagne was again attacked by a violent fever. He tried to cure himself by fasting, as he was wont to do; but in vain: his body was too much enfeebled; his end was at hand. On the seventh day of his illness he sent for his trusty friend Bishop Hildbald, in order to receive the sacrament from his hand. After he had partaken of it his weakness increased. The following morning he saw that his end was near. He crossed himself, folded his hands on his breast, closed his eyes, and prayed in a low voice, saying, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!" Thus he passed away peacefully and happily on the 28th of January, 814, when he had reached the age of seventy-two years, and had governed his great kingdom with honor for forty-seven years.

## ROLLO THE VIKING

[885]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The story is told that while Charlemagne was sitting one day at dinner, a fleet of long, narrow boats came swiftly toward the land. "Those must have come from Brittany," some one declared; and another said, "No, they are surely Jewish merchantmen." But Charlemagne had noted the vessels, that they had only one sail, that bow and stern were shaped alike and were gilded and carved to represent the head or tail of a dragon, and that a row of shields was ranged along the gunwale. "Those bring nothing to sell," he said. "They are most cruel foes, they are Northmen." Then there was a hurrying and scurrying to put on armor, snatch up swords and spears, and hasten down to the shore to drive away the pirates. But the Northmen had heard of the prowess of Charlemagne, and as soon as they knew he was there they rowed away as fast as their boats could be made to carry them. The Franks had much to say about these enemies, but Charlemagne stood silent, gazing at the sea. At length he turned toward his friends. His eyes were full of tears, and he said, "I am not afraid that the Northmen will harm me, but I weep to see that they have ventured so near our shore, and to think of the evils that they will bring upon my children and their people."

Charlemagne was right, for it was not many years after his death before one hundred and twenty pirate

vessels were rowed swiftly up the River Seine, and a mass of Northmen, or Vikings, poured into the little city of Paris, ready to kill, burn, and steal, as usual. But suddenly a heavy fog hid them from one another. There was some enchantment about it, they thought, and made their way back to their ships as best they might. But they came again and again. Sometimes they were met with arms, sometimes with tribute. Still they came. "Did not we promise you twelve thousand pounds of silver if you would leave us in peace?" demanded the Franks in despair. "The king promised it," was the insolent reply, "and we left him in peace. He is dead now, and what we do will not disturb him."

The following year the famous leader Rollo led the Vikings in an attack upon Paris. They hammered at the walls of the city with battering-rams. With great slings they hurled stones and leaden balls. They dug a mine under one of the walls, leaving wooden props. Then they set fire to these and scrambled out of the narrow passage as fast as they could. The beams burned and the earth fell in, but the walls did not crumble as the Vikings had hoped. Then they built a fire close to the wooden walls, but a sudden rain put it out. There were thirty or forty thousand of the Vikings, and only two hundred of the Franks in the besieged city; but the Franks had wise leaders, and all this time they were boiling oil and pitch and pouring them down upon the besiegers. The blazing Northmen leaped into the river to extinguish the flames, but they never thought of giving up. They collected food and encamped near the city. Month after month the siege went on, and still the king did not come to help his brave people.

At last the valiant Eudes, or Odo, one of the chief leaders of the Parisians, determined to go in search of aid, and one stormy night he managed to slip through the gate of the city and the lines of the Northmen, and gallop off to the king. Pretty soon the king came with his army, — and went into camp! After he had dawdled a month away, news came that more Vikings were at hand. The king was so frightened that he offered the Northmen seven hundred pounds of silver if they would depart, and told them they might go farther up the river and plunder Burgundy as much as they chose. The brave defenders of Paris were indignant. They rushed out of the city and struck one fierce blow at their departing foes. The following year the cowardly king was deposed, and at his death they chose the valiant Eudes for their ruler.

The Northmen were bright, shrewd people; and, wild as they were, they could not help seeing that the Frankish way of living was better than theirs, and that the worship of the Christian God was better than that of Odin and Thor. Rollo led them again to France some years later, and this time the Vikings ranged themselves on one side of a little river, and the king with his Franks stood on the other side, to talk about peace. Rollo was willing to give up his pirate life, be baptized, and live in the Frankish country if the king would give him land. "I will give you Flanders," said the king; but Rollo replied, "No, that is too swampy." "Then you may have the parts of Neustria nearest to the shore." "No," declared Rollo, "that is nothing but forest land." At length it was agreed that he and his followers should have the land which afterward took its name from them

and to this day is called Normandy. They were to hold it by what is known as a feudal tenure, that is, it was to be theirs so long as they were faithful to the king and gave him loyal military service.

There is a story that the bishops told Rollo he must kiss the king's foot in token of his having received this great gift and having become the king's vassal. The haughty Northman had no idea of doing any such thing; but when the bishops insisted, he motioned to one of his warriors to do it for him. The warrior was as proud as his lord. The old account says that he would not kneel, but lifted the royal foot so high that the king fell backward. The Franks were angry, but the Northmen roared with laughter.

The Northmen, or Normans, as they were afterwards called, went into their new domain. Rollo ruled them strictly, for he was as anxious to be a successful ruler as he had been to be a successful pirate. The same story is told of him that is related of Alfred the Great and several other kings, that one might leave a golden bracelet hanging on a tree in perfect safety anywhere in his possessions. Whether that is true or not, it is true that any robber who fell into the hands of Rollo was promptly hanged. It is also true that it was exceedingly difficult for a criminal to escape, because Rollo made the whole land responsible for him. Whenever any one committed a trespass, the first man who found it out must cry "Haro!" and the cry must go through the whole kingdom until the man was captured.

So it was that the Vikings who had come to France to plunder gave up their wild, savage life and became permanent dwellers in that country.

SAINT LOUIS OPENING THE PRISONS OF HIS REALM

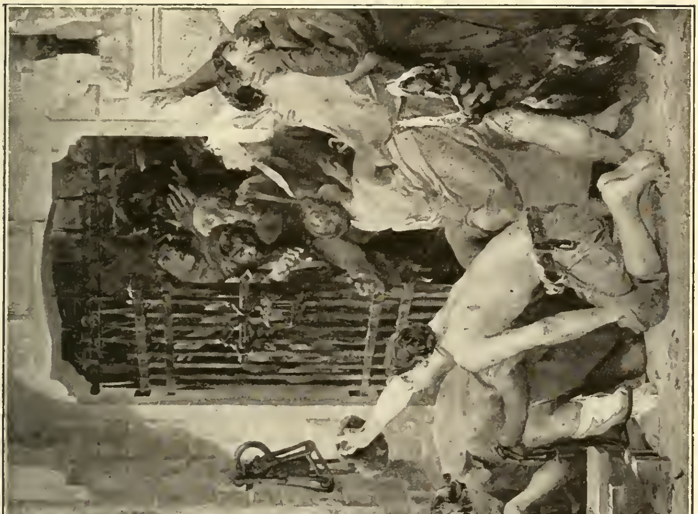
# SAINT LOUIS OPENING THE PRISONS OF HIS REALM

BY LUC OLIVIER MERSON

(*French painter*, 1846–    )

Saint Louis, or Louis IX, came to the throne of France at the age of twelve. His mother, Blanche of Castile, brought him up with the utmost strictness. "I should rather have him dead," said she, "than to have him commit sin." He seems to have been a gentle, kindly boy, but with a keen sense of justice and, moreover, with a very decided will of his own. Even when the pope himself urged him to undertake war with the German emperor, he refused because he thought it unjust. The young king fasted, he wore sackcloth, and he made pilgrimages barefooted. Every Friday he was, by his own command, severely scourged by his confessor. When he was criticized for spending so much time in hearing mass, he replied, "If I spent twice as much time in dice and hawking, should I be so rebuked?" In an illness Louis commanded the crusader's cross to be placed upon his shoulder, and on his recovery he kept his vow to go on a crusade, in spite of his mother, his ministers, nobles, and clergy. In battle he showed himself a hero as a soldier, but a failure as a general. He was captured, released, and returned to France. In 1270 he insisted upon undertaking a second crusade; and on this one he died. In 1296 he was canonized by Pope Boniface VIII.

The illustration shows Louis as a child, throwing open a prison. Behind him stands his mother, at his side a bishop. Thronging out from the prison is the crowd of prisoners. One of them is kissing the hem of his robe. At the right is the mother of a young captive, gazing into his face as if to say, "And can it really be you?" The little dog at his feet has no questionings, but springs upon him joyfully.



# II

# STORIES OF THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR

## HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Salic Law, a law of some of the ancient Franks, forbade the wearing of the French crown by a woman; and therefore in 1328 it was given to a cousin of the dead king, Charles IV, instead of to Isabella, daughter of Charles. Edward III of England, son of Isabella, claimed it on the ground that he could wear it even if his mother could not. This, together with the aid given by the French to the Scotch during a recent Scottish war with England, brought about the Hundred Years' War, which with occasional breaks raged for a century.

The first great battle was that of Crécy, in which, as well as in the battle of Poictiers, the English were successful. By 1377, however, Edward and his valiant son, the Black Prince, were both dead, a child was on the throne, and the English had lost nearly all their possessions in France. A long truce followed. In 1415, Henry V of England invaded France, won the battle of Agincourt, and held practically the whole country. France was in despair, when suddenly the whole situation was changed by one of the strangest occurrences in history.

There was an old prophecy current in France that at some time when the country should be in the depths of trouble, it should be delivered by a maiden of Domremy; and a peasant girl, Joan of Arc, now declared that she was the maiden of the prophecy. She had heard supernatural voices, she said, bidding her to raise the siege of Orléans, one of the few towns still faithful to Charles, the French claimant to the throne, and to conduct that prince to Rheims to be crowned king of France. Her services were accepted, and Orléans was saved. This was the beginning of French success. In 1453, the war came to an end, leaving not a rod of French soil in the hands of the English except Calais and a small district adjoining. This they held until 1558.

# THE BATTLE OF CRÉCY

[1346]

BY SIR JOHN FROISSART

The English, who were drawn up in three divisions and seated on the ground, on seeing their enemies advance, rose undauntedly up and fell into their ranks. That of the prince was the first to do so, whose archers were formed in the manner of a portcullis or harrow, and the men-at-arms in the rear. The earls of Northampton and Arundel, who commanded the second division, had posted themselves in good order on his wing, to assist and succor the prince if necessary.

You must know that these kings, earls, barons, and lords of France did not advance in any regular order, but one after the other, or any way most pleasing to themselves. As soon as the King of France came in sight of the English, his blood began to boil, and he cried out to his marshals, "Order the Genoese forward and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis." There were about fifteen thousand Genoese crossbowmen; but they were quite fatigued, having marched on foot that day six leagues, completely armed, and with their crossbows. They told the constable they were not in a fit condition to do any great things that day in battle. The Earl of Alençon, hearing this, said, "This is what one gets by employing such scoundrels, who fall off when there is any need for them." During this time a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder and a very terrible

eclipse of the sun; and before this rain a great flight of crows hovered in the air over all those battalions, making a loud noise. Shortly afterwards it cleared up, and the sun shone very bright; but the Frenchmen had it in their faces, and the English in their backs. When the Genoese were somewhat in order, and approached the English, they set up a loud shout, in order to frighten them; but they remained quite still, and did not seem to attend to it. They then set up a second shout, and advanced a little forward; but the English never moved.

They hooted a third time, advancing with their crossbows presented, and began to shoot. The English archers then advanced one step forward, and shot their arrows with such force and quickness that it seemed as if it snowed. When the Genoese felt these arrows, which pierced their arms, heads, and through their armor, some of them cut the strings of their crossbows, others flung them on the ground, and all turned about and retreated quite discomfited. The French had a fine body of men-at-arms on horseback, richly dressed, to support the Genoese. The King of France, seeing them thus fall back, cried out, "Kill me those scoundrels; for they stop up our road without any reason." You would then have seen the above-mentioned men-at-arms lay about them, killing all they could of these runaways.

The English continued shooting as vigorously and quickly as before; some of their arrows fell among the horsemen, who were sumptuously equipped, and, killing and wounding many, made them caper and fall among the Genoese so that they were in such confusion they could never rally again. In the English army there were some Cornish and Welsh men on foot, who had

armed themselves with large knives: these advancing through the ranks of the men-at-arms and archers, who made way for them, came upon the French when they were in this danger, and falling upon earls, barons, knights, and squires slew many, at which the King of England was afterwards much exasperated.

The valiant King of Bohemia was slain there. He was called Charles of Luxembourg; for he was the son of the gallant king and Emperor, Henry of Luxembourg: having heard the order of the battle, he inquired where his son, the Lord Charles, was: his attendants answered that they did not know, but believed he was fighting. The king said to them: "Gentlemen, you are all my people, my friends and brethren at arms this day: therefore, as I am blind, I request of you to lead me so far into the engagement that I may strike one stroke with my sword." The knights replied, they would lead him forward; and in order that they might not lose him in the crowd, they fastened all the reins of their horses together, and put the king at their head, that he might gratify his wish, and advanced toward the enemy. The Lord Charles of Bohemia, who already signed his name as King of Germany and bore the arms, had come in good order to the engagement; but when he perceived that it was likely to turn out against the French, he departed, and I do not well know what road he took. The king, his father, had ridden in among the enemy, and made good use of his sword; for he and his companions had fought most gallantly. They had advanced so far that they were all slain; and on the morrow they were found on the ground with their horses all tied together.

The Earl of Alençon advanced in regular order upon

the English, to fight with them; as did the Earl of Flanders, in another part. These two lords with their detachments coasting, as it were, the archers, came to the prince's battalion, where they fought valiantly for a length of time. The King of France was eager to march to the place where he saw their banners displayed, but there was a hedge of archers before him. He had that day made a present of a handsome black horse to Sir John of Hainault, who had mounted on it a knight of his, called Sir John de Fusselles, that bore his banner: which horse ran away with him, and forced his way through the English army and, when about to return, stumbled and fell into a ditch and severely wounded him: he would have been dead if his page had not followed him round the battalions, and found him unable to rise: he had not, however, any other hindrance than from his horse; for the English did not quit the ranks that day to make prisoners. The page alighted, and raised him up; but he did not return the way he came, as he would have found it difficult from the crowd. This battle, which was fought on the Saturday between La Broyes and Crécy, was very murderous and cruel; and many gallant deeds of arms were performed that were never known. Toward evening, many knights and squires of the French had lost their masters: they wandered up and down the plain, attacking the English in small parties: they were soon destroyed; for the English had determined that day to give no quarter or hear of ransom from any one.

Early in the day, some French, Germans, and Savoyards had broken through the archers of the prince's battalion, and had engaged with the men-at-arms; upon

which the second battalion came to his aid, and it was time, for otherwise he would have been hard pressed. The first division, seeing the danger they were in, sent a knight in great haste to the King of England, who was posted upon an eminence near a windmill. On the knight's arrival, he said, "Sir, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Reginald Cobham, and the others who are about your son are vigorously attacked by the French; and they entreat that you would come to their assistance with your battalion, for, if their numbers should increase, they fear he will have too much to do." The king replied, "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?" "Nothing of the sort, thank God," rejoined the knight; "but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help." The king answered, "Now, Sir Thomas, return back to those that sent you, and tell them from me not to send again for me this day or expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs, for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honor of this day shall be given to him and to those into whose care I have entrusted him." The knight returned to his lords and related the king's answer, which mightily encouraged them, and made them repent they had ever sent such a message. . . .

When, on the Saturday night, the English heard no more hooting or shouting, nor any more crying out to particular lords or their banners, they looked upon the field as their own, and their enemies as beaten. They made great fires and lighted torches because of the obscurity of the night. King Edward then came down

from his post, who all that day had not put on his helmet, and with his whole battalion advanced to the Prince of Wales, whom he embraced in his arms and kissed, and said, "Sweet son, God give you good perseverance: you are my son, for most loyally have you acquitted yourself this day: you are worthy to be a sovereign." The prince bowed down very low, and humbled himself, giving all the honor to the king his father.

# HOW QUEEN PHILIPPA SAVED THE BURGHERS

[1347]

BY SIR JOHN FROISSART

[THE town of Calais resisted the siege of Edward until its people were on the point of perishing of hunger. Then they asked for a parley, and when the envoys of the English king had come, they begged that he would be satisfied with the treasures of the town and castle and would allow them to depart in safety.

*The Editor.*]

THE two lords returned to the king and related what had passed. The king said he had no intentions of complying with the request, but should insist that they surrender themselves unconditionally to his will. Sir Walter replied: "My lord, you may be to blame in this, as you will set us a very bad example; for if you order us to go to any of your castles, we shall not obey you so cheerfully if you put these people to death; for they will retaliate upon us in a similar case." Many barons who were then present supported this opinion. Upon which the king replied: "Gentlemen, I am not so obstinate as to hold my opinion alone against you all: Sir Walter, you will inform the governor of Calais that the only grace he must expect from us is, that six of the principal citizens of Calais march out of the town with bare heads and feet, with ropes around their necks, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands. These six persons shall

be at my absolute disposal, and the remainder of the inhabitants pardoned."

Sir Walter returned to the Lord de Vienne, who was waiting for him on the battlements, and told him all that he had been able to gain from the king. "I beg of you," replied the governor, "that you would be so good as to remain here a little, while I go and relate all that has passed to the townsmen; for, as they have desired me to undertake this, it is but proper they should know the result of it." He went to the market-place and caused the bell to be rung; upon which all the inhabitants, men and women, assembled in the town hall. He then related to them what he had said, and the answers he had received; and that he could not obtain any conditions more favorable, to which they must give a short and immediate answer. This information caused the greatest lamentations and despair; so that the hardest heart would have had compassion on them; even the Lord de Vienne wept bitterly.

[1]After a short time, the most wealthy citizen of the town, by name Eustace de St. Pierre, rose up and said: "Gentlemen, both high and low, it would be a very great pity to suffer so many people to die through famine, if any means could be found to prevent it; and it would be highly meritorious in the eyes of our Saviour if such misery could be averted. I have such faith and trust in finding grace before God if I die to save my townsmen that I name myself as first of the six." When Eustace had done speaking, they all rose up and almost worshiped him: many cast themselves at his feet with tears and groans. Another citizen, very rich and respectable, rose up and said he would be the second to his

companion Eustace; his name was John Daire. After him, James Wisant, who was very rich in merchandise and lands, offered himself as companion to his two cousins, as did Peter Wisant, his brother. Two others then named themselves, which completed the number demanded by the King of England.

The Lord John de Vienne then mounted a small hackney, for it was with difficulty that he could walk, and conducted them to the gate. There was the greatest sorrow and lamentation all over the town; and in such manner were they attended to the gate, which the governor ordered to be opened, and then shut upon him and the six citizens, whom he led to the barriers, and said to Sir Walter Manny, who was there waiting for him, "I deliver up to you, as governor of Calais, with the consent of the inhabitants, these six citizens; and I swear to you that they were, and are to this day, the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Calais. I beg of you, gentle sir, that you would have the goodness to beseech the king that they may not be put to death." "I cannot answer for what the king will do with them," replied Sir Walter, "but you may depend that I will do all in my power to save them." The barriers were opened, when these six citizens advanced toward the pavilion of the king, and the Lord de Vienne rendered the town.

When Sir Walter Manny had presented these six citizens to the king, they fell upon their knees, and with uplifted hands said, "Most gallant king, see before you six citizens of Calais, who have been capital merchants, and who bring you the keys of the castle and of the town. We surrender ourselves to your absolute will and pleasure, in order to save the remainder of the inhabitants

of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, out of your nobleness of mind, to have mercy and compassion upon us."

All the barons, knights, and squires that were assembled there in great numbers, wept at this sight. The king eyed them with angry looks (for he hated much the people of Calais, for the great losses he had formerly suffered from them at sea), and ordered their heads to be stricken off. All present entreated the king that he would be more merciful to them, but he would not listen to them. Then Sir Walter Manny said, "Ah, gentle king, let me beseech you to restrain your anger: you have the reputation of great nobleness of soul, do not therefore tarnish it by such an act as this, nor allow any one to speak in a disgraceful manner of you. In this instance, all the world will say you have acted cruelly if you put to death six such respectable persons, who, of their own free will, have surrendered themselves to your mercy in order to save their fellow-citizens." Upon this, the king gave a wink, saying, "Be it so," and ordered the headsman to be sent for; for that the Calesians had done him so much damage, it was proper they should suffer for it. The Queen of England fell on her knees and with tears said, "Ah, gentle sir, since I have crossed the seas with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favor: now, I most humbly ask you as a gift, for the sake of the Son of the Blessed Mary, and for your love to me, that you will be merciful to these six men." The king looked at her for some time in silence, and then said; "Ah, lady, I wish that you had been anywhere else than here: you have entreated me in such a manner that I cannot refuse you; I therefore give them to you, to do as you please

with them." The queen conducted the six citizens to her apartments, and had the halters taken from round their necks, after which she new clothed them, and served them with a plentiful dinner: she then presented each with six nobles,[1] and had them escorted out of the camp in safety.

[1] The noble was a gold coin of the value of about $5.96.

# THE COMING OF THE MAID OF ORLÉANS

[1428]

BY JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

[In the early days of the fifteenth century, France was in a sad condition. Not only were there dissensions, uprisings, and even civil war, but the king, Charles VI, had become insane. It was a favorable time to make an invasion, and this was done by Henry V of England. Isabel, wife of Charles VI, had small regard for the rights of her son Charles, and in 1420 she willingly signed the Treaty of Troyes, by which Henry was recognized as the heir of the insane sovereign. At the death of the kings of both France and England, in 1422, the little boy, Henry VI, now King of England, was brought to Paris by the English and crowned King of France.

Some of the French people stood by Charles VII as their lawful sovereign, but he had little of either hope, or skill in warfare. The town of Orléans was one of the few that remained true to him, and the English had laid siege to that. But now a strange thing came to pass, for a simple village maiden came to the camp and asked to speak with the king. Stories had preceded her that she regarded herself as chosen of God to raise the siege of Orléans and to conduct Charles to Rheims to be crowned. The following scene, from Schiller's play, "The Maid of Orléans," pictures the interview. To test her power, Charles has bidden the Earl Dunois to occupy the royal seat, while he himself stands amongst the courtiers.

*The Editor.*]

Johanna, *accompanied by the Councilors and many Knights, who occupy the background of the scene; she*

*advances with noble bearing, and slowly surveys the company.*

*Dunois* (*after a long and solemn pause*). Art thou the wond'rous Maiden —

*Johanna* (*interrupts him, regarding him with dignity*). Thou wilt tempt thy God!
This place abandon, which becomes thee not!
To this more mighty one the Maid is sent.

[*With a firm step she approaches the* KING, *bows one knee before him, and, rising immediately, steps back. All present express their astonishment;* DUNOIS *forsakes his seat, which is occupied by the* KING.

*Charles.* Maiden, thou ne'er hast seen my face before.
Whence hast thou then this knowledge?

*Johanna.* Thee I saw
When none beside, save God in heaven, beheld thee.

[*She approaches the* KING *and speaks mysteriously.*

Bethink thee, Dauphin, in the bygone night!
When all around lay buried in deep sleep,
Thou from thy couch didst rise and offer up
An earnest prayer to God. Let these retire
And I will name the subject of thy prayer.

*Charles.* What I to Heaven confided need not be
From men conceal'd. Disclose to me my prayer,
And I shall doubt no more that God inspires thee.

*Johanna.* Three prayers thou offer'dst, Dauphin; listen now
Whether I name them to thee! Thou didst pray
That if there were appended to this crown
Unjust possession, or if heavy guilt,

Not yet atoned for, from thy father's times,
Occasion'd this most lamentable war,
God would accept thee as a sacrifice,
Have mercy on thy people, and pour forth
Upon thy head the chalice of his wrath.

*Charles* (*steps back with awe*). Who art thou, mighty one? Whence comest thou?

[*All express their astonishment.*

*Johanna.* To God thou offeredst this second prayer:
That if it were His will and high decree
To take away the scepter from thy race,
And from thee to withdraw whate'er thy sires,
The monarchs of this kingdom, once possess'd,
He in his mercy would preserve to thee
Three priceless treasures — a contented heart,
Thy friend's affection, and thine Agnes' love.

[*The* King *conceals his face: the spectators express their astonishment.*

Thy third petition shall I name to thee?

*Charles.* Enough — I credit thee! This doth surpass
Mere human knowledge: thou art sent by God!

*Archbishop.* Who art thou, wonderful and holy maid?
What favor'd region bore thee? What blest pair.
Belov'd of Heaven, may claim thee as their child?

*Johanna.* Most reverend father, I am nam'd Johanna,
I am a shepherd's lowly daughter, born
In Dom Remi, a village of my King,
Included in the diocese of Toul,
And from a child I kept my father's sheep.
— And much and frequently I heard them tell
Of the strange islanders, who o'er the sea

Had come to make us slaves, and on us force
A foreign lord, who loveth not the people;
How the great city, Paris, they had seized,
And had usurp'd dominion o'er the realm.
Then earnestly God's Mother I implor'd
To save us from the shame of foreign chains,
And to preserve to us our lawful King.
Not distant from my native village stands
An ancient image of the Virgin blest,
To which the pious pilgrims oft repair'd;
Hard by a holy oak, of blessed power,
Standeth, far-fam'd through wonders manifold.
Beneath the oak's broad shade I lov'd to sit,
Tending my flock — my heart still drew me there
And if by chance among the desert hills
A lambkin strayed, 't was shown me in a dream,
When in the shadow of this oak I slept.
— And once, when through the night beneath this tree
In pious adoration I had sat,
Resisting sleep, the Holy One appear'd,
Bearing a sword and banner, otherwise
Clad like a shepherdess, and thus she spake: —
" 'T is I; arise, Johanna! leave thy flock.
The Lord appoints thee to another task!
Receive this banner! Gird thee with this sword!
Therewith exterminate my people's foes;
Conduct to Rheims thy royal master's son,
And crown him with the kingly diadem!"
And I made answer: "How may I presume
To undertake such deeds, a tender maid,
Unpractic'd in the dreadful art of war!"
And she replied. "A maiden pure and chaste

Achieves whate'er on earth is glorious,
If she to earthy love ne'er yields her heart.
Look upon me! a virgin, like thyself;
I to the Christ, the Lord divine, gave birth,
And am myself divine!" — Mine eyelids then
She touch'd, and when I upward turn'd my gaze,
Heaven's wide expanse was fill'd with angel-boys,
Who bore white lilies in their hands, while tones
Of sweetest music floated through the air.
— And thus on three successive nights appear'd
The Holy One, and cried — "Arise, Johanna!
The Lord appoints thee to another task!"
And when the third night she reveal'd herself,
Wrathful she seem'd, and chiding spake these words:
"Obedience, woman's duty here on earth;
Severe endurance is her heavy doom;
She must be purified through discipline;
Who serveth here, is glorified above!"
While thus she spake, she let her shepherd garb
Fall from her, and as Queen of Heaven stood forth
Enshrined in radiant light, while golden clouds
Upbore her slowly to the realms of bliss.

[*All are moved;* Agnes Sorel, *weeping, hides her face on the bosom of the* King.

*Archbishop* (*after a long pause*). Before divine credentials such as these
Each doubt of earthly prudence must subside.
Her deeds attest the truth of what she speaks,
For God alone such wonders can achieve.

*Dunois.* I credit not her wonders, but her eyes,
Which beam with innocence and purity.

*Charles.* Am I, a sinner, worthy of such favor?

Infallible, All-searching eye, thou seest
Mine inmost heart, my deep humility!

*Johanna.* Humility shines brightly in the skies:
Thou art abased, hence God exalteth thee.

*Charles.* Shall I indeed withstand mine enemies?

*Johanna.* France I will lay submissive at thy feet!

*Charles.* And Orléans, say'st thou, will not be surrender'd?

*Johanna.* The Loire shall sooner roll its waters back.

*Charles.* Shall I in triumph enter into Rheims?

*Johanna.* I through ten thousand foes will lead thee there.

[*The knights make a noise with their lances and shields, and evince signs of courage.*

*Dunois.* Appoint the Maiden to command the host!
We follow blindly whereso'er she leads.
The holy one's prophetic eye shall guide,
And this brave sword from danger shall protect her!

*Hire.* A universe in arms we will not fear,
If she, the mighty one, precede our troops.
The God of battle walketh by her side;
Let her conduct us on to victory!

[*The knights clang their arms and press forward.*

*Charles.* Yes, holy Maiden, do thou lead mine host;
My chiefs and warriors shall submit to thee.
This sword of matchless temper, proved in war
Sent back in anger by the Constable,
Hath found a hand more worthy. Prophetess,
Do thou receive it, and henceforward be —

*Johanna.* No, noble Dauphin! conquest to my Liege
Is not accorded through this instrument
Of earthly might. I know another sword

Wherewith I am to conquer, which to thee,
I, as the Spirit taught, will indicate;
Let it be hither brought.

*Charles.* Name it, Johanna.

*Johanna.* Send to the ancient town of Fierbois;
There in Saint Catherine's churchyard is a vault
Where lie in heaps the spoils of bygone war.
Among them is the sword, which I must use.
It, by three golden lilies may be known,
Upon the blade impress'd. Let it be brought,
For thou, my Liege, shalt conquer through this sword.

*Charles.* Perform what she commands.

*Johanna.* And a white banner,
Edg'd with a purple border, let me bear.
Upon this banner let the Queen of Heaven
Be pictur'd, with the beauteous Jesus child,
Floating in glory o'er this earthly ball.
For so the Holy Mother show'd it me.

*Charles.* So be it as thou sayest.

*Johanna* (*to the* ARCHBISHOP). Reverend Bishop
Lay on my head thy consecrated hands!
Pronounce a blessing, Father, on thy child!

[*She kneels down.*

*Archbishop.* Not blessings to receive, but to dispense
Art thou appointed. — Go, with power divine!
But we are sinners all and most unworthy.

CORONATION OF CHARLES VII AT RHEIMS

## CORONATION OF CHARLES VII AT RHEIMS

BY JULES EUGÈNE LENEPVEU

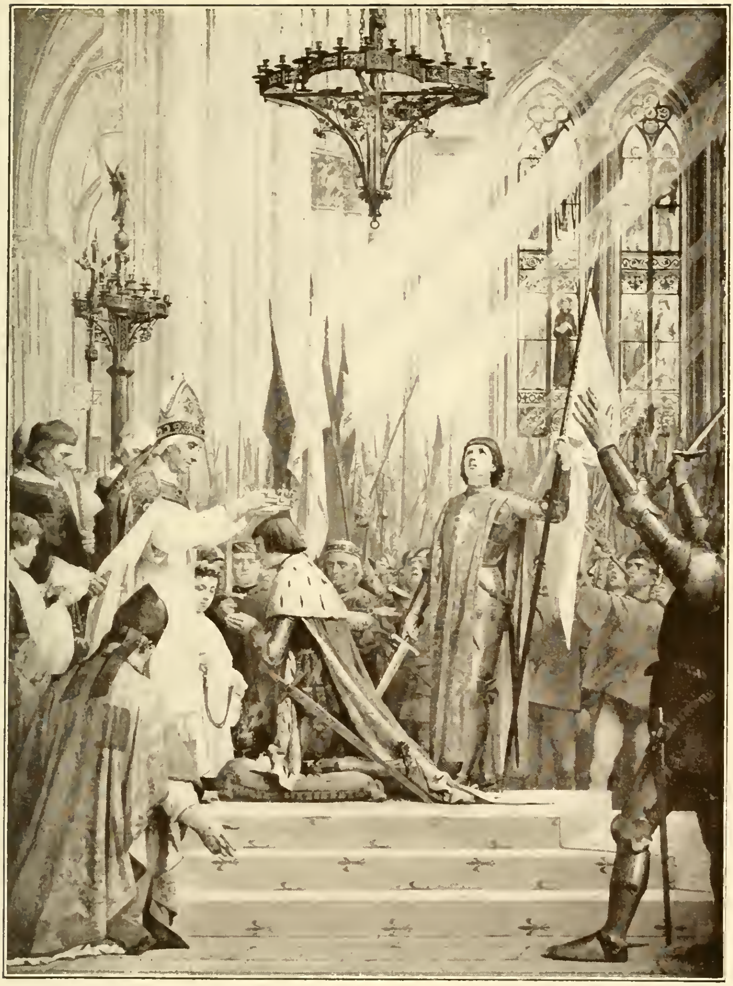
(*From a painting in the Pantheon at Paris*)

Before the coming of Joan of Arc, all France seemed destined to fall into the hands of the English, but the faith of this girl saved the land. Fired by her enthusiasm the country rallied about its king. Steadily the English were driven back until but one town remained to them.

This picture was selected from the many that have been inspired by the life of Joan of Arc, because it shows her at the summit of her wonderful career. Charles VII is at last crowned King of France, and the vow that led Joan from the peaceful meadows of Domremy to face death before the walls of Orleans, is now fulfilled.

Every face is turned toward the king, who kneels to receive the crown of his fathers. But it is the Maid who is the real center of the picture. She is in armor, but the robe over it produces the effect of graceful womanly attire. In one hand she grasps the ancient sword whose hiding place she had divined; in the other she bears the sacred lily-embroidered standard of her own designing, pure white and with the image of God on one side and a representation of the Annunciation on the other.

Her face, lifted in solemn ecstasy, is illumined by the sunlight that streams in through the high windows as a symbol of divine approval, and in her gratitude to heaven she seems, for a moment, to have forgotten the scene of which she is a part. Does she see the end that is so near — the capture by the English, the trial for sorcery, the scaffold high above the crowded square at Rouen?



# THE DEATH OF JEANNE D'ARC

[1431]

BY MARY ROGERS BANGS

[AFTER the coronation of Charles VII, Joan of Arc pleaded to be allowed to return to her home. Even though she declared that her Voices had given her no commands to do more and that her power had ended, the French had no idea of giving up such a leader, and Charles insisted upon her remaining with the army. From that hour she met little but failure, and in 1430 she was captured by the Duke of Burgundy and given up to the English. She was brought before the Inquisition and tried as a sorceress in the Church Court, was declared guilty, and was burned at the stake. This was in 1431. In 1875, the question of her canonization was considered. In 1902, she was proclaimed "Venerable," a step on the way to being accepted as a "Saint."

*The Editor.*]

AT about nine o'clock, she mounted the tumbril which should bear her to the Old Market, a square not far from the river. She wore a long black robe and a woman's coif; Massieu and Ladvenu rode with her, and several scores of English soldiers, armed with battle-axes and swords, formed the guard.

The story goes that Loiselleur jumped on the cart as it was moving and begged her forgiveness, weeping bitterly, and that the guards drove him off and would have slain him later if Warwick had not interfered. That may have been part of the legend which grew up at Rouen after her death, when those who had part in it

were pointed out with hatred, and men said that all who were so guilty came to some shameful end. And an Englishman who had sworn to give a fagot to her burning was stricken down as he saw a dove ascending from the flames and the name *Jesus* written there, and was borne off by his companions to a neighboring tavern. Another Englishman had declared her soul was in the hands of God; and Canon Alépée, an assessor, was heard to say: "God grant that my soul may be where the soul of that woman is." Manchon was so disturbed that he was terrified for a month, and bought a missal with his clerk's pay that he might pray for her soul. And that same afternoon the executioner had come to the Dominican convent, and told Brother Martin Ladvenu that he feared much he should be damned, for he had burned a saint; never had he been so afraid at any burning. He had cast her ashes into the Seine, but her heart — that great heart that had held all France — would not burn. And forthwith he made his confession; he had erred and repented of what he had done, for he held her to be a good woman.

Three scaffolds had been erected in the old Market Place: one for the lords, lay and clerical; one for the accused and her preacher — for she must hear yet another exhortation; one built high that all might see, with the stake for her burning. The executioner said this was cruelly done, and placed her beyond his reach, so that he could not shorten her suffering, as was the custom. Upon the pyre was a great placard, bearing the inscription: "Jeanne, self-styled the Maid, liar, mischief-maker, deceiver of the people, diviner, superstitious, blasphemer of God, presumptuous, false to the faith of Christ,

boaster, idolater, cruel, dissolute, invoker of devils, apostate, schismatic, heretic."

Nicolas Midi preached the sermon that day from the text: "If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it."

The square was filled to suffocation, windows, balconies, roofs, were crowded, the great lords in steel and scarlet, the prelates in rich robes, pushed and jostled on their scaffold. Jeanne sat quietly through the sermon, gazing out over the throng to the pure and lovely line of low hill in the street's vista, looking her last on the France for which she died. Cauchon read his sentence, and recommended her to the counsel of Martin Ladvenu and Isambard de la Pierre, who attended her. Then, weeping, the Maid knelt in her last supplication. She invoked her saints and all the company of heaven to aid her, "with devotion, lamentation, and true confession of faith." Very humbly, she begged forgiveness of all men, whether of her party or the other, asking their prayers and pardoning the evil they had done her. She begged the priests each to say a mass for her soul, and again she declared that for what she had done, good or bad, she alone was to answer.

Many wept with her, Beaufort and Louis de Luxembourg were greatly moved, Cauchon shed tears, — he had good cause to weep. English soldiers, here and there, laughed, others shouted that time was passing. "How now, priests, would you have us dine here?" The crowd surged back and forth, hustling the guards about the scaffold. Without formal sentence, the bailiff hurriedly waved his hand to the executioner, with the words, "Do thy duty." A paper miter with the words, "Here-

tic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolater," was set on her head, and two sergeants of the king gave her over to the executioner. Ladvenu and La Pierre never left her; to the end Massieu stood at the foot of the scaffold.

She climbed the height to her last battleground, with no more thought of fear than in the warfare of other days. "*Ayez bon courage! sus! sus!*[1]" But this foe she met alone. As she faced the city, she sighed:—

"Ah, Rouen, I have great fear that you shall suffer for my death."

She asked for a cross, and an Englishman broke a stick and fashioned one which she kissed devoutly and slipped into her bosom next her heart. They fetched a Crucifix from the neighboring church, and she embraced it "close and long" until she was fastened to the stake.

"Hold it on high before me until the moment of death, that the Cross on which God is hanging may be continually before my eyes."

Cauchon and one of his men came to the foot of the scaffold, and once more the terrible indictment rang out: —

"Bishop, I die by you!"

If he had hoped, in her extremity, to hear an arraignment of king, or lord, or priest, he got his desert; she had for him only the just sentence of his own damnation.

As the executioner set the fagots alight, she cried once for "Water, holy water!" and as the flames ascended, she bade Brother Isambard, who always bore aloft the Cross before her eyes, to leave her lest he come to harm. She called on St. Michael and her saints. "My Voices, my Voices, they have never deceived me."

[1] Be of good courage! on! on!

Through the gate of fire she saw the paradise they had never ceased to promise. As the flames wrapped her from the world, she cried upon the Holy Name of Jesus, and again as her head drooped to her breast, and once more, with a loud voice: "Jesus." "By a great victory" had she been delivered.

III

# FRANCE UNDER THE VALOIS KINGS

## HISTORICAL NOTE

For two centuries and a half the kings of the House of Valois were on the throne. During the first century of this period the land was torn by the struggles of the Hundred Years' War. At its close, in 1453, France recuperated rapidly, but in the reign of Louis XI the old strife between king and aristocracy became more savage than ever. By picking quarrels with his nobles, giving them up to the executioner, and seizing their domains, by inheritance, and by royal marriages the boundaries of his land were widely enlarged by King Louis. Foreign conquest was tempting, and invasions of Italy were made, but to no permanent advantage. In 1519, Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, died, and both Francis I of France and Charles V, then King of Spain, were eager for the imperial crown, — Charles winning the prize, — and their reigns were full of hostilities.

During the early and middle part of the sixteenth century science and literature flourished, and also painting, sculpture, and architecture, to such an extent that this became one of the most brilliant periods in the history of the country. The coming of the Reformation was greeted with joy by some and with horror by others, and the latter part of the century was stained with massacres and the barbarities of civil wars.

# WHERE LOUIS XI SAID HIS PRAYERS

[About 1483]

BY VICTOR HUGO

[The following extract is not only interesting in itself, but is worthy of special note in its vivid illustration of those qualities by which Louis XI stripped the nobles of their power, and perhaps altered the course of all subsequent French history. It is impossible to estimate exactly the value of the coins mentioned in this selection. Roughly speaking, a livre was equal to about $1.40 and a livre parisis to about $1.75. A sou was one twentieth of a livre, and a denier one twelfth of a sou.

*The Editor.*]

The king (Louis XI) had actually been for two days past in Paris. He was to leave it again on the day after the morrow for his fortress of Montilz les Tours. His visits to his good city of Paris were rare and short; for there he felt that he had not trap-doors, gibbets, and Scottish archers enough about him.

He had come that day to sleep in the Bastile. He disliked the great chamber which he had at the Louvre, five fathoms square, with its great chimney-piece adorned with twelve great beasts and thirteen great prophets, and its great bed, twelve feet by eleven. He was lost amid all this grandeur. This burgher king gave the preference to the Bastile, with a humble chamber and suitable bed. Besides, the Bastile was stronger than the Louvre.

This chamber which the king had reserved for himself

in the famous state-prison was spacious, and occupied the topmost floor of a turret in the keep. It was an apartment of circular form, the floor covered with shining straw-matting, the rafters of the ceiling adorned with fleurs-de-lis of pewter gilt, the spaces between them colored, wainscoted with rich woods, sprinkled with rosettes of tin, painted a fine lively green composed of orpine and wood.

There was but one long and pointed window, latticed with brass wire and iron bars, and somewhat darkened besides by beautiful stained glass, exhibiting the arms of the king and those of the queen, each pane of which cost twenty-two sous.

There was but one entrance, a modern door, with elliptic arch, covered on the inside with cloth, and having without one of those porches of Irish wood, frail structures of curious workmanship, which were still very common in old buildings one hundred and fifty years ago. "Though they disfigure and encumber the places," says Sauval peevishly, "yet will not our ancient folk put them away, but they preserve them in spite of every one."

In this chamber was to be seen none of the furniture of ordinary apartments, neither tables upon trestles, nor benches, nor forms, nor common stools in the shape of a box, nor those of a better sort, standing upon pillars and counter-pillars, at four sous apiece. Nothing was to be seen there, save a very magnificent folding armchair. The woodwork was adorned with roses painted on a red ground, and the seat was of scarlet Spanish leather, garnished with silk fringe, and studded with a thousand golden nails. This solitary chair indicated that one per-

son only had a right to sit down in that apartment. Near the chair and close to the window was a table covered with a cloth, on which were the figures of birds. On this table were a portfolio spotted with ink, sundry parchments, pens, and a chased silver mug. At a little distance stood a chafing-dish, and a desk for the purpose of prayer, covered with crimson velvet embossed with studs of gold. Lastly, at the farthest part of the room there was a simple bed, of yellow and flesh-colored damask, without lace or any trimming but plain fringe. This bed, famed for having witnessed the sleep or the sleeplessness of Louis XI, was to be seen two hundred years ago in the house of a councilor of state.

Such was the chamber commonly called "The place where Louis of France said his prayers."

At the moment of our ushering the reader into this retreat it was very dark. An hour had elapsed since the tolling of the curfew; it was night, and there was only one flickering wax candle upon the table, to light five persons who formed several groups in the chamber.

The first on whom the light fell was a personage superbly dressed in hose, scarlet close-bodied coat striped with silver, and a surtout of cloth of gold with black designs, and trimmed with fur. This splendid costume, upon which the light played, seemed to be braided with flame at all its folds. The wearer had his arms embroidered at the breast in gaudy colors; a chevron, with a deer passant in the base of the shield. The escutcheon was supported on the dexter side by an olive branch, and on the sinister by a buck's horn. This personage carried in his belt a rich dagger, the hilt of which, of silver gilt, was chased in the form of a crest, and terminated in a count's

coronet. He carried his head high, had a haughty bearing, and an ill-natured look. At the first glance you discovered in his countenance an expression of arrogance; at the second, of cunning.

He stood bareheaded, with a long paper in his hand, before the armchair, on which was seated a person, shabbily dressed, his body ungracefully bent, one knee crossed over the other, and his elbow upon the table. Figure to yourself, on the seat of rich Cordova leather, a pair of slender thighs and spindle-shanks, appareled in black knitted woolen stuff; a body wrapped in a surtout of fustian trimmed with fur, which showed much more leather than hair; lastly, to crown all, an old greasy hat of the coarsest black cloth, in the band of which were stuck a number of small leaden figures. This, with a dirty skull-cap, which suffered scarcely a hair to struggle from beneath it, was all that could be seen of the seated personage. His head was so bent forward upon his breast as to throw into the shade the whole of his face, excepting the tip of his nose, on which a ray of light fell; it was evidently a long one. The wrinkled, attenuated hand indicated that he was old. It was Louis XI.

At some distance behind the two persons we have described, two men, dressed in the Flemish fashion, were conversing in a low voice. It was not so dark where they stood but that one who attended the representation of Gringoire's mystery would have recognized in them two of the principal Flemish envoys, Guillaume Rym, the sagacious pensionary of Ghent, and Jacques Coppenole, the popular hosier. It will be recollected that these two persons were mixed up with the secret politics of Louis XI.

Lastly, at the opposite end of the room, near the door, stood, motionless as a statue, a short, thick-set man in military attire, with coat of arms embroidered on the breast, whose square face without brow, eyes on a level with the top of the head, and ears hidden by two large pent-houses of straight hair, partook at once of the dog's and the tiger's.

All were uncovered excepting the king.

The nobleman standing near the king was reading to him a long memorial, to which his majesty seemed to listen attentively. The two Flemings were whispering together.

"By the Rood!" muttered Coppenole, "I am tired of standing. Are no chairs allowed here?"

Rym answered by a shake of the head, accompanied by a discreet smile.

"By the mass!" resumed Coppenole, who was quite miserable to be obliged to speak in so low a tone, "I have a good mind to clap myself down on the floor, as I might do at home."

"Nay, Master Jacques, prithee do no such thing."

"Hey-day, Master Guillaume! must one keep on one's legs all the while one is here, then?"

"Even so, or on your knees," replied Rym.

At that moment the king raised his voice. They were silent.

"Fifty sous the gowns of our serving men, and twelve livres the cloaks of the clerks of our crown! Why, 't is throwing gold away by tons! Are you distraught, Olivier?"

As he thus spoke, the old king raised his head. About his neck might then be seen glistening the golden balls

of the collar of St. Michael. The rays of the candle fell full upon his skinny and morose face. He snatched the paper from the hands of the reader.

"You will ruin us!" he cried, running his hollow eye over it. "What means all this? What need have we for such prodigious establishment? Two chaplains, at the rate of ten livres each per month, and a clerk of the chapel at one hundred sous! A valet-de-chambre, at ninety livres by the year! Four esquires of the kitchen, at six score livres by the year, each! An overseer of the roast, another of the vegetables, another of the sauces, a head cook, a butler, and two assistants, at ten livres each per month! Two scullions at eight livres! A groom and his two helpers at twenty-four livres the month! A porter, a pastry cook, a baker, two carters, at sixty livres by the year each! And the marshal of the forges, six score livres! And the master of the chamber of our exchequer, twelve hundred livres! And the controller, five hundred! And I know not how many more! 'T is enough to drive one mad! To pay the wages of our servants, France is plundered. All the ingots in the Louvre will melt away before such a fire of expense! We will sell our plate! And next year, if God and our Lady" (here he lifted his hat) "grant us life, we will take our diet-drink out of a pewter pot."

As he thus spoke he cast a look at the silver mug which glistened upon the table. He coughed and then proceeded: "Master Olivier, the princes who rule over great countries, such as kings and emperors, ought never to suffer habits of expense to creep into their households; for that fire runs further and catches the provinces. Give me not occasion to repeat this, Master Olivier. Our ex-

penditure increases every year. The thing likes us not. Why, Pasque Dieu! till '79 it never exceeded thirty-six thousand livres; in '80 it amounted to forty-three thousand six hundred and nineteen livres — I have the exact sum in my head; in '81, to sixty-six thousand six hundred and eighty; and this year, by the faith of my body, it will not be under eighty thousand! Doubled in four years; monstrous!"

He paused to take breath, and then began again with warmth: "I see about me none but people who fatten upon my leanness. Ye suck crowns out of me at every pore!"

All present maintained profound silence. It was one of those paroxysms which must be left to themselves. He continued:—

"It is like that petition in Latin from the nobles of France, that we would reëstablish what they call the great charges of the crown! Charges, in good sooth! crushing charges! Ah, gentlemen, ye say that we are not a king to reign *dapifero nullo, buticalario nullo!*[1] We will show you, Pasque Dieu! whether we are not a king."

Here he smiled in the feeling of his power: his wrath was softened, and he turned toward the Flemings.

"Look you, Compère Guillaume, the grand master of the pantry, the grand chamberlain, the grand seneschal, are of less use than the meanest serving-man. Remember that, Compère Coppenole! They are good for nothing. Such useless attendants on a king are very like the four evangelists about the dial of the great clock of the palace, which Philip Brille has lately beautified.

[1] Without serving man, without butler.

They are gilt, but they mark not the hour, and the hand can go without them."

For a moment he appeared thoughtful, and then, shaking his old head, he added: "No, no; by our Lady, I am not Philip Brille, and I will not new-gild the grand vassals. Go on, Olivier." The person to whom he spoke took up the paper, and began reading again with a loud voice: —

"To Adam Tenon, clerk to the keeper of the seals of the provosty of Paris, for silver, making and engraving said seals, which have been new made, because the former could no longer be used, by reason of their being old and worn out — twelve livres parisis.

"To Guillaume Frère, the sum of four livres four sous parisis, as his salary and wages for feeding the pigeons in the two dove-cotes of the Hôtel des Tournelles, in the months of January, February, and March of this present year; and for this there have been given seven quarters of barley.

"To a Gray Friar, for confessing a criminal, four sous parisis."

The king listened in silence. He coughed from time to time; he would then lift the mug to his lips and swallow a mouthful, at the same time making a wry face.

"In this year there have been made by order of justice, by sound of trumpet, in the public places of Paris, fifty-six proclamations — the account to be settled.

"For having made quest and search in certain places, both in Paris and elsewhere, after moneys which were said to be concealed there, but none found, forty-five livres parisis."

"Bury a crown to dig up a sou!" said the king.

"For putting six panes of white glass in the place where the iron cage is at the Hôtel des Tournelles, thirteen sous.

"For two new sleeves to the king's old doublet, twenty sous.

"For a pot of grease to grease the king's boots, fifteen deniers.

"For new-making a sty for the king's black hogs, thirty livres parisis.

"For sundry partitions, planks, and doors, made to shut up the lions at St. Pol, twenty-two livres."

"Costly beasts those!" said Louis XI. "No matter: 't is a seemly magnificence in a king. There is a great red lion which I am very fond of for his engaging ways. Have you seen him, Master Guillaume? It is right that princes should keep extraordinary animals. We kings ought to have lions for our dogs and tigers for our cats. What is great befits crowns. In the time of Jupiter's pagans, when the people offered to the churches a hundred oxen and a hundred sheep, the emperors gave a hundred lions and a hundred eagles. That was proud and magnificent. The kings of France have always had these bellowings around their thrones: nevertheless, people must do me the justice to say that I spend less money in that way than my predecessors, and that I am exceedingly moderate on the score of lions, bears, elephants, and leopards. Go on, Master Olivier. We wished to say thus much to our Flanders friends."

Guillaume Rym made a profound obeisance, while Coppenole, with his sulky mien, looked like one of those bears which his majesty had been talking of. The king did not notice this. He sipped at the mug, and spitting

out the drink, exclaimed: "Faugh! the horrid ptisan!" The reader proceeded:—

"For the feed of a vagabond knave shut up for these six months in the lodge of the slaughter-house, till it is settled what to do with him, six livres, four sous."

"What is that?" said the king—"feed what ought to hang! Pasque Dieu! not another sou will I give for that feed. Olivier, settle that business with Monsieur d'Estouteville, and this very night make me the needful preparations for wedding this gallant with the gallows. Go on."

Olivier made a mark with his thumb-nail against the last item, and proceeded:—

"To Henriet Cousin, master executioner of Paris, the sum of sixty sous parisis, to him adjudged and ordered by Monseigneur the Provost of Paris, for that he did buy, at the command of the said Sieur the Provost, a great sword for executing and beheading persons condemned by justice for their misdeeds, and did provide a sheath and all thereunto appertaining, and likewise did get the old sword ground and repaired, by reason that it was broken and notched in doing justice upon Messire Louis of Luxembourg, as may more fully appear—"

The king interrupted the reader. "That is enough; I order that sum with all my heart. Those are expenses which I think not of. I never grudge moneys so laid out. Go on."

"For new-making a great cage—"

"Ah!" said the king, grasping the arms of his chair with both hands, "I knew that I had come to this Bastile for something. Stop, Master Olivier; I will look at that cage myself. You shall read the items while I

examine it. Gentlemen of Flanders, come and look at it — 't is a curious thing."

He then rose, leaned upon the arm of the reader, motioned to the kind of mute standing before the door to precede him, and the two Flemings to follow, and left the chamber.

The royal party was reinforced at the door of the retreat by men at arms encumbered with iron, and slender pages bearing torches. It pursued its way for some time through the interior of the somber keep, perforated with staircases and corridors even into the substance of the walls. The captain of the Bastile went first, to get the wickets opened for the old king, who, bent with age and infirmity, coughed as he walked along. At each wicket every head was obliged to stoop excepting that of the old monarch. "Hum!" muttered he between his gums — for he had lost all his teeth — "we are already not far from the door of the tomb. At a low door the passenger must stoop."

At length, having passed the last wicket, so encumbered with locks and fastenings that it took nearly a quarter of an hour to open it, they entered a lofty and spacious hall in the middle of which was discovered by the light of the torches a massive cube of masonry, iron, and timber. The interior was hollow. It was one of those famous cages for prisoners of state which were called "the king's daughters." In the sides of it were two or three small windows, so closely latticed with thick iron bars that the glass could not be seen. The door was a large stone slab, like those which are laid upon graves, one of those doors which are never used but to enter: only in this case the buried person was yet living.

The king began to walk slowly round the little edifice, examining it with care, while Master Olivier, who followed him, read aloud to this effect: "For having new-made a great wooden cage of thick joists, girders, and planks, being nine feet long by eight wide, and seven feet from floor to ceiling, planed and clamped with strong iron clamps, the which hath been set in a chamber situate in one of the towers of the Bastile St. Antoine, in which cage is put and kept, by command of our lord the king, a prisoner who aforetime dwelt in a cage that was old, crazy, and decayed. There were used for the said new cage ninety-six joists, fifty-two uprights, ten girders, three fathoms in length; and there were employed nineteen carpenters in squaring, cutting, and working all said timber in the court of the Bastile for twenty days —"

"Capital heart of oak!" said the king, rapping the wood with his knuckle.

"There were used for this cage," continued the reader, "two hundred and twenty thick iron clamps of nine and eight feet, the rest of middling length, with the screws, nuts, and bands to the said clamps; the whole of the said iron weighing three thousand seven hundred and thirty-five pounds; besides eight stout holdfasts to fasten the said cage, with the nails, weighing together two hundred and eighteen pounds; without reckoning the iron grating to the windows of the chamber in which the cage is placed, the iron door of that chamber, and other things—"

"A great deal of iron," said the king, "to repress the levity of one mind!"

"The whole amounts to three hundred and seventeen livres, five sous, seven deniers."

"Pasque Dieu!" exclaimed the king. At this imprecation, which was the favorite oath of Louis XI, some person appeared to rouse within the cage. Chains were heard trailing upon the floor, and a faint voice, which seemed to issue from a tomb, cried, "Mercy, sire! mercy!" The person who thus spoke could not be seen.

"Three hundred and seventeen livres, five sous, seven deniers!" repeated Louis XI.

The lamentable voice which issued from the cage had thrilled all present, including Master Olivier himself. The king alone appeared not to have heard it. At his command, Master Olivier began reading again, and His Majesty coolly continued his examination of the cage.

"Besides the above, there has been paid to a mason who made the holes to receive the bars of the windows, and the floor of the chamber where the cage is, because the floor could not have borne this cage by reason of its weight — twenty-seven livres, fourteen sous parisis."

The voice again began moaning: "Mercy, for Heaven's sake, sire! I assure Your Majesty that it was the Cardinal of Angers who did the treason, and not I."

"The mason is high," said the king. "Proceed."

Olivier continued: —

"To a joiner for windows, bedstead, and other things, twenty livres, two sous parisis."

The voice likewise continued: "Alas! sire! will you not hear me? I protest that it was not I who wrote that thing to Monseigneur de Guyenne, but Cardinal Balue!"

"The joiner is dear," observed the king. "Is that all?"

"No, sire. To a glazier, for the windows of the said chamber, forty-six sous, eight deniers parisis."

"Pardon, sire! pardon! Is it not enough that all my goods have been given to my judges, my plate to Monsieur de Torcy, my library to Master Pierre Doriolle, my tapestry to the Governor of Roussillon? I am innocent. For fourteen years I have pined in an iron cage. Mercy, sire! mercy! You will be rewarded for it in heaven."

"Master Olivier," said the king, "the total?"

"Three hundred and sixty-seven livres, eight sous, three deniers parisis."

"By our Lady!" exclaimed the king, "an extravagant cage."

Snatching the paper from the hand of Master Olivier, he looked by turns at the account and at the cage, and began to reckon up himself upon his fingers. Meanwhile, the prisoner continued wailing and sobbing. It was truly doleful in the dark. The bystanders looked at one another and turned pale.

"Fourteen years, sire! fourteen long years! ever since the month of April, 1469. In the name of the Blessed Mother, sire, hearken to me. Your Majesty has all this time been enjoying the warmth of the sun. Am I never more to see the daylight? Be merciful, sire! Clemency is a right royal virtue which turneth aside the current of wrath. Doth Your Majesty believe that at the hour of death it is a great consolation to a king not to have any offense unpunished? Besides, sire, it was not I, but Monsieur d'Angers, who was guilty of the treachery against Your Majesty. Would that you saw the thick chain fastened to my leg, and the great iron ball at the end of it, much heavier than it need be! Ah! sire! take pity on me!"

"Olivier," said the king, shaking his head, "I perceive that I am charged twenty sous by the load for lime, though it may be bought for twelve. Send back this account."

Turning from the cage, he began to move toward the door of the chamber. The wretched prisoner judged from the receding torches and noise that the king was going. "Sire! sire!" cried he, in tones of despair. The door shut. He saw nothing, he heard nothing save the husky voice of the jailer chanting a stanza of a song of that day on the subject of his own misfortunes: —

"Maître Jehan Balue
Has lost out of view
His good bishoprics all:
Monsieur de Verdun
Cannot now boast of one;
They are gone, one and all."

The king returned in silence to his retreat, followed by his train, who were thrilled by the last heart-rending wailings of the prisoner. His Majesty turned abruptly toward the governor of the Bastile.

"By the bye," said he, "was there not some one in that cage?"

"In good sooth, sire, there was," replied the governor, astonished at the question.

"Who, then?"

"The Bishop of Verdun."

The king knew that better than anybody else, but this was his way.

"Ah!" said he, as naturally as if he had but just thought of it; "Guillaume de Harancourt, a friend of Monsieur de Balue. A good fellow of a bishop!"

The door of the retreat presently opened and again closed upon the five personages to whom the reader was introduced at the beginning of this chapter, and who resumed their places, their whispering conversation, and their attitudes.

# ANNE OF BRITTANY AND HER COURT

[1476-1514]

BY CATHERINE CHARLOTTE

[ANNE was the daughter and heiress of the Duke of Brittany, and her suitors were many, all eager to win the fair land of Brittany with its hundred leagues of seacoast, and its sturdy people. Finally, she became the wife of Charles VIII, King of France. The French had no idea of loosening their grasp on Anne's noble dowry, and it was made a condition of the marriage settlement that if Charles died without a son, she should never marry any one except his successor. This successor was Louis XII, and she became his wife.

*The Editor.*]

IN the course of her double reign of twenty-two years, Anne initiated many changes in the social régime of the court. Not only was she a patroness of learning, but was herself one of the learned ladies of her day. She read the ancient Greek and Latin authors, and had a considerable acquaintance with modern languages. To eminent men of letters she gave a very gracious reception, and was fond of conversing with them. The poets of the period — poets certainly of no great fame, yet a pleiad of twinkling luminaries, precursor of one of brighter lights — found a patroness in the queen. Amongst them was Jean Marot, father of the more famous Clement; the youthful Clement being also her protégé, and his earlier productions read in the queen's apartment, while she and "ses filles" worked at their point lace or tapestry.

A number of young ladies of noble birth, whom at first she was accustomed to call "ses filles," but afterwards gave them the title of "filles d'honneur," or maids of honor, resided in the palace under the queen's protection. They were carefully trained and educated to become her and her daughters' companions. Some were orphans, but all were slenderly provided for. When opportunity offered, however, advantageously to marry her maids, she either added considerably to their own small fortune, or, when none was forthcoming, generously gave one.

Before the time of "Madame Anne, the duchess-queen," one might have well supposed that the Salic law not only rigidly excluded woman from the succession to the throne, but was as jealously intolerant of her presence at court — if court it could be called, where no queen presided, no ladies attended.

The king, princes, courtiers, and nobility generally, when not actually engaged in war, which was seldom, or occupied with public affairs, — which meant chiefly devising new wars and new taxes, — found the relaxation best suited to their tastes and habits in rough sports and games. There was the mimic warfare of jousts and tournaments, by which the ancient spirit of chivalry was supposed to be sustained. There were the great hunts in the Forests of Chaumont, Fontainebleau, Saint-Germain, or Vincennes; and when the day's exciting sport was ended, there was the amply spread supper-table to repair to, where jesting, practical joking, and boisterous mirth — partly inspired by goblets of Hypocras, champagne, or the potent old wines of the Juraçon — gave a keener zest to the viands killed in the chase.

Conspicuous amongst these were the roebuck, roasted whole and served with a sauce of balm-mint and fennel (recently imported into France, with many other of the vegetable products of Italy), the highly-flavored haunch, and the wild boar's head—royal dishes all of them, and substantial ones too, on which only the great ones of the earth might then presume to feast. Italian cookery as yet scarcely satisfied the hearty appetites of these robust cavaliers, whose pleasures and amusements were all external, and who took but two meals a day.

To the calmer enjoyments of domestic life the men of this period, and especially those of the upper ranks, were utterly strangers. But a change in manners began, and, as regards social life, the step that may be "considered as signalizing the passage from the Middle Ages to modern times, and from ancient barbarism to civilization," was taken when, at the close of the fifteenth century, Anne of Brittany — the first queen-consort of France who held a separate court — desired the ministers of State and foreign ambassadors who attended to offer their congratulations on her marriage with Louis XII, to bring their wives and daughters with them when next they paid their respects to her. To the ladies themselves she sent her invitation, or royal command, to leave their gloomy feudal abodes, where they were sometimes immured for years together, and repair to the court of their sovereign lady at the Palais des Tournelles or Château de Blois.

The moment was well chosen. It was a festive occasion, and the fair châtelaines were by no means reluctant to obey the summons of their queen. But the lords of those ladies, and especially the more elderly ones, mur-

mured greatly at the attempted startling innovation. Hitherto they were accustomed to expend their revenues chiefly on themselves. They must have gay court dresses, picturesque hunting costumes, horses and dogs, and all the paraphernalia of the chase. Besides these, there was the splendid panoply of war — the burnished helmets, the polished steel armor in which they were wont to encase themselves when, attended each by a suite of four or five horsemen similarly equipped, they went forth to fight their foes. Naturally, then, they were little disposed to incur any new outlay for wives and daughters that necessitated curtailment of their own.

By the younger courtiers Louis XII was considered rather penurious. But, in fact, he was so unwilling to burden his people with taxes, that beyond greatly embellishing his châteaux of Amboise and Blois (for which he employed native artists, under the direction of the great architect Fra Giocondo), he refrained from gratifying any expensive tastes. But Anne disbursed with a more liberal hand, and kept up great state at her separate court of Blois and Des Tournelles. She also dressed with great elegance and magnificence, and required the ladies who attended her to do likewise.

"What she has in her mind to do," writes at this time the Ambassador Contarini, "she will certainly accomplish, whether it be by tears, smiles, or entreaties." And quietly but firmly, wholly disregarding the opposition of the elderly nobles, she effected the revolution she had long desired, in the social régime of the court. The younger nobility and the élite of the world of art and letters entered readily into her views, and the receptions

in the queen's apartment soon became a center of great attraction. There, following the Italian fashion — which Charles VIII and Louis XII, it appears, had both found much to their taste — sorbets and iced lemonade were served. Her banquets, too — for the duchess-queen had her banquets as well as the king — were arranged with more order and with especial regard to what was due to the ladies. Each lady had now her cavalier, which had not always been the case. Each guest had also a separate plate — for Anne would not dip in another's dish, though it were even the king's. Doubtless, the forks, long in use in Italy, would soon have been introduced at her table, had the reforming queen been spared. But they had yet to wait a century before finding in France a patron in the Duc de Montausier. *En attendant*, rose-water was handed round in silver basins.

The senior nobles, however, made no scruple of strongly hinting to the king that he would do well in this and other matters to yield less readily to the queen's dominion.

To this he replied, "Some indulgence should be conceded to a woman who loves her husband and is solicitous both for his honor and her own."

Yet, sometimes he did resist her wishes, and by fables and parables — notably his favorite one of the does which had lost their antlers because they desired to put themselves on an equality with the stags — showed her that it was not seemly that woman's will should always prevail over her husband's. This mild method of administering reproof to "his Bretonne," as he was accustomed to call his queen, seems to have often

amused, if it did not always convince her. However, to the Bretonne queen the merit undoubtedly belongs of setting the ladies of her court, in an age of lax morality, a much needed example of virtuous conduct and conjugal fidelity, as well as of the useful employment of time and the cultivation of their minds.

# THE DEATH OF THE CHEVALIER BAYARD

[1524]

FROM THE OLD CHRONICLES

[Louis XII conquered Lombardy; but Germany, Spain, and England were afraid that France was becoming too powerful, and by their united forces Louis was driven out of Italy. When Francis I came to the throne, he succeeded in recovering the lost Italian possessions. He tried his best to get more, for Charles V was ruling both Germany and Spain; and now it was Charles who was becoming too powerful. The turn of France to make an attack had come. This attack was made upon the holdings of Charles in Italy. Francis won neither land nor glory; and he lost the famous Chevalier Bayard, the knight "without fear and without reproach."

*The Editor.*]

Bayard, last as well as first in the fight, according to his custom, charged at the head of some men-at-arms upon the Imperialists who were pressing the French too closely, when he was himself struck by a shot from an arquebus, which shattered his reins. "Jesus, my God," he cried, "I am dead!" He then took his sword by the handle, and kissed the cross-hilt of it as the sign of the cross, saying aloud as he did so, "Have pity on me, O God, according to thy great mercy (*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam*);" thereupon he became incontinently quite pale, and all but fell; but he still had heart enough to grasp the pommel of the saddle, and remained in that condition until a young gentleman, his own house-steward, helped him to dismount and set

him down under a tree, with his face to the enemy. The poor gentleman burst into tears, seeing his good master so mortally hurt that remedy there was none; but the good knight consoled him gently, saying, "Jacques, my friend, leave off thy mourning; it is God's will to take me out of this world; by His grace I have lived long therein, and have received therein blessings and honors more than my due. All the regret I feel at dying is that I have not done my duty so well as I ought. I pray you, Jacques, my friend, let them not take me up from this spot, for, when I move, I feel all the pains that one can feel, short of death which will seize me soon."

The Constable de Bourbon, being informed of his wound, came to him, saying, "Bayard, my friend, I am sore distressed at your mishap; there is nothing for it but patience; give not way to melancholy; I will send in quest of the best surgeons in this country, and, by God's help, you will soon be healed."

"My lord," answered Bayard, "there is no pity for me; I die, having done my duty; but I have pity for you, to see you serving against your king, your country, and your oath." Bourbon withdrew without a word.

The Marquis of Pescara came passing by. "Would to God, gentle Sir Bayard," said he, "that it had cost me a quart of my blood, without meeting my death, that I had been doomed not to taste meat for two years, and that I held you safe and sound my prisoner, for, by the treatment I showed you, you should have understanding of how much I esteemed the high prowess that was in you." He ordered his people to rig up a tent over Bayard, and to forbid any noise near him, so that he might die in peace.

Bayard's own gentlemen would not, at any price, leave him. "I do beseech you," he said to them, "to get you gone; else you might fall into the enemy's hands, and that would profit me nothing, for all is over with me. To God I commend you, my good friends; and I recommend to you my poor soul; and salute, I pray you, the king our master, and tell him that I am distressed at being no longer able to do him service, for I had good will thereto. And to my lords the princes of France, and all my lords my comrades, and generally to all gentlemen of the most honored realm of France when ye see them."

He lived for two or three hours yet. There was brought to him a priest to whom he confessed, and then he yielded up his soul to God; whereat all the enemy had mourning incredible. Five days after his death, on the 5th of May, 1524, Beaurain wrote to Charles V, "Sir, albeit Sir Bayard was your enemy's servant, yet was it pity of his death, for 't was a gentle knight, well beloved of every one, and one that lived as good a life as ever any man of his condition. And in truth he fully showed it by his end, for it was the most beautiful that I ever heard tell of." By the chiefs of the Spanish army certain gentlemen were commissioned to bear him to the church, where solemn service was done for him during two days. Then, by his own servitors was he carried into Dauphiny, and, on passing through the territory of the Duke of Savoy, where the body rested, he did it as many honors as if it had been his own brother.

When the news of his death was known in Dauphiny, I trow that never for a thousand years died there gentleman of the country mourned in such sort. He was

borne from church to church, at first near Grenoble, where all my lords of the parliament-court of Dauphiny, my lords of the exchequer, pretty well all the nobles of the country and the greater part of all the burgesses, townsfolk, and villagers came half a league to meet the body: then into the Church of Notre Dame, in the aforesaid Grenoble, where a solemn service was done for him; then to a house of *Minimes*, which had been founded aforetime by his good uncle the Bishop of Grenoble, Laurens Alment; and there he was honorably interred. Then every one withdrew to his own house, but for a month there was a stop put to festivals, dances, banquets, and all other pastimes. 'Las! they had good reason; for greater loss could not have come upon the country.

FRANCIS I AND CHARLES V IN ST. DENIS

## FRANCIS I AND CHARLES V IN ST. DENIS

BY ANTOINE JEAN GROS

(*French artist*, 1771–1835)

THE enmity between Charles V and Francis I kept Europe in a turmoil throughout their reigns. By the efforts of Cardinal Wolsey, Henry VIII of England, Charles, and the Pope united against Francis. At Pavia, in 1525, he was defeated and captured, and was released by Charles only after making the most humiliating promises. The Pope absolved him from these promises, and Charles in wrath sacked Rome and imprisoned the Pope. There was an occasional interval of peace, the most noted being in 1540, when Charles became the guest of Francis and was entertained sumptuously for six days.

The scene represented in the picture portrays the visit of the two sovereigns, made at the request of Charles, to the Church of St. Denis, the mauosleum of the rulers of France. Francis is pointing out the tomb of Louis XII, which is not visible in this part of the picture. On the right of Charles stands Henri, Dauphin of France. On the left of Francis is his son Charles of Orleans. In the extreme right of the foreground, attended by two priests, is the Cardinal de Bourbon, Abbot of St. Denis, with miter and crosier. At the left, the Constable de Montmorency, sword in hand, stands between Henri d'Albret and the Duke of Guise. In the tribune at the back are Catharine de' Medici, Diane de Poitiers, la belle Féronnière, the young Montaigne, Rabelais, and other famous persons. Standing just within the arched door of the stairway is a chaplain holding two lights, ready to guide the monarchs to the royal vaults.

# KING FRANCIS I AND THE GOLDSMITH

[1540]

BY BENVENUTO CELLINI

[Through the wiles of his enemies, the Italian goldsmith, Benvenuto Cellini, was imprisoned by the Pope. He escaped once, but was soon captured and thrown back into his dungeon. Francis I, King of France, succeeded, through Cardinal Ferrara, in bringing about his release, and sent for him to come immediately to France.

*The Editor.*]

We found the court of the French monarch at Fontainebleau, where we directly waited on the cardinal, who caused apartments to be assigned us: we spent the night very agreeably, and were well accommodated. The next day the wagon came up, so we took out what belonged to us, and the cardinal having informed the king of our arrival, he expressed a desire to see me directly. I waited on His Majesty accordingly, with the cup and basin so often mentioned: being come into his presence I kissed his knee, and he received me in the most gracious manner imaginable. I then returned His Majesty thanks for having procured me my liberty, observing that every good and just prince like His Majesty was bound to protect all men eminent for any talent, especially such as were innocent like myself; and that such meritorious actions were set down in the books of the Almighty before any other virtuous deeds whatever.

The good king listened to me until I had made an end

of my speech, and expressed my gratitude in terms worthy of so great a monarch. When I had done, he took the cup and basin, and said: "It is my real opinion that the ancients were never capable of working in so exquisite a taste. I have seen all the masterpieces of the greatest artists of Italy, but never before beheld anything that gave me such high satisfaction." This the king said in French to the Cardinal of Ferrara, at the same time paying me several other compliments greater even than this. He then turned about and said to me in Italian: "Benvenuto, indulge yourself and take your pleasure for a few days; in the mean time I shall think of putting you into a way of making some curious piece of work for me." The Cardinal of Ferrara soon perceived that His Majesty was highly pleased with my arrival, and that the specimens he had seen of my abilities had excited in him an inclination to employ me in other works of greater importance.

Whilst we followed the court, we may justly be said to have been in great straits, and the reason is that the king travels with upwards of twelve thousand horses, his retinue in time of peace being eighteen thousand. We sometimes danced attendance in places where there were hardly two houses, were often under the necessity of pitching very inconvenient tents, and lived like gypsies. I frequently solicited the cardinal to put the king in mind of employing me: he made answer that it was best His Majesty should think of it himself, advising me to appear sometimes in his presence, when he was at table. This advice I followed, and the king one day called me to him whilst he was at dinner. He told me in Italian that he proposed I should soon undertake some

pieces of great importance; that he would soon let me know where I was to work, and provide me with tools and all things necessary; at the same time he conversed with me in a free and easy manner, on a variety of different subjects.

The Cardinal of Ferrara was present, for he almost always dined with the king: the conversation being over, His Majesty rose from the table, and the cardinal said in my favor, as I was informed afterwards: "May it please Your Majesty, this Benvenuto has a great desire to be at work, and it would be a pity to let such a genius lose his time." The king answered that he was very right, and desired him to settle with me all that concerned my subsistence. The cardinal, who had received the commission in the morning, sent for me that night after supper, and told me from the king that His Majesty had resolved I should immediately begin to work; but that he desired first to know my terms. To this the cardinal added, "It is my opinion that if His Majesty allows you a salary of three hundred crowns a year, it will be abundantly sufficient. Next I must request of you that you would leave the whole management of the affair to me, for every day I have opportunities of doing good in this great kingdom, and I shall be always ready to assist you to the best of my power." I answered, "Without my ever soliciting Your Reverence, you promised, upon leaving me behind you in Ferrara, never to let me quit Italy or bring me into France without first apprising me upon what terms I was to be with His Majesty. But instead of acquainting me with the terms, you sent me express orders to ride post, as if riding post was my business. If you had then mentioned three hundred crowns

as a salary, I should not have thought it worth my while to stir for double the sum. I notwithstanding return thanks to Heaven and to Your Reverence, since God has made you the instrument of so great a blessing as my deliverance from a long imprisonment I therefore declare that all the hurt you can do me is not equal to a thousandth part of the great blessing for which I am indebted to you. I thank you with all my heart, and take my leave of you, and in whatever part of the world I shall abide I shall always pray for Your Reverence." The cardinal then said in a passion, "Go wherever you think proper, for it is impossible to serve any man against his will." Some of his niggardly followers then said: "This man must have high opinion of his merit, since he refuses three hundred crowns"; others amongst the connoisseurs replied: "The king will never find another artist equal to this man, and yet the cardinal is for abating his demands as he would bargain for a fagot of wood." It was Signor Luigi Alamanni that said this, the same who at Rome gave the model of the salt-cellar, a person of great accomplishments and a favorer of men of genius. I was afterwards informed that he had expressed himself in this manner before several of the noblemen and courtiers. This happened at a castle in Dauphiny, the name of which I cannot recollect; but there we lodged that evening.

Having left the cardinal, I repaired to my lodging, for we always took up our quarters at some place not far from the court, but this was three miles distant. I was accompanied by a secretary of the Cardinal of Ferrara, who happened to be quartered in the same place. By the way, this secretary, with a troublesome and imper-

tinent curiosity, was continually asking me what I intended to do with myself when I got home, and what salary I had expected. I, who was half angry, half grieved, and highly provoked at having taken a journey to France, and being afterwards offered no more than three hundreds crowns a year, never once returned him any answer: I said nothing more to him than that I knew all. Upon my arrival at our quarters, I found Paolo and Ascanio, who were waiting for me. I appeared to be in great disorder, and they, knowing my temper, forced me to tell them what had happened. Seeing the poor young men terribly frightened, I said to them, "To-morrow morning I will give you money enough to bear your charges home, for I propose going by myself about some business of importance: it is an affair I have long revolved in my mind, and there is no occasion for your knowing it."

Our apartments was next to that of the secretary, and it seems very probable that he acquainted the cardinal with all that I intended, and was firmly resolved to do; though I could never discover whether he did or not. I lay restless the whole night, and was in the utmost impatience for the approach of day, in order to put my design in execution. As soon as morning dawned, I ordered my horses should be in readiness, and having got myself ready likewise, I gave the young men all that I had brought with me, with fifty gold ducats over, and kept as many for myself, together with the diamond which the duke had made me a present of; taking with me only two shirts and some very indifferent clothes to travel in, which I had upon my back. But I could not get rid of the two young men, who were bent upon going

with me by all means. I did my utmost to dissuade them, and said, "One of you has only the first down upon his cheeks and the other has not even that; I have instructed you to the utmost of my poor abilities, insomuch that you are become the two most expert young men in your way in Italy. Are you not then ashamed that you cannot contrive to help yourselves, but must be always in leading-strings? This is a sad affair, and if I were to dismiss you without money. what would you say? Be gone directly, and may God give you a thousand blessings! so farewell."

I thereupon turned my horse about, and left them both bathed in tears. I took a delightful path through a wood, intending to ride at least forty miles that same day, to the most remote corner I could possibly reach. I had already ridden about two miles, and in the little way I had gone formed a resolution to work at no place where I was known; nor did I ever intend to work upon any other figure but a Christ, about three cubits high, willing to make as near an approach as possible to that extraordinary beauty which he had so often displayed to me in visions. Having now settled everything in my own mind, I bent my course towards the Holy Sepulcher, thinking I was not got to such a distance that nobody could overtake me.

Just at this time I found myself pursued by some horsemen, which occasioned me some apprehensions, for I had been informed that these parts were infested by numbers of freebooters, called *Venturieri*, who rob and murder passengers, and who, though many of them are hanged almost every day, do not seem to be in the least intimidated. Upon the near approach of the horsemen,

I perceived them to be one of the king's messengers accompanied by Ascanio. The former upon coming up to me said, "I command you, in the king's name, to repair to him directly." I answered, "You come from the Cardinal of Ferrara, for which reason I am resolved not to go with you." The man replied that, since I would not go by fair means, he had authority to command the people to bind me hand and foot like a prisoner. Ascanio at the same time did his utmost to persuade me to comply, reminding me that whenever the King of France caused a man to be imprisoned, it was generally five years before he consented to his release. The very name of a prison revived the idea of my confinement at Rome, and so terrified me that I instantly turned my horse the way the messenger directed, who never once ceased chattering in French till he had conducted me to court: sometimes he threatened me, sometimes he said one thing and sometimes another, by which I was almost vexed to death.

On our way to the king's quarters, we passed before those of the Cardinal of Ferrara, who being at his door called me to him and said, "Our most Christian King has of his own accord assigned you the same salary that he allowed Leonardo da Vinci the painter, namely, seven hundred crowns a year. He will pay you over and above for whatever you do for him: he likewise makes you a present of five hundred crowns for your journey; and it is his pleasure that they should be paid you before you stir from hence." When the cardinal ceased speaking, I answered that these indeed were offers worthy of so great a monarch. The messenger, who did not know who I was, seeing such great offers made me in the

king's name, asked me a thousand pardons. Paolo and Ascanio said, "It is to God we owe this great good fortune."

The day following, I went to return His Majesty thanks, who ordered me to make him models of twelve silver statues, which he intended should serve as candlesticks round his table. He desired they should be the figures of six gods and six goddesses, made exactly of his own height, which was very little less than three cubits. When he had given me this order, he turned to his treasurer and asked him whether he had paid me five hundred crowns: the treasurer answered that he had heard nothing at all of the matter: at this the king was highly offended, as he had commanded the cardinal to speak to him about it. He at the same time desired me to go to Paris and look out for a proper house to work at my business, telling me I should have it directly. I received the five hundred gold crowns and repaired to Paris, to a house of the Cardinal of Ferrara's, where I began to work zealously, and made four little models two thirds of a cubit high, in wax, of Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, and Vulcan.

# IV

# THE HOUSE OF BOURBON

## HISTORICAL NOTE

The rule of the House of Bourbon began in 1589 with the reign of Henry IV of Navarre. In 1598, the Edict of Nantes was passed, which granted religious toleration. By the shrewd policy of Henry's minister, Sully, the power of the Crown increased. Richelieu, minister of the succeeding sovereign, Louis XIII, aimed at the same thing; and through this reign, as well as that of Louis XIV, France was governed by a king who firmly believed that the people had no rights which he was bound to respect.

Louis XIV was engaged in many wars, most of them brought on by his desire of conquest. He claimed the Spanish Netherlands, and on this account fell into war with Spain. A second war was with Holland; a third with England and allies because of his claims to the Palatinate. In 1701, he engaged in a war with England, Holland, Austria, and most of the German States in order to win the throne of Spain for his grandson, Philip of Anjou. In most of these struggles he was successful, but his country was impoverished by the severe taxation necessary to carry them on and to support an extravagant court. His revocation of the Edict of Nantes is said to have driven some fifty thousand Huguenot families from the country. During the latter part of his reign, the French armies were defeated again and again, and it is said that if it had not been for the jealousy felt by his opponents for one another, France would have been utterly humiliated.

The more pleasing side of the picture is that culture and refinement prevailed, literature reached its Augustan Age, and the arts of peace flourished.

It was during the reign of Henry IV that the first permanent French settlements in America were established.

## THE BATTLE OF IVRY

[1590]

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

[When Henry of Navarre, a Protestant, inherited the French crown, he was opposed by the Catholic Party, led by the Duke of Mayenne and aided by Spain and Savoy. In 1590, Henry gained a decisive victory over the Duke at Ivry. Just before the battle, he said to his troops, "My children, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume — you will always find it in the path to honor and glory." In 1593, Henry abjured Protestantism and was crowned king.

*The Editor.*]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories
are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning
daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy
walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of
war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest:
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the King."
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may —
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray —

Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now, upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter — the Flemish Count is slain,
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail;

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry then, "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner; but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return:
Ho! Philip, send for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

HENRI IV AND MARIE DE MÉDICI

## HENRI IV AND MARIE DE MÉDICI

BY PETER PAUL RUBENS

(*Flemish painter*, 1574–1642)

Two of the worst queens of France came from the famous Medici family of Florence. The first was Catharine, wife of Henri II. After his death she became regent in behalf of her son, afterwards Charles IX. She schemed with the Huguenots to overthrow the Catholics; then, as the influence of the Protestants increased, she made a treaty with Spain for the destruction of heretics. Later, she planned the murder of the Protestant leaders and induced her son to give the command which brought about the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, resulting in the murder of from twenty to thirty thousand Protestants.

Marie de Médici became the wife of Henri IV of France. After his death, in 1610, she became the head of perhaps the worst government from which France has ever suffered. At length she was exiled, and made her way to England. In the days of her prosperity, she commissioned Rubens to portray her life in a series of twenty-four pictures, half literal and half allegorical. The reproduction here given is one of these, representing Henri when about to depart for the war in Germany. This was in 1610, when, owing to the troubles among the three confessions, — Catholic, Lutheran, and Calvinistic, — the Protestant princes interfered, and Henri took up their cause. Marie was to be regent during his absence, and he is here shown presenting her with the orb of sovereignty.

# CARDINAL RICHELIEU AND HIS ENEMY

[About 1640]

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

[Cardinal Richelieu was the minister of Louis XIII. He had two aims: first, to make the will of the king supreme in France; second, to make France the most powerful country in Europe. To bring about the first, he crushed the Huguenots, who then held considerable power; and he broke down the pride and independence of the nobles. The Thirty Years' War was now going on in Germany, practically a struggle between the Catholic and the Protestant German princes. Richelieu had crushed the Huguenot Protestants in his own country; but now, he aided the Protestants of Germany, because their success would divide Germany and humble Austria, and thus the power of France would be increased. The great cardinal died before the close of this war; but the carrying out of his plans resulted in giving to his country the proud position that he had sought for her.

In Bulwer's play, "Richelieu," "Julie" is the cardinal's beloved ward. "Joseph" is a Capuchin monk, his confidant. "De Mauprat" had before this joined in a revolt, but had been exempted from the general pardon and left by Richelieu with the threat, "Beware the axe! — 't will fall one day."

*The Editor.*]

*Richelieu.* That 's my sweet Julie! why, upon this face
Blushes such daybreak, one might swear the Morning
Were come to visit Tithon.

*Julie* (*placing herself at his feet*). Are you gracious?
May I say "Father"?

*Rich.* Now and ever!
*Julie.* Father!
A sweet word to an orphan.
*Rich.* No; not orphan
While Richelieu lives; thy father loved me well;
My friend, ere I had flatterers (now, I 'm great,
In other phrase, I 'm friendless) — he died young
In years, not service, and bequeathed thee to me;
And thou shalt have a dowry, girl, to buy
Thy mate amid the mightiest. Drooping? — sighs? —
Art thou not happy at the court?
*Julie.* Not often.
*Rich.* (*aside*). Can she love Baradas? Ah! at thy heart
There 's what can smile and sigh, blush and grow pale,
All in a breath! — Thou art admired — art young;
Does not His Majesty commend thy beauty!
Ask thee to sing to him? — and swear such sounds
Had smooth'd the brows of Saul?
*Julie.* He 's very tiresome,
Our worthy king.
*Rich.* Fie! kings are never tiresome,
Save to their ministers. What courtly gallants
Charm ladies most? — De Sourdiac, Longueville, or
The favorite Baradas?
*Julie.* A smileless man —
I fear and shun him.
*Rich.* Yet he courts thee?
*Julie.* Then he 's more tiresome than His Majesty.
*Rich.* Right, girl, shun Baradas. Yet of these flowers
Of France, not one, on whose more honeyed breath
Thy heart hears summer whisper?

*Enter* HUGUET.

*Huguet.* The Chevalier
De Mauprat waits below.
*Julie* (*starting up*). De Mauprat!
*Rich.* Hem!
He has been tiresome too! — Anon. [*Exit* HUGUET.
*Julie.* What doth he?
I mean — I — Does Your Eminence — that is —
Know you Messire de Mauprat?
*Rich.* Well! — and you —
Has he address'd you often?
*Julie.* Often! No —
Nine times! nay, ten; — the last time by the lattice
Of the great staircase. (*In a melancholy tone.*) The Court sees him rarely.
*Rich.* A bold and forward royster!
*Julie.* He? nay, modest,
Gentle, and sad, methinks.
*Rich.* Wears gold and azure?
*Julie.* No; sable.
*Rich.* So you note his colors, Julie?
Shame on you, child, look loftier. By the mass,
I have business with this modest gentleman.
*Julie.* You're angry with poor Julie. There 's no cause.
*Rich.* No cause — you hate my foes?
*Julie.* I do!
*Rich.* Hate Mauprat?
*Julie.* Not Mauprat. No, not Adrien, father.
*Rich.* Adrien!
Familiar! — Go, child; no, not *that* way; wait
In the tapestry chamber; I will join you, — go.

*Julie* (*aside*). His brows are knit; I dare not call him father!
But I *must* speak. — Your Eminence —

*Rich.* (*sternly*). Well, girl!

*Julie.* Nay,
Smile on me — one smile more; there, now I'm happy.
Do not rank Mauprat with your foes; he is not,
I know he *is* not; he loves France too well.

*Rich.* Not rank De Mauprat with my foes? So be it.
I'll blot him from that list.

*Julie.* That's my own father. [*Exit* JULIE.

*Rich.* (*ringing a small bell on the table*). Huguet!
De Mauprat struggled not, nor murmur'd?

*Huguet.* No: proud and passive.

*Rich.* Bid him enter. — Hold:
Look that he hide no weapon. Humph, despair
Makes victims sometimes victors. When he has enter'd,
Glide round unseen; place thyself yonder (*pointing to the screen*); watch him;
If he show violence (let me see thy carbine;
So, a good weapon); if he play the lion,
Why, the dog's death.

[*Exit* HUGUET; RICHELIEU *seats himself at the table, and slowly arranges the papers before him. Enter* DE MAUPRAT, *preceded by* HUGUET, *who then retires behind the screen.*

*Rich.* Approach, sir. Can you call to mind the hour,
Now three years since, when in this room, methinks,
Your presence honored me?

*De Mauprat.* It is, my lord,
One of my most —

*Rich.* (*dryly*). Delightful recollections.

*De Maup.* (*aside*). St. Denis! doth he make a jest of axe
And headsman?

*Rich.* (*sternly*). I did then accord you
A mercy ill requited — you still live?

. . . . . . . . . .

Messire de Mauprat,
Doom'd to sure death, how hast thou since consumed
The time allotted thee for serious thought
And solemn penance?

*De Maup.* (*embarrassed*). The time, my lord?

*Rich.* Is not the question plain? I'll answer for thee.
Thou hast sought nor priest nor shrine; no sackcloth chafed
Thy delicate flesh. The rosary and the death's-head
Have not, with pious meditation purged
Earth from the carnal gaze. What thou hast *not* done
Brief told; what done, a volume! Wild debauch,
Turbulent riot: — for the morn the dice-box —
Noon claim'd the duel — and the night the wassail:
These, your most holy, pure preparatives
For death and judgment! Do I wrong you, sir!

*De Maup.* I was not always thus: — if changed my nature,
Blame that which changed my fate. — Alas, my lord,
There is a brotherhood which calm-eyed Reason,
Can wot not of betwixt Despair and Mirth.
My birthplace mid the vines of sunny Provence,
Perchance the stream that sparkles in my veins
Came from that wine of passionate life, which erst,
Glow'd in the wild heart of the Troubadour:

And danger, which makes steadier courage wary,
But fevers me with an insane delight;
As one of old who on the mountain-crags
Caught madness from a Mænad's haunting eyes.
Were you, my lord, — whose path imperial power,
And the grave cares of reverent wisdom guard
From all that tempts to folly meaner men, —
Were you accursed with that which you inflicted —
By bed and board, dogg'd by one ghastly specter —
The while within you youth beat high, and life
Grew lovelier from the neighboring frown of death —
The heart no bud, nor fruit — save in those seeds
Most worthless, which spring up, bloom, bear, and wither
In the same hour — Were this your fate, perchance,
You would have erred like me!

*Rich.* I might, like you,
Have been a brawler and a reveler; — not,
Like you, a trickster and a thief. —

*De Maup.* (*advancing threateningly*). Lord Cardinal! —
Unsay those words. —

[Huguet *deliberately raises his carbine.*

*Rich.* (*waving his hand*). Not quite so quick, friend Huguet;
Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,
And he can wait! —
You have outrun your fortune; —
I blame you not, that you would be a beggar —
Each to his taste! — but I do charge you, sir,
That, being beggar'd, you would coin false moneys
Out of that crucible called Debt. — To live
On means not yours — be brave in silks and laces,

Gallant in steeds, splendid in banquets; — all
Not *yours* — ungiven — uninherited — unpaid for; —
*This* is to be a trickster; and to filch
Men's art and labor, which to them is wealth,
Life, daily bread, — quitting all scores with — "Friend,
You're troublesome!" — Why this, forgive me,
Is what — when done with a less dainty grace —
Plain folks call "*Theft!*" — You owe eight thousand pistoles,
Minus one crown, two liards! —

*De Maup.* (*aside*). The old conjurer! —
'Sdeath, he'll inform me next how many cups
I drank at dinner! —

*Rich.* This is scandalous,
Shaming your birth and blood. — I tell you, sir,
That you must pay your debts —

*De Maup.* With all my heart,
My lord. Where shall I borrow, then, the money?

*Rich.* (*aside and laughing*). A humorous dare-devil! — The very man
To suit my purpose — ready, frank, and bold!

[*Rising, and earnestly.*

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel; —
I am not; I am *just!* — I found France rent asunder, —
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti; —
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to Rebellion; and weak Laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths. —
I have re-created France; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars, phœnix-like, to Jove! — what was my art?

Genius, some say, — some, Fortune, — Witchcraft, some:
Not so; my art was JUSTICE! — Force and fraud
Misname it cruelty — you shall confute them!
My champion YOU! — You met me as your foe.
Depart, my friend — you shall not die — France needs you.
You shall wipe off all stains, — be rich, be honor'd,
Be great.

[DE MAUPRAT *falls on his knee* — RICHELIEU *raises him.*

I ask, sir, in return, this hand,
To gift it with a bride, whose dower shall match,
Yet not exceed, her beauty.

*De Maup.* I, my lord, — [*Hesitating.*
I have no wish to marry.

*Rich.* Surely, sir,
To die were worse.

*De Maup.* Scarcely; the poorest coward
Must die, — but knowingly to march to marriage —
My lord, it asks the courage of a lion!

*Rich.* Traitor, thou triflest with me! — I know *all!*
Thou hast dared to love my ward — my charge.

*De Maup.* As rivers
May love the sunlight — basking in the beams,
And hurrying on! —

*Rich.* Thou hast told her of thy love?

*De Maup.* My lord, if I had dared to love a maid,
Lowliest in France, I would not so have wrong'd her,
As bid her link rich life and virgin hope
With one the deathman's gripe might, from her side,
Pluck at the nuptial altar.

*Rich.* I believe thee;
Yet since she knows not of thy love, renounce her;
Take life and fortune with another! — Silent?

*De Maup.* Your fate has been one triumph. You know not
How bless'd a thing it was in my dark hour
To nurse the one sweet thought you bid me banish.
Love hath no need of words; — nor less within
That holiest temple — the heaven-builded soul —
Breathes the recorded vow. — Base knight, — false lover
Were he, who barter'd all that brighten'd grief,
Or sanctified despair, for life and gold.
Revoke your mercy; I prefer the fate
I look'd for!

*Rich.* Huguet! to the tapestry chamber
Conduct your prisoner.
(*To* MAUPRAT.) You will there behold
The executioner: — your doom be private —
And Heaven have mercy on you!

*De Maup.* When I 'm dead,
Tell her I loved her.

*Rich.* Keep such follies, sir,
For fitter ears; — go —

*De Maup.* Does he mock me?

[*Exeunt* DE MAUPRAT *and* HUGUET.

*Rich.* Joseph,
Come forth.

*Enter* JOSEPH.

Methinks your cheek has lost its rubies;
I fear you have been too lavish of the flesh;
The scourge is heavy.

*Joseph.* Pray you, change the subject.
*Rich.* You good men are so modest! — Well, to business!
Go instantly — deeds — notaries! — bid my stewards
Arrange my house by the Luxembourg — *my* house
No more! — a bridal present to my ward,
Who weds to-morrow.
*Joseph.* Weds, with whom?
*Rich.* De Mauprat.
*Joseph.* Penniless husband!
*Rich.* Bah! the mate for beauty
Should be a man, and not a money-chest!
When her brave sire lay on his bed of death,
I vow'd to be a father to his Julie; —
And so he died — the smile upon his lips! —
And when I spared the life of her young lover,
Methought I saw that smile again! — Who else,
Look you, in all the court — who else so well,
Brave, or supplant the favorite: — balk the King —
Baffle their schemes? — I have tried him: — he has honor
And courage; — qualities that eagle-plume
Men's souls, — and fit them for the fiercest sun
Which ever melted the weak waxen minds
That flutter in the beams of gaudy Power!
Besides, he has taste, this Mauprat: — When my play
Was acted to dull tiers of lifeless gapers,
Who had no soul for poetry, I saw him
Applaud in the proper places; trust me, Joseph,
He is a man of an uncommon promise!
*Joseph.* And yet your foe.
*Rich.* Have I not foes enow? —

Great men gain doubly when they make foes friends.
Remember my grand maxims! — First employ
All methods to conciliate.

*Joseph.* Failing these?

*Rich.* (*fiercely*). All means to crush; as with the opening, and
The clenching of this little hand, I will
Crush the small venom of these stinging courtiers.
So, so, we've baffled Baradas.

*Joseph.* And when
Check the conspiracy?

*Rich.* Check, check? Full way to it.
Let it bud, ripen, flaunt i' the day, and burst
To fruit — the Dead Sea's fruit of ashes; ashes
Which I will scatter to the winds.
Go, Joseph;
When you return, I have a feast for you —
The last great act of my great play; the verses,
Methinks are fine, — ah, very fine. — *You* write
Verses! — (*aside*) *such* verses! You have wit, discernment.

*Joseph* (*aside*). Worse than the scourge! Strange that so great a statesman
Should be so bad a poet.

*Rich.* What dost say?

*Joseph.* That it is strange so great a statesman should be so sublime a poet.

*Rich.* Ah, you rogue;
Laws die; books never. Of my ministry
I am not vain; but of my muse, I own it.
Come, you shall hear the verses now.

[*Takes up a manuscript.*

*Joseph.* My lord,
The deeds, *the notaries!*
*Rich.* True, I pity you;
But business first, then pleasure.
[*Exit* JOSEPH.
*Rich.* (*seats himself, and reading*). Ah, sublime!

*Enter* DE MAUPRAT *and* JULIE.

*De Maup.* Oh, speak, my lord! I dare not think you mock me.
And yet —
*Rich.* Hush, hush — this line must be considered!
*Julie.* Are we not both your children!
*Rich.* What a couplet! —
How now! Oh, sir, — you live!
*De Maup.* Why, no, methinks,
Elysium is not life.
*Julie.* He smiles! you smile,
My father! From my heart for ever, now,
I'll blot the name of orphan!
*Rich.* Rise, my children,
For ye are mine — mine both; — and in your sweet
And young delight, your love (life's first-born glory),
My own lost youth breathes musical!
*De Maup.* I'll seek
Temple and priest henceforward: — were it but
To learn Heaven's choicest blessings.
*Rich.* Thou shalt seek
Temple and priest right soon; the morrow's sun
Shall see across these barren thresholds pass
The fairest bride in Paris. Go, my children;
Even *I* loved once! — Be lovers while ye may.

How is it with you, sir? You bear it bravely:
You know, it asks the courage of a lion.

[*Exeunt* DE MAUPRAT *and* JULIE.

Oh, godlike Power! Woe, Rapture, Penury, Wealth —
Marriage, and Death, for one infirm old man
Through a great empire to dispense — withhold —
As the will whispers! And shall things, like motes
That live in my daylight; lackeys of court wages,
Dwarf'd starvelings; manikins, upon whose shoulders
The burthen of a province were a load
More heavy than the globe on Atlas — cast
Lots for my robes and scepter? France, I love thee!
All earth shall never pluck thee from my heart!
My mistress, France; my wedded wife, sweet France;
Who shall proclaim divorce for thee and me!

[*Exit* RICHELIEU.

# IN THE DAYS OF THE FRONDE

[1648]

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

[After the death of Louis XIII, his widow, Anne of Austria, became regent, and appointed Cardinal Mazarin prime minister. The people were called upon for such severe taxes that Parliament refused to register them, and therefore several of the members were imprisoned. A strong party called the Fronde was formed against the Mazarin Government, and was led by Jean François Paul de Gondi, the Coadjutor, or assistant Bishop of Paris.

Broussel was a leader of Parliament and a popular idol. D'Artagnan was captain of the king's guard, and Porthos, his comrade, served under him.

*The Editor.*]

The queen was standing, pale from anger; yet her self-control was so great that she showed no signs of emotion. Behind her were Comminges, Villequier, and Guitant; behind them the ladies. Before her was the Chancellor Seguier, the same who twenty years before had so greatly persecuted her. He was telling her how his carriage had been broken, he had been pursued, and had taken refuge in the mansion of O——; that this had been immediately entered and pillaged. Fortunately he had had time to reach a closet hidden in the tapestry, where an old woman had shut him up along with her brother, the Bishop of Meaux. There the danger was so real, the mad crowd had approached this cabinet with such threats, that the chancellor thought his hour had

come; and he had confessed to his brother, that he might be ready to die if he was discovered. Happily he had not been; the people, believing that he had escaped through some rear door, retired and left his retreat open. He had then disguised himself in the clothes of Marquis d'O——, and had come out of the hotel, stepping over the bodies of his officer and of two guards slain in defending the street-door.

During this narrative Mazarin had come in, and quietly taking a place near the queen was listening.

"Well," the queen asked, when the chancellor ended, "what do you think of that?"

"I think it a very serious matter, Madame."

"But what advice can you give me?"

"I could give very good advice to Your Majesty, but I do not dare."

"Dare, dare, Monsieur," said the queen, with a bitter smile; "you have, indeed, dared other things."

The chancellor blushed, and stammered out a few words.

"The question is not of the past, but of the present," said the queen. "You say you can give me some good advice; what is it?"

"Madame," said the chancellor, hesitating, "it is to set Broussel at liberty."

The queen, although very pale, visibly became paler, and her face contracted.

"Set Broussel at liberty!" said she; "never!"

Just then some steps were heard in the adjoining room, and without being announced Maréchal de la Meilleraie appeared at the door.

"Ah, it's you, Maréchal!" exclaimed Anne of Austria

joyfully. "I hope you have brought all that rabble to reason."

"Madame, I have left three men on Pont Neuf, four at the public markets, six at the corner of the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, and two at the gate of your palace, — fifteen in all. I have brought back ten or twelve wounded. My hat has gone, I know not where, carried off by a bullet, and most probably I should have been where my hat is, but for Monsieur the Coadjutor, who arrived in time to rescue me."

"Ah, indeed!" said the queen; "I should have felt astonished if that bandy-legged turnspit had not been mixed up in it all."

"Madame," said La Meilleraie, laughing, "do not say too much evil about him in my presence, for the service he has done me is still in my mind."

"It is right that you should be grateful to him as much as you please, but that does not bind me. Here you are safe and sound, — that is all I could desire; count yourself not only welcome, but safely returned to us."

"Yes, Madame; but I am the latter only on one condition, — that I transmit to you the will of the people."

"Their will!" said Anne, knitting her eyebrows. "Oh, oh, Monsieur the Marshal; you must have been in very great danger to take upon yourself such a strange embassy." And these words were said with a tone of irony which did not escape the marshal.

"Pardon me, Madame, I am not an advocate, but a soldier; and consequently I perhaps imperfectly understand the significance of words. I should have said the *desire*, not the *will*, of the people. As for the reply with

which you have honored me, I believe you meant that I felt afraid."

The queen smiled.

"Well, yes, Madame, I did feel afraid; this is the third time in my life that that has been the case, and yet I have been in a dozen pitched battles, and I do not know how many fights and skirmishes. Yes, I did feel afraid; and I prefer being in the presence of Your Majesty, however menacing your smile, to that of those demons of hell who accompanied me back here, and who come from I cannot say where."

"Bravo!" said D'Artagnan, in a low voice to Porthos, "a capital answer."

"Well," said the queen, biting her lips, while the courtiers looked at one another with astonishment, "what is the desire of my people?"

"The release of Broussel, Madame."

"Never!" said the queen, "never!"

"Your Majesty is mistress," said La Meilleraie, bowing and stepping backwards.

"Where are you going, Marshal?" said the queen.

"I am going to take Your Majesty's reply to those awaiting it."

"Stay, Marshal! I do not like to have the appearance of treating with rebels!"

"Madame, I have pledged my word to them," said the marshal.

"Which means —"

"That if you do not cause me to be arrested, I am compelled to go down to them."

Anne of Austria's eyes flashed like lightning.

"Oh, don't let that make any difference, Monsieur,"

said she; "I have arrested many of greater importance then you. Guitant!"

Mazarin stepped forward.

"Madame," said he, "may I venture in my turn to give you my opinion?"

"Is it yours also that I should release Broussel, Monsieur? In that case you may spare yourself the trouble."

"No," said Mazarin; "although that may be perhaps as good as any."

"What, then, is it?"

"My advice is to summon Monsieur the Coadjutor."

"The Coadjutor!" exclaimed the queen, "that frightful mischief-maker! He it is who has caused the whole revolt."

"The greater reason," said Mazarin; "if he caused it, he can quell it."

"And stay, Madame," said Comminges, who was keeping close to a window through which he was looking, — "stay, the occasion is favorable, for I see him giving his blessing on the Place Palais-Royal."

The queen hurried to the window. "It is true; the arch-hypocrite! Look at him."

"I see," said Mazarin, "that every one kneels before him, although he is only the Coadjutor; yet if I were in his place they would pull me to pieces, although I am a cardinal. I persist, then, in my *desire* [Mazarin emphasized the word] that Your Majesty receive the Coadjutor."

"And why do you not as well say, *in your will?*" replied the queen, in a low voice.

Mazarin bowed. The queen remained thoughtful a

short time. Then, raising her head, "Monsieur the Marshal," said she, "go and bring Monsieur the Coadjutor to me."

"And what shall I say to the populace?"

"To have patience," said the queen; "I have had much of it."

There was in the voice of the haughty Spaniard such imperativeness that the marshal made no observation; he bowed and went out.

D'Artagnan turned towards Porthos.

"How is this going to end?" said he.

"We shall see," said Porthos, with his usual tranquillity.

During this time Anne of Austria was talking in a low tone to Comminges.

Mazarin, feeling anxious, looked in the direction of D'Artagnan and Porthos. The rest were conversing together in a low tone. The door opened; the marshal appeared, followed by the Coadjutor.

"Madame, here is M. de Gondy, who hastens to receive Your Majesty's commands."

The queen advanced a few paces towards him, then stopped, looking cold, severe, unmoved, with her lower lip scornfully projecting.

Gondy bowed respectfully.

"Well, Monsieur, what do you say about this riot?"

"That it is no longer a riot, Madame, but a revolt."

"The revolt is on the part of those who think that my people can revolt!" exclaimed Anne, unable to hide her real feelings from the Coadjutor, whom she regarded, with good reason, perhaps, as the promoter of this movement. "A revolt is the name those give it who desire

the tumult of which they have been the cause; but wait, wait! the king's authority will put it straight."

"Is it simply to tell me that, Madame," coolly replied Gondy, "that Your Majesty has admitted me to the honor of your presence?"

"No, my dear Coadjutor," said Mazarin, "it was to ask your advice in the present difficult situation."

"Is it true," asked Gondy, putting on an astonished look, "that Her Majesty has summoned me to ask my advice?"

"Yes," said the queen. "They have wished it."

The Coadjutor bowed.

"Her Majesty desires, then, —"

"That you should tell her what you would do if you were in her place," Mazarin hastened to reply.

The Coadjutor looked at the queen, who signified her assent.

"If I were in Her Majesty's place," said Gondy coldly, "I should not hesitate; I should release Broussel."

"And if I do not release him, what do you think will happen?"

"I think that by to-morrow there will not be one stone left upon another in Paris," said the marshal.

"I am not questioning you, but M. de Gondy," the queen said in a dry tone, and without even turning round.

"Since it is I whom Your Majesty questions," replied the Coadjutor, with the same calmness, "I say in reply that I am entirely of the marshal's opinion."

The color rose to the queen's face; her beautiful blue eyes seemed starting from her head; her carmine lips,

compared by all the poets of the time to pomegranates in flower, turned pale, and trembled with rage. She almost frightened Mazarin himself, who was, however, used to the domestic bursts of rage in this disturbed household. "Release Broussel!" she said at last, with a frightful smile; "fine advice, upon my word! It is very clear that it comes from a priest."

Gondy held firm. The insults of the day seemed to glide from him like the sarcasm of the previous evening; but hatred and vengeance were gathering silently and drop by drop at the bottom of his heart. He looked coldly at the queen, who touched Mazarin to get him also to say something.

Mazarin, as was his habit, thought much, but said little.

"Eh, eh!" said he, "good advice, friendly counsel. I also would release this good man Broussel, dead or alive, and all would be ended."

"If you were to release him dead. all would be at an end, as you say, Monseigneur, but in a different way from what you mean."

"Did I say dead or alive?" replied Mazarin. "It is a form of speech. You know I do not understand French well, and that you speak and write it wonderfully well, Monsieur the Coadjutor."

"Here 's a Council of State," said D'Artagnan to Porthos; "but we have held better ones at Rochelle with Athos and Aramis."

"In the bastion St. Gervais," said Porthos.

"There and elsewhere."

The Coadjutor suffered the shower to pass, and continued, always with the same coldness, "Madame, if

Your Highness does not like the advice which I submit to her, it is without doubt because she has better guidance. I know too well the wisdom of the queen and that of her councilors to suppose that they will leave the capital city long in a trouble which may lead to a revolution."

"So then, in your opinion," said the Spaniard, with a sneer, and biting her lips with rage, "this riot of yesterday, which has become to-day a revolt, may become to-morrow a revolution?"

"Yes, Madame," the Coadjutor gravely said.

"But if you are right, Monsieur, the nations have then become unmindful of all restraint."

"The times are unfortunate for kings." said Gondy, shaking his head; "look at England, Madame."

"Yes, but fortunately we have no Oliver Cromwell in France," replied the queen.

"Who knows?" said Gondy. "Such men are like thunderbolts; they are known only when they strike."

Every one shuddered, and there was a short silence. Meanwhile the queen had rested her hand against her breast; it was clear that she was checking the hurried beatings of her heart.

"Porthos," whispered D'Artagnan, "look closely at that priest."

"Yes, I see him," said Porthos. "Well?"

"Well, he is a thorough man."

Porthos looked at D'Artagnan with some astonishment; it was clear that he did not fully comprehend his friend's meaning.

"Your Majesty," pitilessly continued the Coadjutor, "is then going to take measures which please yourself.

But I foresee that they will be terrible ones, and such as will irritate the rebels still more."

"Well, then, *you*, Monsieur the Coadjutor, who have such power over them, and who are our friend," said the queen ironically, "will calm them by giving them your blessing."

"Perhaps it will be too late," said Gondy, in his freezing manner, "and perhaps I shall have lost all my influence; while by releasing Broussel Your Majesty will cut the root of the sedition, and acquire the right of punishing severely every new growth of revolt."

"Have I not this right?" exclaimed the queen.

"If you have, use it," replied Gondy.

"Hang it!" said D'Artagnan to Porthos, "that is the sort of character I like. Would that he were minister, and I his D'Artagnan, instead of belonging to this rascal Mazarin. Ah, *mordieu!* what splendid strokes we should make together!"

The queen with a sign dismissed the court, except Mazarin. Gondy bowed, and was about retiring like the rest.

"Stay, Monsieur," said the queen.

"Good," said Gondy to himself; "she is going to yield."

"She is going to have him killed," said D'Artagnan to Porthos; "but by no means will I be the doer of it. I take my oath that, on the contrary, if anything should happen to him I would fall upon those who caused it."

"So would I," said Porthos.

"Good!" muttered Mazarin, taking a seat, "we are going to see something new."

The queen followed with her eyes the persons leaving. When the last had closed the door, she turned round. It

was evident that she was making violent efforts to conquer her anger; she fanned herself, she inhaled a perfume, she walked forward and back. Mazarin remained in his seat as if reflecting. Gondy, who began to feel anxious, scanned all the tapestry, sounded the cuirass which he wore under his long robe, and now and then felt under his *camail* to ascertain if the handle of a good Spanish poniard which he had hidden there was well within reach.

"Now," said the queen at last, standing still, — "now we are alone, repeat your advice, Monsieur the Coadjutor."

"This is it, Madame: Profess to have reflected; publicly confess having made a mistake, which is the strength of strong governments; release Broussel from prison, and give him up to the people."

"Oh!" exclaimed Anne of Austria, "thus to humiliate me! Am I queen or am I not? Is this howling mob subject to me or not? Have I friends? Have I guards? Ah! by our Lady, as Queen Catherine used to say, rather than give up this infamous Broussel, I would strangle him with my own hands." And she stretched her clinched fists towards Gondy, who certainly detested her just then as much as Broussel did.

Gondy did not stir, not a muscle of his face moved; only his icy look crossed blades, as it were, with the furious look of the queen.

"He is a dead man, if there is still a Vitry at court, and he were to enter at this instant," said the Gascon. "But I, rather than that should take place, would kill Vitry, and that neatly! Monsieur the Cardinal would be infinitely obliged to me."

"*Chut!*" said Porthos; "listen now."

"Madame!" exclaimed the cardinal, taking hold of Anne of Austria and drawing her back, — "Madame, what are you doing?" Then he added in Spanish, "Anne, are you a fool? You quarrel with the citizens, — you, a queen! And do you not see that you have before you in the person of this priest the whole people of Paris, whom it is dangerous to insult, especially now; and that if this priest wishes it, in an hour you would no longer possess a crown? On another occasion, later on, you may keep firm, but to-day is not the time; to-day flatter and caress, or you are only a vulgar woman."

At the beginning of this appeal, D'Artagnan had seized Porthos's arm, and had squeezed it harder and harder; then when Mazarin was silent, "Porthos," said he, quite in a whisper, "never say in Mazarin's presence that I know Spanish, or you and I are lost men."

"No," said Porthos.

This severe reprimand, impressed with that eloquence which distinguished Mazarin when he spoke Italian or Spanish, and which he entirely lost in speaking French, was spoken with an emotionless countenance which did not permit Gondy, although a skillful physiognomist, to suppose that it was more than a simple warning to be more moderate.

The queen, thus roughly addressed, grew suddenly milder. She allowed the fire in her eyes, so to speak, to expire; the blood left her cheeks, the strong words of anger her lips. She sat down, and with softened tones, and letting her arms fall by her side, "Pardon me, Monsieur the Coadjutor," said she, "and ascribe this outbreak to my sufferings. As a woman, and conse-

quently subject to the weaknesses of my sex, I have a horror of civil war; as a queen, and accustomed to be obeyed, I am enraged at the first provocation."

"Madame," said Gondy, bowing, "Your Majesty deceived herself in qualifying as resistance my sincere advice. Your Majesty has only submissive and respectful subjects. It is not the queen with whom the people feel angry, — they call for Broussel, and that's all; too happy to live subject to Your Majesty's laws, — if Your Majesty at once releases Broussel," added Gondy, with a smile.

Mazarin, who at the words, "It is not the queen with whom the people are angry," had at once paid great attention, thinking that the Coadjutor was going to speak of the cries, "Down with Mazarin!" thought well of Gondy for this omission, and said, in his softest tones and with his most gracious look, "Madame, trust in the Coadjutor, who is one of the most able politicians that we have; the first vacant cardinal's hat seems fit for this noble head."

"Ah! so you want me, you tricky rascal!" thought Gondy.

"And what will he promise us," said D'Artagnan, "on the day when they want to kill him? Hang it, if he gives away hats so liberally, let us get ready our requests, Porthos, and each of us ask for a regiment after to-morrow. Let the civil war last a year only, and I will have the Constable's sword re-gilt for my own use."

"And I," said Porthos.

"You! I will make them give you the *bâton* of Maréchal de la Meilleraie, who does not seem in great favor just at present."

"So, Monsieur," said the queen, "you seriously fear the popular movement?"

"Seriously, Madame," said Gondy, astonished at not having made more progress; "I am afraid that when the torrent has broken its banks it will cause great devastation."

"I," said the queen, "think that in that case new banks must be erected. You can go. I will think it over."

Gondy looked at Mazarin, quite astonished. Mazarin approached to speak to the queen. At that moment a frightful tumult was heard on the Place du Palais-Royal.

Gondy smiled, the queen looked excited, Mazarin became very pale.

"What more is there?" said the cardinal.

At that moment Comminges came hastily into the room.

"Pardon, Madame," said he to the queen; "but the people have crushed the sentinels against the railings, and are now forcing the gates. What orders do you give?"

"Listen, Madame," said Gondy.

The roar of waves, the roar of thunder, the rumblings of a volcano, are not to be compared to the tempest of cries which then arose.

"What orders do I give?"

"Yes; time presses."

"About how many men have you at the Palais-Royal?"

"Six hundred."

"Put a hundred to guard the king, and with the rest sweep away all this mob for me."

"Madame," said Mazarin, "what are you doing?"

"Go!" said the queen.

Comminges went off with a soldier's passive obedience. Just then a terrible crash was heard; one of the gates was giving way.

"Ah, Madame," said Mazarin, "you will ruin us all, — the king, yourself, and me."

Anne of Austria, at this cry of distress from the terrified cardinal, herself felt afraid, and recalled Comminges.

"It is too late!" said Mazarin, tearing his hair, "it is too late!"

The gate gave way, and shouts of joy were heard from the populace. D'Artagnan took his sword in his hand, and made a sign to Porthos to do the same.

"Save the queen!" exclaimed Mazarin, speaking to the Coadjutor.

Gondy sprang to the window and opened it; he recognized Louvières at the head of perhaps three or four thousand men.

"Not a step farther!" cried he; "the queen will sign."

"What do you say?" exclaimed the queen.

"The truth, Madame," said Mazarin, handing her paper and pen; "it must be done." Then he added, "Sign, Anne, I pray you; I wish it!"

The queen sank into a chair, took the pen, and signed.

Restrained by Louvières, the populace had not advanced a step; but the terrible murmur indicating the wrath of the multitude continued.

The queen wrote, "The governor of the prison of St.

Germain will set Councilor Broussel at liberty," and she signed it.

The Coadjutor, who devoured with his eyes her slightest movements, seized the paper as soon as the signature was appended, returned to the window, and waving it in his hand, "This is the order," said he.

The whole of Paris seemed to send forth a great shout of joy; then the cries were heard, "Long live Broussel! Long live the Coadjutor!"

"Long live the queen!" said the latter.

Some responses were made to it, but they were few and feeble. Perhaps the Coadjutor raised the cry simply to make Anne of Austria feel her weakness.

"And now that you have gained what you desired," said she, "retire, M. de Gondy."

"When the queen needs me," said he, bowing, "Her Majesty knows that I am ready to obey her commands."

The queen made a sign with her head, and Gondy retired.

"Ah, you cursed priest!" exclaimed Anne of Austria, stretching out her hand toward the door, then scarcely closed, "I will one day make you drink the dregs of the cup which you have to-day poured out for me."

Mazarin made a movement to approach her.

"Leave me," said she; "you are not a man!" and she went out.

"It is you who are not a woman," muttered Mazarin.

# THE DEATH OF LOUIS XIV

[1715]

BY JULIA PARDOE

[Louis XIV reigned for seventy-two years. Under his rule France rose to her zenith not only in political influence, but in literature and culture as well. But this outward prosperity was purchased at a terrible cost. At his death, France was virtually bankrupt and already enmeshed in the difficulties that led at length to the Revolution.

*The Editor.*]

The scene was a touching one: the gray-haired king, half lying, half sitting, in his gorgeous bed, whose velvet hangings, looped back with their heavy ropes and tassels of gold, were the laborious offering of the pupils of St. Cyr, and were wrought with threads of gold and silver, and party-colored silks, representing, in a singular and incongruous mixture, the principal passages of the Scriptures, interspersed with the less holy incidents of the heathen mythology; the groups of princes in their gorgeous costumes, dispersed over the vast apartment; the door opening from the cabinet thronged with courtiers and ladies; and, finally, the court functionaries, who had simultaneously sunk upon their knees as they approached the dying monarch; the gilded cornices, the priceless, the tapestried hangings, the richly-carpeted floor, the waste of luxury on every side, the pride of man's intellect and of man's strength; and in the midst decay and death, a palsied hand and a dimmed eye.

LOUIS XIV AND MOLIÈRE

# LOUIS XIV AND MOLIÈRE

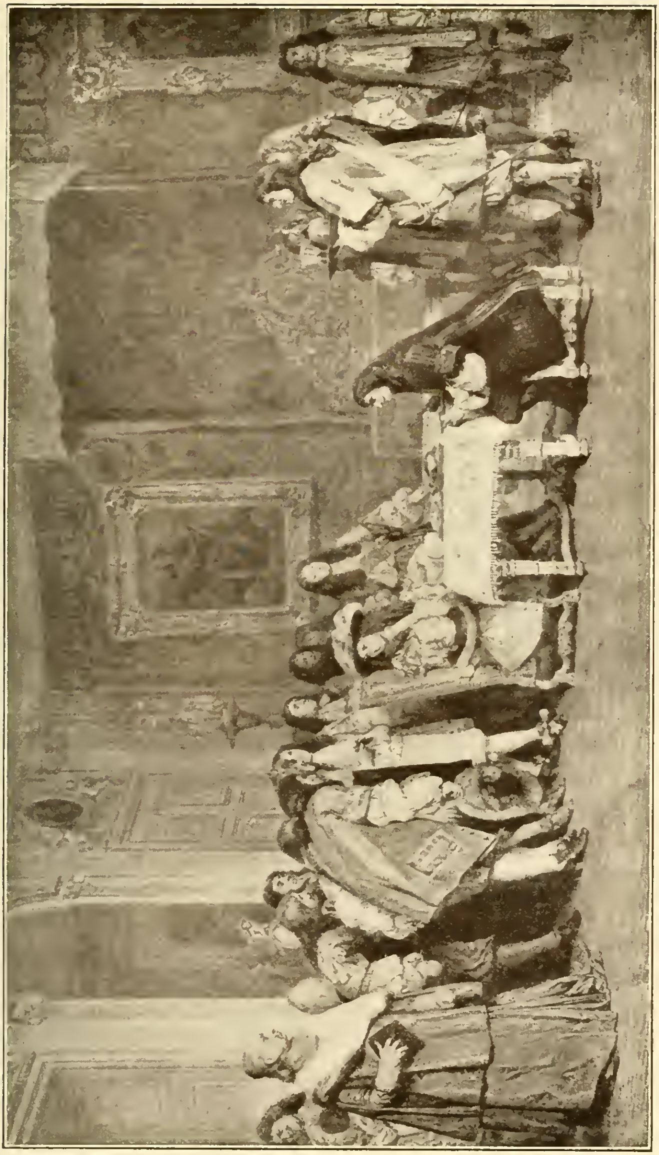
BY JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME

(*French painter, born* 1824, *died* 1904)

The story of the famous incident shown in this picture is told by Mme. Campan in her memoirs.

It came to the ears of Louis XIV that certain officers of his household had refused to dine with Molière, the great dramatist, at the house of his majesty's purveyor-in-chief. A day or two later, Molière, with his troupe, happened to be at Versailles, where the court was. Through an ante-chamber crowded with courtiers, Louis, who was just from the hands of his valet, had the comedian introduced into his presence. He was breakfasting lightly, as was his custom, on the luncheon that had been prepared for him in case he had wished to eat in the night. Commanding Molière to sit opposite him, he served him with a wing of his own fowl and ordered the courtiers to be admitted, to whom he said: "You see me, gentlemen, in the act of eating with Molière, whom the people of my house do not find good enough for them."

The scene is laid in one of the smaller state apartments, an interior ornate in the architecture and decoration of the period, with a canopied throne seat at the back. "Every face is full of expression, the king's beaming with malicious enjoyment at the sensation he has just created; Molière, already seated, is bending modestly forward, with his two-pronged fork in his hand, to attack the viands in obedience to the royal will. The pale bishop in the corner, with the violet vestments, is especially indignant, his face white with anger and full of scorn, but the king is not in a humor to be frightened by anybody's cross looks."



The most stoical were moved at such a moment; and even when the attendant gentlemen had risen slowly and in silence, and disappeared across the threshold, like a procession of shadows, the stillness of the death-room continued for a time unbroken.

It was the voice of the king by which it was at length dispelled. He first informed the Marshal de Villeroy that he had appointed him governor to the dauphin; and then desired that Duchess de Ventadour would introduce the child who was soon to become his successor; and the little prince had no sooner knelt upon the cushion which had been placed for him near the side of the bed, still holding the hand of his gouvernante firmly grasped in his own, than the monarch, after gazing upon him for a time with an expression of mingled anxiety and tenderness, said, in an impressive voice, —

"My child, you are about to become a great king; do not imitate me either in my taste for building or in my love of war. Endeavor, on the contrary, to live in peace with the neighboring nations; render to God all that you owe him, and cause his name to be honored by your subjects. Strive to relieve the burdens of your people, in which I have been unfortunate enough to fail; and never forget the gratitude that you owe to Madame de Ventadour."

"Madame," he continued, addressing himself to the duchess, "permit me to embrace the prince."

The dauphin was lifted into his arms; and after he had clasped him fondly to his breast, he said, in a less steady voice, —

"I bless you, dear child, with all my heart."

This done, Madame de Ventadour was about to re-

claim her charge, but the king did not relax his hold, until, raising his eyes to heaven, he had repeated his solemn benediction.

On the 27th, the king, having commanded all the great dignitaries and officers of the household to meet in his apartment, addressed them in a firm voice, in the presence of Madame de Maintenon and his confessor, saying, —

"Gentlemen, I die in the faith and obedience of the Church. I know nothing of the dogmas by which it is divided; I have followed the advice that I received, and have done only what I was desired to do. If I have erred, my guides alone must answer before God, whom I call upon to witness this assertion."

Toward the afternoon Louis XIV next desired the attendance of the chancellor, to whom he delivered a casket filled with papers, a portion of which he instructed him to burn, giving distinct instructions for the disposal of the remainder: and, in the course of the evening, he sent for M. de Pontchartrain, who still acted as one of the secretaries of state, and when he appeared, said calmly, —

"So soon as I am dead, you will be good enough to issue an order that my heart may be conveyed to the church of the Jesuits in Paris, and cause it to be placed there in precisely the same manner as that of my deceased father."

Then, after a pause, he continued, in a tone of equal placidity, —

"When I shall have breathed my last, and my death has been announced according to custom from the balcony of the state apartment, conduct *the king* to

Vincennes. But as it strikes me that Cavoie has never regulated the distribution of the rooms in that castle, where the court have not resided for the last fifty years, in the casket" (and as he spoke the dying monarch indicated one with his finger) "you will find a plan of the apartments of Vincennes; take it, and carry it to the grand-marshal of the palace, in order that it may assist him in his arrangements."

The night which succeeded was restless and agitated, and was entirely passed by the monarch in prayer; and on the morning of the 28th, immediately that he awoke, the physicians proposed to amputate the leg in which mortification had commenced.

"Will the operation prolong my life?" was the composed inquiry.

"Yes, sire," replied the head surgeon; "certainly, for several days; and perhaps even for several weeks."

"If that be all," said Louis XIV, "the result will not be adequate to the suffering. God's will be done!"

On the morning of the 30th the strength of the king was nearly exhausted.

"All is well-nigh over," he said feebly to the Marshal de Villeroy, who stood at his bedside; "farewell, my friend, we must soon part."

The courage of the dying monarch never forsook him for an instant; neither did he exhibit the slightest emotion. He took leave of every member of his family with a dry eye and a steady voice, merely exhorting them to live, if possible, on terms of friendship, to do their duty to the young king, and to conduct themselves in a Christian spirit; nor was it until the princes and princesses had withdrawn that he at length betrayed a slight de-

gree of feeling as he turned toward Madame de Maintenon, saying, —

"At this moment I only regret yourself. I have not made you happy; but I have ever felt for you all the regard and affection which you deserved. My only consolation in leaving you," he added, as he grasped her hand, and gazed fixedly upon her with his dim and failing eyes, "exists in the hope that we shall ere long meet again in eternity."

Madame de Maintenon made no rejoinder; but she soon after rose to leave the apartment, and as she crossed the threshold, exclaimed, as if unconsciously, "A pretty rendezvous he has given me! That man has never loved any one but himself." And this equally imprudent and ill-timed ejaculation was overheard by the king's apothecary, by whom it was repeated.

As she retired, the king saw in an opposite mirror the reflection of two of his valets-de-chambre, who were weeping bitterly. "Why do you shed tears?" he asked. "Did you, then, imagine that I was immortal? As for myself, I never believed that such was the case, and you should have been prepared, at my age, to lose me long ago."

After a time, the king exhibited extreme uneasiness at the absence of Madame de Maintenon, who, believing that all would shortly be over, had already departed for St. Cyr; but having been informed that her presence was required, she excused herself when she reappeared by stating that she had been uniting her prayers for his recovery with those of her pupils.

. . . The following day was one of agony to the expiring king. His intervals of consciousness were rare and brief. The mortification extended rapidly, and toward midday

his condition became so much exasperated that it was found necessary to perform the service for the dying without delay. The mournful ceremony aroused him from his lethargy, and the surprise was general when his voice was once more heard, audibly and clearly, combined with those of the priests. At the termination of the prayers he moreover recognized the Cardinal de Rohan, and said calmly, "These are the last favors of the Church."

He then repeated several times, "*Nunc et in hora mortis*"; and finally he exclaimed, with earnest fervor, "Oh, my God, come to my aid, and hasten to help me!"

He never spoke again; for as these words escaped him he once more fell back insensible upon his pillow, and throughout the night continued unconscious of everything save bodily suffering.

At eight o'clock on the following morning, Louis XIV expired. As he exhaled his last sigh, a man was seen to approach the window of the state apartment which opened on the great balcony, and throw it suddenly back. It was the captain of the body-guard, who had no sooner attracted the attention of the populace, by whom the courtyard was thronged, in expectation of the tidings which they knew could not be long delayed, than raising his truncheon above his head, he broke it in the center, and throwing the pieces among the crowd exclaimed in a loud voice, "The king is dead!" Then seizing another staff from an attendant, without the pause of an instant, he flourished it in the air as he shouted, "Long live the king!"

And a multitudinous echo from the depths of the lately-deserted apartment answered as buoyantly, "Long live the king!"

# V

# ON THE EVE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

## HISTORICAL NOTE

Toward the end of the eighteenth century, the masses of the French people were in misery. The nobles and the clergy together owned half of the land, but they paid hardly any taxes. The burden of taxation fell almost entirely upon the poor; and the poor had no rights which the nobles were bound to respect. Every man's life was in the hands of the king. Without trial or without even being told his offense, a person could be seized at any moment and thrown into prison for life. The court was wildly extravagant and horribly corrupt. This was the state of the kingdom when it came into the hands of Louis XVI.

The advisers of the new king had no remedy to bring forward, and at length, in 1789, the States-General, that is, representatives of the clergy, nobles, and commons, were called together. When this assembly had met before, one hundred and seventy-five years earlier, the vote had always been taken by orders, and as the clergy and nobles united, the commons had in reality no power. Now the commons declared that every man should have a vote. This would put all power into the hands of the commons, as their numbers were so much greater. For weeks there was quarreling. Then came the beginning of the Revolution, for suddenly the commons declared themselves to be the National Assembly, announced that, if the other two orders did not join them, public questions would be decided by the commons alone, and took a solemn oath not to dissolve until they had given France a Constitution. Their leader was Count Mirabeau.

In August, 1789, the assembly abolished the ancient feudal rights, and the nobility, now thoroughly alarmed, began to leave the country. Soon after, the rabble attacked Versailles and carried the royal family back to Paris, where for two years they were treated with constantly increasing audacity as the spirit of democracy spread over the land.

# WHEN MARIE ANTOINETTE ENTERED PARIS

[1773]

[In 1770, Marie Antoinette, daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria, became the wife of the dauphin who was afterwards Louis XVI. The following extract is taken from one of her letters to her mother.

*The Editor.*]

Versailles, June 14.

My dearest Mother,—

I absolutely blush for your kindness to me. The day before yesterday Mercy sent me your precious letter, and yesterday I received a second. That is indeed passing one's fête day happily. On Tuesday I had a fête which I shall never forget all my life. We made our entrance into Paris. As for honors, we received all that we could possibly imagine; but they, though very well in their way, were not what touched me most. What was really affecting was the tenderness and earnestness of the poor people, who, in spite of the taxes with which they are overwhelmed, were transported with joy at seeing us. When we went to walk in the Tuileries, there was so vast a crowd that we were three-quarters of an hour without being able to move either forward or backward. The dauphin and I gave repeated orders to the Guards not to beat any one, which had a very good effect. Such excellent order was kept the whole day that, in spite of the enormous crowd which followed us everywhere, not a person was hurt. When we returned from our walk we

went up to an open terrace and stayed there half an hour. I cannot describe to you, my dear mamma, the transports of joy and affection which every one exhibited towards us. Before we withdrew we kissed our hands to the people, which gave them great pleasure. What a happy thing it is for persons in our rank to gain the love of a whole nation so cheaply. Yet there is nothing so precious; I felt it thoroughly, and shall never forget it.

Another circumstance, which gave great pleasure on that glorious day, was the behavior of the dauphin. He made admirable replies to every address, and remarked everything that was done in his honor, and especially the earnestness and delight of the people, to whom he showed great kindness.

# HOW THE QUEEN WAS SERVED

BY MADAME CAMPAN

In order to describe the queen's private service intelligibly, it must be recollected that service of every kind was *honor*, and had not any other denomination. *To do the honors of the service*, was to present the service to an officer of superior rank, who happened to arrive at the moment it was about to be performed: thus, supposing the queen asked for a glass of water, the servant of the chamber handed to the first woman a silver gilt waiter, upon which were placed a covered goblet and a small decanter; but should the lady of honor come in, the first woman was obliged to present the waiter to her, and if Madame or the Countess d'Artois came in at the moment, the waiter went again from the lady of honor into the hands of the princess, before it reached the queen. It must be observed, however, that if a princess of the blood, instead of a princess of the family, entered, the service went directly from the first woman to the princess of the blood, the lady of honor being excused from transferring to any but princesses of the royal family. Nothing was presented directly to the queen; her handkerchief or her gloves were placed upon a long salver of gold or silver gilt, which was placed as a piece of furniture of ceremony upon a side-table, and was called *gantière*. The first woman presented to her in this man-

ner all that she asked for, unless the tire-woman, the lady of honor, or a princess, were present, and then the gradation, pointed out in the instance of the glass of water, was always observed.

# THE WARDROBE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

BY MADAME CAMPAN

When a foreign princess was married to the heir presumptive, or a son of France, it was the etiquette to go and meet her with her wedding clothes; the young princess was undressed in the pavilion usually built upon the frontiers for the occasion, and every article of her apparel, without exception, was changed; notwithstanding which, the foreign courts furnished their princesses also with rich wedding clothes, which were considered the lawful perquisites of the lady of honor and the tire-woman. It is to be observed that emoluments and profits of all kinds generally belonged to the great offices. On the death of Maria Leckzinska, the whole of her chamber furniture was given up to the Countess de Noailles, afterwards Maréchale de Mouchy, with the exception of two large rock crystal lusters, which Louis XV ordered should be preserved as appurtenances to the crown. The tire-woman was entrusted with the care of ordering materials, robes, and court dresses; and of checking and paying bills; all accounts were submitted to her, and were paid only on her signature and by her order, from shoes, up to Lyons embroidered dresses. I believe the fixed annual sum for this division of expenditure was one hundred thousand francs,[1] but there might be additional sums when the funds appropriated to this purpose were insufficient. The tire-woman sold the cast-off gowns and ornaments for her own benefit: the lace

[1] About twenty thousand dollars.

for head-dresses, ruffles, and gowns was provided by her, and kept distinct from those of which the lady of honor had the direction. There was a secretary of the wardrobe, to whom the care of keeping the books, accounts of payments, and correspondence relating to this department, was confided.

The tire-woman had, likewise, under her order a principal under-tire-woman, charged with the care and preservation of all the queen's dresses: two women to fold and press such articles as required it; two valets, and one porter of the wardrobe. The latter brought every morning into the queen's apartments, baskets covered with taffety, containing all that she was to wear during the day, and large cloths of green taffety covering the robes and the full dresses. The valet of the wardrobes on duty presented every morning a large book to the first *femme de chambre,* containing patterns of the gowns, full dresses, undresses, etc. Every pattern was marked to show to which sort it belonged. The first *femme de chambre* presented this book to the queen, on her awaking, with a pincushion; Her Majesty stuck pins in those articles which she chose for the day: one for the dress, one for the afternoon undress, and one for the full evening dress for card or supper parties, in the private apartments. The book was then taken back to the wardrobe, and all that was wanted for the day was soon after brought in, in large taffety wrappers. The wardrobe-woman who had care of the linen, in her turn, brought in a covered basket containing two or three chemises, handkerchiefs, and napkins; the morning basket was called *prêt du jour:* in the evening she brought in one containing the nightgown and nightcap, and the stockings

for the next morning; this basket was called *prêt de la nuit:* they were in the department of the lady of honor, the tire-woman having nothing to do with the linen.

Nothing was put in order or taken care of by the queen's women. As soon as the toilet was over, the valets and porters belonging to the wardrobe were called in, and they carried all away in a heap, in the taffety wrappers, to the tire-woman's wardrobe, where all were folded up again, hung up, examined, and cleaned with so much regularity and care that even the cast-off clothes scarcely looked as if they had been worn. The tire-woman's wardrobe consisted of three large rooms surrounded with closets, some furnished with drawers, and others with shelves; there were also large tables in each of these rooms, on which the gowns and dresses were spread out and folded up.

For the winter, the queen had generally twelve full dresses, twelve undresses, called fancy dresses, and twelve rich hoop petticoats for the card and supper parties in the smaller apartments.

She had as many for the summer. Those for the spring served likewise for the autumn. All these dresses were discarded at the end of each season, unless indeed she retained some that she particularly liked. I am not speaking of muslin or cambric gowns, or others of the same kind; they were lately introduced; but such as these were not renewed at each returning season, they were kept several years. The chief women were charged with the keeping, care, and examination of the diamonds. This important duty was formerly confided to the tire-woman, but for many years had been included in the business of the first *femmes de chambre.*

# THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE[1]

[1789]

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

[In 1789, the king, alarmed by the demands for reform, dismissed Necker, the popular Minister of Finance, and called together a large body of troops in a belated attempt to stem the tide of republicanism. Instantly, Paris was in a mad excitement. The state prison, the Bastille, rose before them, grim and threatening, with its guns, so report said, trained upon the city. The Bastille stood for the despotism that was crushing them, and they sprang upon it with the fury of enraged beasts. The following extract from the "Ange Pitou" of Alexandre Dumas pictures, though with the license of the novelist, the closing scene in the capture of the Bastille by the frantic mob of Paris.

*The Editor.*]

At length the fruitful imagination of the farmer gave birth to another idea. He ran toward the square, crying:

"A cart! Bring a cart here!"

Pitou considered that that which was good would be rendered excellent by being doubled. He followed Billot, vociferating, —

"Two carts! two carts!" and immediately ten carts were brought.

"Some straw and some dry hay!" cried Billot.

"Some straw and some dry hay!" reiterated Pitou, and almost instantly two hundred men came forward, each carrying a truss of straw or hay.

[1] From *Ange Pitou*. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1895, by Little, Brown, and Company.

They were obliged to call out that they had ten times more than they wanted. In an hour there was a heap of forage which would have equaled the height of the Bastille. Billot placed himself between the shafts of a cart loaded with straw, and instead of dragging it, he pushed it on before him. Pitou did the same, without knowing what it could be for, but thinking that he could not do better than to imitate the farmer. Elie and Hullin divined Billot's intention. They each seized a cart and pushed it before them into the courtyard. They had scarcely entered, when they were assailed by a discharge of grape-shot. They heard the balls strike with a whizzing sound among the straw or hay, or against the woodwork of the carts; but none of the assailants received a wound.

As soon as this discharge was over, two or three hundred men with muskets rushed on behind those who were pushing forward the carts, and, sheltered by those moving ramparts, they lodged themselves beneath the apron of the bridge itself. There Billot drew from his pocket a flint, a steel, and some tinder, formed a match by rubbing gunpowder on paper, and set fire to it. The powder ignited the paper, and the paper ignited the straw and hay. Each formed a torch for himself, and the four carts were simultaneously set fire to. The flames reached the apron, caught the timbers with their sharp teeth, and ran along the woodwork of the bridge.

A shout of joy then uttered from the courtyard was taken up by the crowd in the Square St. Antoine, and reiterated with deafening clamors. They saw the smoke rising above the walls, and they hence imagined that something fatal to the besieged was occurring. In fact,

the red-hot chains detached themselves from the beams. The bridge fell, half broken and half destroyed by fire, smoking and crackling. The firemen rushed forward with their engines, and soon extinguished the flames upon the bridge. The governor ordered the Invalides to fire upon the people, but they refused. The Swiss alone obeyed; but they were not artillerymen; they were therefore obliged to abandon the guns. The French guards, on the contrary, seeing that the artillery was silenced, brought up their gun and planted it before the gate; their third shot shivered it to pieces.

The governor had gone up to the platform of the castle to see whether the promised reinforcement was approaching, when he found himself suddenly enveloped in smoke. It was then that he precipitately descended and ordered the artillerymen to fire. The refusal of the Invalides exasperated him. The breaking down of the gate made him at once comprehend that all was lost. Monsieur de Launay knew that he was hated. He felt that there was no salvation for him. During the whole time that the combat had lasted, he had matured the idea of burying himself beneath the ruins of the Bastille. At the moment he felt assured that all further defense was hopeless, he snatched a match from the hand of one of the artillerymen, and sprang towards the cellar which served as a powder-magazine.

"The powder! the powder!" cried twenty terrified voices; "the powder! the powder!"

They saw the burning match in the governor's hand. They guessed his purpose. Two soldiers rushed forward and crossed their bayonets before his breast just at the moment when he had opened the door.

"You may kill me," said De Launay, "but you cannot kill me quick enough to prevent me letting this match fall among the powder-casks; and then besieged and besiegers will all be blown to atoms."

The two soldiers stopped. Their bayonets remained crossed before De Launay's breast, but De Launay was still their commander, for all felt that he had their lives in his power. His action had nailed every one to the spot on which he stood. The assailants perceived that something extraordinary was happening. They looked anxiously into the courtyard, and saw the governor threatened and threatening in his turn.

"Hear me," cried De Launay to the besiegers; "as surely as I hold this match in my hand, with which I could exterminate you all, should any one of you make a single step to enter this courtyard, so surely will I set fire to the powder."

Those who heard these words imagined that they already felt the ground tremble beneath their feet.

"What do you wish; what do you ask?" cried several voices with an accent of terror.

"I wish a capitulation," replied De Launay, "an honorable capitulation."

The assailants pay but little attention to what the governor said; they cannot credit such an act of despair; they wish to enter the courtyard. Billot is at their head. Suddenly Billot trembles and turns pale; he just remembers Dr. Gilbert. As long as Billot had thought only of himself, it was a matter of little importance to him whether the Bastille was blown up, and he blown up with it; but Gilbert's life must be saved at any cost.

"Stop!" exclaimed Billot, throwing himself before

Elie and Hullin; "stop, in the name of the prisoners!" And these men, who feared not to encounter death themselves retreated, pale and trembling, in their turn.

"What do you demand?" they cried, renewing the question they had previously put to the governor by his own men.

"I demand that you should all withdraw," replied De Launay fiercely. "I will not accept any proposal, so long as there remains a single stranger in the Bastille."

"But," said Billot, "will you not take advantage of our absence to place yourself again in a state of defense?"

"If the capitulation is refused, you shall find everything in the state it now is, — you at the gate, I where I am now standing."

"You pledge your word for that?"

"On the honor of a gentleman."

Some of them shook their heads.

"On the honor of a gentleman," reiterated De Launay. "Is there any one here who can still doubt, when a gentleman has pledged his honor?"

"No, no, no!" repeated five hundred voices.

"Let paper, pen, and ink be brought here to me."

The orders of the governor were instantly obeyed.

"'T is well," said De Launay. Then, turning towards the assailants, "And now you must retire."

Billot, Hullin, and Elie set the example, and were the first to withdraw. All the others followed them. De Launay placed the match by his side, and began writing the capitulation on his knee. The Invalides and the Swiss soldiers, who felt that their existence depended on the result, gazed at him while he was writing, with a

sort of respectful terror. De Launay looked round before allowing his pen to touch the paper. He saw that the courtyard was free of all intruders.

In an instant the people outside were informed of all that had happened within the fortress. As Monsieur de Losme had said, the population seemed to spring up from beneath the pavement. One hundred thousand men surrounded the Bastille. They were no longer merely laborers and artisans, but citizens of every class had joined them. They were not merely men in the prime of life, but children and old men had rushed forward to the fight. And all of them had arms of some description, all of them shouted vehemently. Here and there among the groups was to be seen a woman in despair, with hair dishevelled, wringing her hands, and uttering maledictions against the granite giant. She is some mother whose son the Bastille has just annihilated, some daughter whose father the Bastille has just levelled with the ground, some wife whose husband the Bastille has just exterminated. But during some moments no sounds had issued from the Bastille, no flames, no smoke. The Bastille had become as silent as the tomb. It would have been useless to endeavor to count the spots made by the balls which had marbled its surface. Every one had wished to fire a ball at the stone monster, the visible symbol of tyranny. Therefore, when it was rumored in the crowd that the Bastille was about to capitulate, that its governor had promised to surrender, they could scarcely credit the report.

Amid this general doubt, as they did not yet dare to congratulate themselves, as they were silently awaiting the result, they saw a letter pushed forth through a loop-

hole on the point of a sword. Only between this letter and the besiegers there was the ditch of the Bastille, wide, deep, and full of water. Billot calls for a plank. Three are brought and are pushed across the ditch, but, being too short, did not reach the opposite side. Billot had them lashed together as he best could, and then ventured unhesitatingly upon the trembling bridge. The whole crowd remained breathlessly silent; all eyes were fixed upon the man who appears suspended above the ditch, whose stagnant waters resemble those of the river Cocytus. Pitou tremblingly seated himself on the edge of the slope and hid his head between his knees. His heart failed him, and he wept. When Billot had got about two thirds of the way over the plank, it twisted beneath his feet. Billot extends his arms, falls, and disappears in the ditch. Pitou utters a cry of horror and throws himself into the ditch, like a Newfoundland dog anxious to save his master. A man then approached the plank from which Billot had just before been precipitated. Without hesitation he walked across the temporary bridge. This man is Stanislaus Maillard, the usher of the Châtelet. When he had reached the spot below which Pitou and Billot were struggling in the muddy ditch, he for a moment cast a glance upon them, and seeing that there was no doubt they would regain the shore in safety, he continued to walk on. Half a minute afterwards he had reached the opposite side of the ditch, and had taken the letter which was held out to him on the point of a sword. Then, with the same tranquillity, the same firmness of step, he recrossed the ditch.

But at the moment when the crowd were pressing round him to hear the letter read, a storm of musket-

balls rained down upon them from the battlements, and a frightful detonation was heard. One only cry, but one of those cries which announce the vengeance of a whole people, issues from every mouth.

"Trust, then, in tyrants!" exclaimed Gonchon.

And then, without thinking any more of the capitulation, without thinking any more of the powder-magazine, without thinking of themselves or of the prisoners, without desiring, without demanding anything but vengeance, the people rushed into the courtyard, no longer by hundreds of men, but by thousands. That which prevented the crowd from entering is no longer the musketry, but the gates, which are too narrow to admit them.

On hearing the detonation we have spoken of, the two soldiers who were still watching Monsieur de Launay threw themselves upon him: a third seized the match and extinguished it under his foot. De Launay drew the sword which was concealed in his cane, and would have turned it against his own breast, but the soldiers plucked it from him and snapped it in two. He then felt that all he could do was to abide the result; he therefore tranquilly awaited it. The people rush forward; the garrison open their arms to them, and the Bastille is taken.

# THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS XVI

[1791]

BY CHARLES DUKE YONGE

[The capture of the Bastille was followed by revolts against the nobles, which were in reality only ferocious orgies of fire and murder. Those nobles who could escape fled for their lives beyond the boundaries of France. There were rumors that the king, too, intended to flee, and a savage multitude swept out to Versailles, broke into the palace, and demanded that Louis should return to Paris. Under the charge of Lafayette, who commanded the National Guard, the king and his family were taken back to the capital. They occupied the palace of the Tuileries, but in reality they were prisoners, and a blow struck in their defense by either nobles or foreign nations would have resulted in their murder. There was only one hope, if they could make their escape to the frontier, then with foreign aid Louis and the nobles might return and overpower the revolutionists. Such an escape was carefully planned.

*The Editor.*]

In such undertakings the simplest arrangements are the safest; and those devised by the queen and her advisers, the chief of whom were De Fersen and De Bouillé, were as simple as possible. The royal fugitives were to pass for a traveling party of foreigners. A transport signed by M. Montmorin, who still held the seals of the Foreign Department, was provided for Madame de Tourzel; who, assuming the name of Madame de Korff, a Russian baroness, professed to be returning to her own country with her family and her ordinary equipage. The dauphin

and his sister were described as her children, the queen as their governess; while the king, himself, under the name of Durand, was to pass as their servant. Three of the old disbanded body-guard, MM. De Valory, De Malden, and De Moustier, were to attend the party, in the disguise of couriers; and, under the pretense of providing for the safe conveyance of a large sum of money which was required for the payment of the troops, De Bouillé undertook to post a detachment of soldiers at each town between Châlons and Montmédy, through which the travelers were to pass.

Some of the other arrangements were more difficult, as more likely to lead to a betrayal of the design. It was, of course, impossible to use any royal carriage, and no ordinary vehicle was large enough to hold such a party. But in the preceding year, De Fersen had had a carriage of unusual dimensions built for some friends in the south of Europe, so that he had no difficulty now in procuring another of similar pattern from the same maker; and Mr. Craufurd agreed to receive it into his stables, and at the proper hour to convey it outside the barrier.

Yet in spite of the care displayed in these arrangements, and of the absolute fidelity observed by all to whom the secret was entrusted, some of the inferior attendants about the court suspected what was in agitation. The queen, herself, with some degree of imprudence, sent away a large package to Brussels; one of her waiting-women discovered that she and Madame Campan had spent an evening in packing up jewels, and sent warning to Gouvion, an aide-de-camp of Lafayette, and to Bailly, the mayor, that the queen was at last preparing to flee. Luckily Bailly had received so many

similar notices that he paid but little attention to this, or perhaps he was already beginning to feel the repentance which he afterwards exhibited at his former insolence to his sovereign, and was not unwilling to contribute to their safety by his inaction; while Gouvion was not anxious to reveal the course from which he had obtained his intelligence. Still, though nothing precise was known, the attention of more than one person was awakened to the movements of the royal family, and especially that of Lafayette, who, alarmed lest his prisoners should escape him, redoubled his vigilance, driving down to the palace every night, and often visiting them in their apartments to make himself certain of their presence. Six hundred of the National Guard were on duty at the Tuileries, and sentinels were placed at the end of every passage, and at the foot of every staircase; but fortunately a small room, with a secret door, which led into the queen's chamber, as it had been for some time unoccupied, had escaped the observation of the officers on guard, and that passage therefore offered a prospect of their being able to reach the courtyard without being perceived.

On the morning of the day appointed for the great enterprise, all in the secret were vividly excited except the queen. She alone preserved her coolness. No one could have guessed from her demeanor that she was on the point of embarking in an undertaking on which, in her belief, her own life and the lives of all those dearest to her depended. The children, who knew nothing of what was going on, went to their usual occupations: the dauphin to his garden on the terrace; Madame Royal to her lessons: and Marie Antoinette herself, after giving

some orders which were to be executed in the course of the next day or two, went out riding with her sister-in-law in the Bois de Boulogne. Her conversation throughout the day was light and cheerful. She jested with the officer on guard about the reports which she understood to be in circulation about some intended flight of the king, and was relieved to find that he totally disbelieved them. She even ventured on the same jest with Lafayette himself, who replied, in his usual surly fashion, that such a project was constantly talked of; but even his rudeness could not discompose her.

As the hour drew near, she began to prepare her children. The princess was old enough to be talked to reasonably, and she contented herself therefore with warning her to show no surprise at anything that she might see or hear. The dauphin was to be disguised as a girl, and it was with great glee that he let the attendants dress him, saying that he saw that they were going to act a play. The royal supper usually took place soon after nine; at half-past ten the family separated for the night, and by eleven their attendants were all dismissed; and Marie Antoinette had fixed that hour for departing, because, even if the sentinels should get a glimpse of them, they would be apt to confound them with the crowd which usually quitted the palace at that time.

Accordingly at eleven o'clock the Count de Fersen, dressed as a coachman, drove an ordinary job-carriage into the courtyard; and Marie Antoinette, who trusted nothing to others which she could do herself, conducted Madame de Tourzel and the children downstairs, and seated them safely in the carriage. But even her nerves nearly gave way when Lafayette's coach, brilliantly

lighted, drove by, passing close to her as he proceeded to the inner court to ascertain from the guard that everything was in its usual condition. In an agony of fright she sheltered herself behind some pillars, and in a few minutes the marquis drove back, and she rejoined the king, who was awaiting her summons in his own apartment, while one of the disguised body-guards went for the Princess Elizabeth. Even the children were inspired with their mother's courage. As the princess got into the carriage she trod on the dauphin, who was lying in concealment at the bottom, and the brave boy spoke not a word. While Louis himself gave a remarkable proof how, in spite of the want of moral and political resolution which had brought such miseries on himself and his country, he could yet preserve in the most critical moments his presence of mind and kind consideration for others. He was halfway downstairs when he returned to his room. M. Valory, who was escorting him, was dismayed when he saw him turn back, and ventured to remind him how precious was every instant. "I know that," replied the kind-hearted monarch; "but they will murder my servant to-morrow for having aided my escape"; and, sitting down at his table, he wrote a few lines declaring that the man had acted under his peremptory orders, and gave the note to him as a certificate to protect him from accusation. When all the rest were seated, the queen took her place. De Fersen drove them to the Porte St. Martin, where the great traveling-carriage was waiting, and, having transferred them to it, and taken a respectful leave of them, he fled at once to Brussels, which, more fortunate than those for whom he had risked his life, he reached in safety.

For a hundred miles the royal fugitives proceeded rapidly and without interruption. One of the supposed couriers was on the box, another rode by the side of the carriage, and the third went on in advance to see that the relays were in readiness. Before midday they reached Châlons, the place where they were to be met by the first detachment of De Bouillé's troops, and, when the well-known uniforms met her eye, Marie Antoinette for the first time gave full expression to her feelings. "Thank God, we are saved," she exclaimed, clasping her hands; the fervor of her exclamation bearing undesigned testimony to the greatness of the fears, which, out of consideration for others, she had hitherto kept to herself; but in truth out of this employment of the troops arose all their subsequent disasters.

De Bouillé had been unwilling to send his detachments so far forward, pointing out that the notice which their arrival in the different towns was sure to attract, would do more harm than their presence as a protection could do good. But his argument had been overruled by the king himself, who apprehended the greatest danger from the chance of being overtaken, and expected it therefore to increase with every hour of the journey. De Bouillé's fears, however, were found to be the best justified by the event. In more than one town, even in the few hours that had elapsed since the arrival of the soldiers, there had been quarrels between them and the townspeople; in others, which was still worse, the populace had made friends with them and seduced them from their loyalty, so that the officers in command had found it necessary to withdraw them altogether; and anxiety at their unexpected absence had caused Louis more than

once to show himself at the carriage window. More than once he was recognized by people who knew him and kept his counsel; but Drouet, the postmaster at Ste. Menehould, a town about one hundred and seventy miles from Paris, was of a less loyal disposition. He had lately been in the capital, where he had become infected with the Jacobin doctrines. He, too, saw the king's face, and on comparing his somewhat striking features with the stamp on some public documents which he chanced to have in his pocket, became convinced of his identity. He at once reported to the magistrates what he had seen, and with their sanction rode forward to the next town, Clermont, hoping to be able to collect a force sufficient to stop the royal carriage on its arrival there. But the king traveled so fast that he had quitted Clermont before Drouet reached it, and he even arrived at Varennes before his pursuer. Had he quitted that place also, he would have been in safety, for just beyond it De Bouillé had placed a strong division which would have been able to defy all resistance. But Varennes, a town on the Oise, was so small as to have no posthouse, and by some mismanagement the royal party had not been informed at which end of the town they were to find the relay. The carriage halted while M. Valory was making the necessary inquiries; and, while it was standing still, Drouet rode up, and forbade the postilions to proceed. He himself hastened on through the town, collected a few of the townspeople, and with their aid upset a cart or two on the bridge to block up the way; and, having thus made the road impassable, he roused the municipal authorities, for it was nearly midnight, and then, returning to the royal carriage, he compelled the royal family

to dismount and follow him to the house of the mayor, a petty grocer, whose name was Strausse. The magistrates sounded the tocsin: the National Guard beat to arms: the king and queen were prisoners.

How they were allowed to remain so is still, after all the explanations that have been given, incomprehensible. Two officers with sixty hussars, all well disposed and loyal, were in a side street of the town waiting for their arrival, of which they were not aware. Six of the troopers actually passed the travelers in the street as they were proceeding to the mayor's house, but no one, not even the queen, appealed to them for succor; or they could have released them without an effort, for Drouet's whole party consisted of no more than eight unarmed men. And when, an hour afterwards, the officers in command learned that the king was in the town in the hands of his enemies, instead of at once delivering him, they were seized with a panic; they would not take on themselves the responsibility of acting without express orders; but galloped back to De Bouillé to report the state of affairs. In less than an hour three more detachments, amounting in all to above one hundred men, also reached the town; and their commanders did make their way to the king, and asked his orders. He could only reply that he was a prisoner, and had no orders to give; and not one of the officers had the sense to perceive that the fact of his announcing himself a prisoner was in itself an order to deliver him.

One word of command from Louis to clear the way for him at the sword's point would still have been sufficient; but he had still the same invincible repugnance as ever to allow blood to be shed in his quarrel. He

preferred peaceful means, which could not but fail. With a dignity arising from his entire personal fearlessness, he announced his name and rank, his reasons for quitting Paris, and proceeding to Montmédy; declaring that he had no thought of quitting the kingdom; and demanded to be allowed to proceed on his journey; while the queen, her fears for her children overpowering all other feelings, addressed herself with the most earnest entreaties to the mayor's wife, declaring that their very lives would be in danger if they should be taken back to Paris, and imploring her to use her influence with her husband to allow them to proceed. Neither Strausse nor his wife was ill-disposed towards the king; but they had not the courage to comply with their request. And after a little time they would have found it beyond their power to let them proceed, however much they might have wished it; for the tocsin had brought up numbers of the National Guard, who were all disloyal; while some of the soldiers began to show a disinclination to act against them. And so matters stood for some hours; a crowd of townspeople, peasants, National Guards, and dragoons thronging the room; the king at times speaking quietly to his captors; the queen weeping; for the fatigue of the journey and the fearful disappointment of being thus baffled at the last moment, after she had thought that all danger was passed, had broken down even her nerves. At first, as usual, she had tried to persuade Louis to act with resolution; but when, as usual, she failed, she gave way to despair, and sat silent, with touching helpless sorrow, gazing on her children, who had fallen asleep.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 22d, a single horseman rode into the town. He was an aide-de-camp

of Lafayette. On the morning of the 21st the excitement had been great in Paris when it became known that the king had fled. The mob rose in furious tumult. They forced their way into the Tuileries, plundering the palace, and destroying the furniture. A fruit-woman took possession of the queen's bed as a stall to range her cherries on, saying that to-day it was the turn of the nation; and a picture of the king was torn down from the walls, and after being stuck up in derision outside the gates for some time, was offered for sale to the highest bidder. In the assembly the most violent language was used. An officer, whose name has been preserved through the eminence which after his death was attained by his widow and his children, General Beauharnais, was the president. And, as such, he announced that M. Bailly had reported to him that the enemies of the nation had carried off the king. The whole assembly was roused to fury at the idea of his having escaped from their power. A decree was at once drawn up in form, commanding that Louis should be seized wherever he could be found, and brought back to Paris. No one could pretend that the assembly had the slightest right to issue such an order; but Lafayette, with the alacrity which he always displayed when any insult was to be offered to the king or queen, at once sent it off by his own aide-de-camp, M. Romeuf, with instructions to see that it was carried out. The order was now delivered to Strausse; the king, with scarcely an attempt at resistance, declared his willingness to obey it; and before eight o'clock, he and his family, with their faithful bodyguard, now in undisguised captivity, were traveling back to Paris.

# THE MARSEILLAISE

[1792]

BY CLAUDE JOSEPH ROUGET DE LISLE

[Early in 1792 it was plain that the French would be attacked by both Austria and Prussia, and the legislative assembly therefore declared war against the two countries. A few days later, De Lisle, an artillery officer, wrote the following hymn. The volunteers of Marseilles marched to Paris singing it as they went. That is why it received the name of "Marseillaise." It became the great song of the French Revolution.

*The Editor.*]

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our walls and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,

While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide.
With crime and blood his hands imbruing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air!
Like beasts of burden they would lead us,
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

# VI
# THE REIGN OF TERROR

## HISTORICAL NOTE

On September 21, 1792, a National Convention met. This consisted of two parties, the Girondists, who were moderates, and the Mountainists, or extreme radicals. Both agreed upon abolishing the monarchy, and this was done at once. The convention next proceeded to try the king for conspiring with the enemies of France and opposing the will of the people. On January 21, 1793, he was put to death.

The condition of France now seemed desperate. Austria and Prussia had declared war and their armies were advancing toward Paris. The province of Vendée was in open revolt. It was time, said Danton, the leader of the Mountainists, for audacious measures. The Girondists counseled moderation. They were overthrown and their leaders sent to the guillotine. Discontent in the provinces and in Paris was crushed down by wholesale executions. Thirteen armies were raised and equipped, the invaders were driven beyond the borders, and France was saved, though at a terrible cost of blood and treasure.

If the Revolution was merciless to its enemies, it was no less so to its friends. The heads of the Girondists had fallen at the command of the radical leaders, Marat, Danton, and Robespierre. Marat fell before the dagger of Charlotte Corday. Danton was guillotined with his followers on April 5, 1794. Herbert and the ultra-revolutionists had preceded him to the scaffold by a few days, and Robespierre was left supreme. His supremacy was of brief duration. On the 27th of August he was overthrown after a titanic struggle, and on the next day he and his followers suffered the fate they had decreed to so many others.

The downfall of Robespierre and his party ended the Reign of Terror. The Moderates once again came into power. The remaining radicals were deported, imprisoned, or executed, and the Paris mob that attempted to revive its old authority was cannonaded out of existence by Napoleon Bonaparte, a young officer who had distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon.

# THE EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI

[1793]

BY EDMOND BIRÉ

I ONCE more take up my diary to jot down all the details I have been able to gather concerning the sacrifice of the 21st of January.

The night between the 20th and the 21st had been a cold and rainy one. At daybreak it still was raining, but the snow, which had the night before covered Paris with an immense pall, had partially disappeared. Patrols marched slowly through the streets. From all quarters came the roll of the drum and the blare of the trumpet, calling citizens to arms. House doors opened, and men, both young and old, hurried off to their various sections in obedience to the orders of the Conseil-Général of the department and the Order of the Day issued by Santerre on the 20th.

By seven o'clock more than 150,000 men were under arms at the various posts assigned them. The third legion, comprising the citizens of the Gravilliers, Arcis, and Lombard sections, is drawn up in the Place de la Révolution.

The post of honor, opposite the scaffold, at the entrance of the Champs-Élysées, is occupied by the battalions of federates from Aix and Marseilles.

At eight o'clock the rain ceases, but a thick cold mist lies upon the city. Not a single shop or warehouse is open, and all the windows are hermetically closed. In

several places the following notice, written by hand, has been posted up: —

"To the People,

"The Assembly can drag an innocent king to the scaffold, and by thus outraging the feelings of the world, bring unutterable misfortunes upon us. What has it to fear? Nothing. None but honest folk are opposed to it. Are its decrees those of a God, that they cannot be revoked? Let us save him — there is still time."

Santerre, accompanied by a formidable train of artillery, arrived at the Temple a little after eight o'clock, and went straight to the king's apartments, followed by seven or eight municipal officers and ten gendarmes. Louis received him with perfect tranquillity. "Have you come for me?" he asked. "Yes." "Very well. I want to be alone with my confessor for a few minutes, and then I will be at your disposal." Hereupon he entered an inner room, and returned almost immediately after, holding his testament in his hand. Addressing the municipal officers, he said: "Is there some member of the Commune amongst you?" The priest Jacques Roux stepped forward. "I beg you, sir, to place this document in the hands of the President of the Conseil-Général." "That 's not my business," replied Jacques Roux; "I am here to take you to the scaffold." "You are right," observed the king, and thereupon handed his testament to Baudrais, a commissioner on duty in the Temple, who promised to deliver it to the Commune. After having commended Cléry, his valet, and his former servants in the Tuileries and at Versailles, to the muni-

cipal officers, he looked at Santerre, and said in a firm voice: "Let us go."

A start is made. At the top of the stairs the king's eyes fall upon Mathey, the concierge of the tower. He stops and says: "I was somewhat hasty a day or two ago; pray forgive me." They go down; the king walks across the first courtyard between a double hedge of pikes and bayonets; twice does he turn round to look at the tower in which he leaves sister, children, and wife. On reaching the second court, he finds a carriage awaiting him, with two gendarmes stationed at the door. The carriage is painted green, and is that of the Minister Clavière. Louis gets in, his confessor taking a seat beside him, whilst the front seat is occupied by a lieutenant and a quartermaster of the gendarmerie. The Abbé Edgeworth is not in clerical garb, but wears a plain black coat.

As the carriage leaves the Temple, cries of "*Mercy! Mercy!*" are uttered by some women, followed by an ominous silence.

From the Temple to the boulevard, the street was lined with more than 10,000 armed men.

Along each side of the boulevard was a line of men four deep, all carrying guns or pikes; there could not have been less than 80,000. A train of artillery headed the procession, which was composed of 12,000 to 15,000 armed men. Immediately before the king's carriage, a large number of drummers and trumpeters kept up an incessant din; behind it came more artillery.

As the carriage passed the Port Saint-Denis, four men — one of them, the eldest, flourishing a naked sword — dashed through the quadruple line of soldiers, and

repeatedly shouted: "Help, Frenchmen! Help us to save the king!" To this heroic appeal there was no response, and the four royalists dashed back through the broken line and amongst the astonished crowd. The man with the sword and one of his companions succeeded in escaping, but the two others were seized just as they were entering a house in the Rue de Cléry, and were cut to pieces on the threshold. Meanwhile the procession continued to move towards the Place de la Révolution. The journey from the Temple to the end of the Rue Royale had taken more than an hour. During this time, Louis, his face half hidden by a round hat with a wide brim, was engaged in reading, from his confessor's breviary, the prayers for the dying and the Psalms of David. When the carriage at length stopped, the king, raising his head, half closed the book and said to the abbé: "Here we are, if I am not mistaken." The abbé bowed, and Louis turned once more to his breviary, and read the last verses of the psalm he had left unfinished. At that moment one of Samson's assistants opened the carriage-door and let down the step. The king calmly finished his last prayer, returned the book to the abbé, and, laying his hand on the confessor's knee, said to the lieutenant and his comrade: "Gentlemen, I recommend the abbé to your protection." Neither of the officers having replied, the king repeated in a somewhat louder tone: "I charge you to see that no harm is done him after my death." "All right — all right," replied the lieutenant; "we'll see to that." The king then got out of the carriage without any assistance; it was just twenty minutes past ten. He was wearing a brown coat and white waistcoat, gray breeches, and white stockings. His hair

was neatly arranged, and his face betrayed no signs of agitation. He then advanced with a firm step to the scaffold, which had been erected between the avenue of the Champs-Élysées and the pedestal of Louis XV's statue, overturned after the 10th of August.

An immense space lined with cannons had been railed off round the scaffold. Turning to the armed masses which surround him, the king, in a tone of command, orders the drummers to be silent. They obey; but Santerre, who is on horseback a short distance off, comes hastening up, and by his orders the drummers resume their task. The headsman and his assistants now crowd round the monarch, and wish to help him to undress. He pushes them away, and, taking off his cravat with his own hands, proceeds to divest himself of his coat, under which he was wearing a white swan's-down waistcoat with sleeves. He then turns down the shirt to leave his neck free, and kneels at the feet of the Abbé Edgeworth to receive the last benediction. Rising once more, he places his foot on the first step of the ladder that leads to the scaffold; but the assistants stop him, and try to seize his hands. "What is it you want?" he asks. "To bind your hands." "Bind my hands! Never! It 's not necessary; I am quite calm." The executioners raise their voices, and seem to call for assistance. "Sire," says the abbé, "in this fresh insult I see but an additional trait of resemblance between Your Majesty and the God who is about to reward you." The king submits, and, holding out his hands, says to the executioner: "Do what you will; I will drain the cup to the dregs." They then tie his hands with his handkerchief and cut off his hair.

All is now ready. Louis looks at the scaffold for a moment, and receives the following words from his confessor as a last encouragement: "Go, son of Saint Louis; Heaven awaits you!" Bravely he mounts the steps of the scaffold, but as they are extremely steep and his hands are tied, he leans his elbow on the abbé's arm. Whilst the priest remains kneeling on the topmost step, Louis rapidly crosses the platform, and on reaching the opposite side looks towards the Tuileries, and again imposes silence upon the drummers by an imperious gesture. In a loud voice that is heard as far as the Pont Tournant he utters these words: "Frenchmen, I die innocent of all the crimes with which I am charged." Turning to the executioners, Santerre shouts, "Don't let him speak!" A few cries of "*Mercy! Mercy!*" are heard, and the crowd shows signs of great agitation. Many of the citizens want Louis to speak, but most of them are opposed to this, and encourage the executioners to do their duty. Santerre issues an order to the drummers, and the interrupted roll of the drums is resumed with fresh vigor. The headsman's assistants now seize the king, who unresistingly allows himself to be led to the board. Whilst he is being strapped down, he utters the following words in loud, distinct tones: "I forgive all those who have sought my death; I pray to God that the blood you are about to shed may not be avenged on France. And you, unhappy people —" He says no more. It is twenty-four minutes past ten, and the knife has done its work. Whilst the men of the Republic were performing their hideous task, the man of God was on his knees on the steps of the scaffold, reciting the prayers for the dying. He did not budge till the knife

had fallen; then, passing unmolested through the ranks of the soldiers, he became lost in the crowd.

The crime was perpetrated. One of the executioners — the youngest, almost a boy — took up the king's head by the hair, and showed it to the people from the four sides of the scaffold. At sight of this a few shouts of "*Vive la République!*" are raised. Soon these are multiplied, and are reëchoed back from all parts of the Place de la Révolution, and repeated along the quays — "*Vive la République!*" "*Vive la Liberté!*" "*Vive l'Égalité!*" "*May all tyrants perish so!*" Hats are stuck on the ends of guns and pikes, the citizens embrace each other in wild delight, and joining hands, they form a ring and dance round the scaffold. This example is followed in several other parts of the square, and dancing goes on as far as the Pont de la Liberté. The boys of the Collège des Quatre-Nations, who witness this horrible spectacle from their schoolroom windows, wave their caps and shout, "*Vive la République!*"

Meanwhile the National Guards, federates, and gendarmes posted round the scaffold dip their pikes, bayonets, and swords in the warm blood that is trickling down. The officers of the Marseilles battalion dip their letters in it, and as they afterwards march through the streets of the city at the head of their companies, they stick these letters on the points of their swords, and, flourishing them, shout: "This is the blood of a tyrant!"

A man climbs on to the scaffold, and plunges his naked arm into the *tyrant's* blood. He then takes a handful of it, and besprinkles the crowd that surges round the foot of the platform, eager to catch a drop or two. "Brothers," cries the man, as he performs this hideous rite —

"brothers, they have told us that the blood of Louis Capet will be on our heads. Well, let it be. Louis Capet has so often washed his hands in ours. Republicans, a king's blood brings luck!"

And for this blood the crowd still hungers. People fight to dip the tips of their fingers, a handkerchief, a pen, or a scrap of paper, in it. A young man who looked like an Englishman gave a boy fifteen francs to dip a very fine linen handkerchief in the few drops of blood that were left. One of the executioner's men, seated on the edge of the scaffold, sells small packets of the king's hair; the ribbon with which it was tied back fetches ten francs. A *sans-culotte*, named Heuzé, also makes his way on to the scaffold, and, seizing the king's coat, holds it up at the end of a pike. The coat is immediately torn to shreds by the crowd, and every one is anxious to secure a piece of it. The king's hat, which was left lying on the bottom step of the scaffold, is also torn into fragments and distributed.

The crowd gradually disperses. The fog that has been hanging over the city since morning has become more dense. Every shop, workshop, and warehouse is closed; in the afternoon a few of them are opened, as on minor fête days. Patrols continue to parade the deserted streets, the silence of which is only broken occasionally by the bloodthirsty cries and savage capers of a few abandoned wretches.

MARIE ANTOINETTE IN THE CONCIERGERIE

# MARIE ANTOINETTE IN THE CONCIERGERIE

BY CHARLES LOUIS MÜLLER

(*French painter*, 1815–1892)

Marie Antoinette was for a time the darling of the French people. Then came criticism. She was accused of extravagance that was reckless even in a queen, of various disgraceful intrigues, and finally of being an enemy to France. Thoughtless and imprudent she certainly was, and her imperiousness and frequent haughtiness made enemies without number. At the outbreak of the French Revolution, the people of France hated her as much as they had formerly loved her. In 1793, her husband, Louis XVI, was declared guilty of tyranny, and was put to death. The Convention then ordered that she should be tried for her life. At two o'clock on the morning of October 14, 1793, she was commanded to appear before the tribunal. On the 16th, at four in the morning, the discussions came to an end, and the queen, exhausted but not terrified, was taken back to her prison.

The moment of the picture is that in which the delegates have come to announce to her the decision of the court and the order for her execution. She stands before her bed in a white dress with black at the wrists, a dress loaned her, it is said, by an actress, a fellow prisoner. The chief officer, distinguished by his sash, is reading the order aloud, and Marie Antoinette stands before him listening. Her hand rests lightly on the back of a chair. Her face is sad but resolute, and her whole bearing is marked by dignity and majesty. She is every inch a queen. The three delegates who stand just within the door are gazing upon her, one with an expression of sheer brutality, one with a look of sternness, and one, who seems unwilling to pass the threshold, with perhaps a thought of sympathy and pity. On a table at the left sits a soldier, who stares at the queen with an air of studied insolence.

A few hours later, Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, was executed.

# IN THE REVOLT OF THE VENDÉE

[1793]

BY VICTOR HUGO

[The peasants of the Vendée, a department of western France, were devoted to the local nobles and had no sympathy with the French Revolution. They rose against the Republican Government in 1789; and in 1793, indignant at the conscription laws, and hoping for the aid of England, they made angry resistance. This lasted for three years before they were subdued.

*The Editor.*]

As we have just seen, the peasants, on arriving at Dol, dispersed themselves through the town, each man following his own fancy, as happens when troops "obey from friendship," a favorite expression with the Vendeans, — a species of obedience which makes heroes but not troopers. They thrust the artillery out of the way along with the baggage, under the arches of the old market-hall. They were weary; they ate, drank, counted their rosaries, and lay down pell-mell across the principal street, which was encumbered rather than guarded.

As night came on, the greater portion fell asleep, with their heads on their knapsacks, some having their wives beside them, for the peasant women often followed their husbands, and the robust ones acted as spies. It was a mild July evening; the constellation glittered in the deep purple of the sky. The entire bivouac, which resembled rather the halt of a caravan than an army encamped, gave itself up to repose. Suddenly, amid the dull

gleams of twilight, such as had not yet closed their eyes saw three pieces of ordnance pointed at the entrance of the street. It was Gauvain's artillery. He had surprised the main-guard. He was in the town, and his column held the top of the street.

A peasant started up, crying, "Who goes there?" and fired his musket; a cannon-shot replied. Then a furious discharge of musketry burst forth. The whole drowsy crowd sprang up with a start. A rude shock, — to fall asleep under the stars and wake under a volley of grape-shot.

The first moments were terrific. There is nothing so tragic as the aimless swarming of a thunderstricken crowd. They flung themselves on their arms; they yelled, they ran; many fell. The assaulted peasants no longer knew what they were about, and blindly shot one another. The townspeople, stunned with fright, rushed in and out of their houses, and wandered frantically amid the hubbub. Families shrieked to one another. A dismal combat ensued, in which women and children were mingled. The balls, as they whistled overhead, streaked the darkness with rays of light. A fusillade poured from every dark corner. There was nothing but smoke and tumult. The entanglement of the baggage-wagons and the cannon-carriages was added to the confusion. The horses became unmanageable; the wounded were trampled under foot. The groans of the poor wretches, helpless on the ground, filled the air. Horror here, stupefaction there. Soldiers and officers sought for one another. In the midst of all this could be seen creatures made indifferent to the awful scene by personal preoccupations. A woman sat nursing her new-

born babe, seated on a bit of wall, against which her husband leaned with his leg broken; and he, while his blood was flowing, tranquilly loaded his rifle and fired at random, straight before him into the darkness. Men lying flat on the ground fired across the spokes of the wagon-wheels. At moments there rose a hideous din of clamors, then the great voices of the cannon drowned all. It was awful. It was like a felling of trees; they dropped one upon another. Gauvain poured out a deadly fire from his ambush, and suffered little loss.

Still the peasants, courageous amid their disorder, ended by putting themselves on the defensive; they retreated into the market, — a vast, obscure redoubt, a forest of stone pillars. There they again made a stand; anything which resembled a wood gave them confidence. Imânus supplied the absence of Lantenac as best he could. They had cannon, but to the great astonishment of Gauvain they did not make use of it; that was owing to the fact that the artillery officers had gone with the marquis to reconnoiter Mount Dol, and the peasants did not know how to manage the culverins and demi-culverins. But they riddled with balls the Blues who cannonaded them; they replied to the grape-shot by volleys of musketry. It was now they who were sheltered. They had heaped together the drays, the tumbrels, the casks, all the litter of the old market, and improvised a lofty barricade, with openings through which they could pass their carbines. From these holes their fusillade was murderous. The whole was quickly arranged. In a quarter of an hour the market presented an impregnable front.

This became a serious matter for Gauvain. This

market suddenly transformed into a citadel was unexpected. The peasants were inside it, massed and solid. Gauvain's surprise had succeeded, but he ran the risk of defeat. He got down from his saddle. He stood attentively studying the darkness, his arms folded, clutching his sword in one hand, erect, in the glare of a torch which lighted his battery. The gleam, falling on his tall figure, made him visible to the men behind the barricade. He became an aim for them, but he did not notice it. The shower of balls sent out from the barricade fell about him as he stood there, lost in thought. But he could oppose cannon to all these carbines, and cannon always ends by getting the advantage. Victory rests with him who has the artillery. His battery, well-manned, insured him the superiority.

Suddenly a lightning-flash burst from the shadowy market; there was a sound like a peal of thunder, and a ball broke through a house above Gauvain's head. The barricade was replying to the cannon with its own voice. What had happened? Something new had occurred. The artillery was no longer confined to one side. A second ball followed the first and buried itself in the wall close to Gauvain. A third knocked his hat off on the ground. These balls were of a heavy caliber. It was a sixteen-pounder that fired.

"They are aiming at you, Commandant," cried the artillerymen.

They extinguished the torch. Gauvain, as if in a reverie, picked up his hat. Some one had in fact aimed at Gauvain: it was Lantenac. The marquis had just arrived within the barricade from the opposite side. Imânus had hurried to meet him.

"Monseigneur, we are surprised!"

"By whom?"

"I do not know."

"Is the route to Dinan free?"

"I think so."

"We must begin a retreat."

"It has commenced. A good many have run away."

"We must not run; we must fall back. Why are you not making use of this artillery?"

"The men lost their heads; besides, the officers were not here."

"I am come."

"Monseigneur, I have sent toward Fougères all I could of the baggage, the women, everything useless. What is to be done with the three little prisoners?"

"Ah, those children!"

"Yes."

"They are our hostages. Have them taken to La Tourgue."

This said, the marquis rushed to the barricade. With the arrival of the chief the whole face of affairs changed. The barricade was ill-constructed for artillery; there was only room for two cannon; the marquis put in position a couple of sixteen-pounders, for which loopholes were made. As he leaned over one of the guns, watching the enemy's battery through the opening, he perceived Gauvain.

"It is he!" cried the marquis.

Then he took the swab and rammer himself, loaded the piece, sighted it, and fired. Thrice he aimed at Gauvain and missed. The third time he only succeeded in knocking his hat off.

"Numbskull!" muttered Lantenac; "a little lower, and I should have taken his head." Suddenly the torch went out, and he had only darkness before him. "So be it!" said he. Then turning toward the peasant gunners, he cried: "Now let them have it!"

Gauvain, on his side, was not less in earnest. The seriousness of the situation increased. A new phase of the combat developed itself. The barricade had begun to use cannon. Who could tell if it were not about to pass from the defensive to the offensive? He had before him, after deducting the killed and fugitives, at least five thousand combatants, and he had left only twelve hundred serviceable men. What would happen to the republicans if the enemy perceived their paucity of numbers? The rôles were reversed. He had been the assailant, — he would become the assailed. If the barricade were to make a sortie, everything might be lost. What was to be done? He could no longer think of attacking the barricade in front; an attempt at main force would be foolhardy: twelve hundred men cannot dislodge five thousand. To rush upon them was impossible; to wait would be fatal. He must make an end. But how?

Gauvain belonged to the neighborhood; he was acquainted with the town; he knew that the old market-house where the Vendeans were intrenched was backed by a labyrinth of narrow and crooked streets. He turned toward his lieutenant, who was that valiant Captain Guéchamp, afterward famous for clearing out the forest of Concise, where Jean Chouan was born, and for preventing the capture of Bourgneuf by holding the dike of La Chaîne against the rebels.

"Guéchamp," said he, "I leave you in command.

Fire as fast as you can. Riddle the barricade with cannon-balls. Keep all those fellows over yonder busy."

"I understand," said Guéchamp.

"Mass the whole column with their guns loaded, and hold them ready to make an onslaught." He added a few words in Guéchamp's ear.

"I hear," said Guéchamp.

Gauvain resumed, "Are all our drummers on foot?"

"Yes."

"We have nine. Keep two, and give me seven."

The seven drummers ranged themselves in silence in front of Gauvain. Then he said: "Battalion of the Bonnet Rouge!"

Twelve men, of whom one was a sergeant, stepped out from the main body of the troop.

"I demand the whole battalion," said Gauvain.

"Here it is," replied the sergeant.

"You are twelve!"

"There are twelve of us left."

"It is well," said Gauvain.

There was a forage wagon standing near; Gauvain pointed toward it with his finger. "Sergeant, order your men to make some straw ropes and twist them about their guns, so that there will be no noise if they knock together."

A minute passed; the order was silently executed in the darkness.

"It is done," said the sergeant.

"Soldiers, take off your shoes," commanded Gauvain.

"We have none," returned the sergeant.

They numbered, counting the drummers, nineteen men; Gauvain made the twentieth. He cried: "Follow

me! Single file! The drummers next to me, the battalion behind them. Sergeant, you will command the battalion."

He put himself at the head of the column, and while the firing on both sides continued, these twenty men, gliding along like shadows, plunged into the deserted lanes. The line marched thus for some time, twisting along the fronts of the houses. The whole town seemed dead; the citizens were hidden in their cellars. Every door was barred; every shutter closed; no light to be seen anywhere. Amid the silence this principal street kept up its din; the cannonading continued; the republican battery and the royalist barricade spit forth their volleys with undiminished fury.

After twenty minutes of this tortuous march, Gauvain, who kept his way unerringly through the darkness, reached the end of a lane which led into the broad street, but on the other side of the market-house. The position was turned. In this direction there was no intrenchment, according to the eternal imprudence of barricade builders; the market was open, and the entrance free among the pillars where some baggage-wagons stood ready to depart. Gauvain and his nineteen men had the five thousand Vendeans before them, but their backs instead of their faces.

Gauvain spoke in a low voice to the sergeant; the soldiers untwisted the straw from their guns; the twelve grenadiers posted themselves in line behind the angle of the lane, and the seven drummers waited with their drumsticks lifted. The artillery firing was intermittent. Suddenly, in a pause between the discharges, Gauvain waved his sword, and cried in a voice which rang like a

trumpet through the silence: "Two hundred men to the right; two hundred men to the left; all the rest in the center!"

The twelve muskets fired, and the seven drums beat.

Gauvain uttered the formidable battle-cry of the Blues: "To your bayonets! Down upon them!"

The effect was prodigious. This whole peasant mass felt itself surprised in the rear, and believed that it had a fresh army at its back. At the same instant, on hearing the drums, the column which Guéchamp commanded at the head of the street began to move, sounding the charge in its turn, and flung itself at a run on the barricade. The peasants found themselves between two fires. Panic magnifies: a pistol-shot sounds like the report of a cannon; in moments of terror the imagination heightens every noise; the barking of a dog sounds like the roar of a lion. Add to this the fact that the peasant catches fright as easily as thatch catches fire; and as quickly as a blazing thatch becomes a conflagration, a panic among peasants becomes a rout. An indescribably confused flight ensued.

In a few instants the market-hall was empty; the terrified rustics broke away in all directions; the officers were powerless; Imânus uselessly killed two or three fugitives; nothing was to be heard but the cry, "Save yourselves!" The army poured through the streets of the town like water through the holes of a sieve, and dispersed into the open country with the rapidity of a cloud carried along by a whirlwind. Some fled toward Châteauneuf, some toward Plerguer, others toward Antrain.

The Marquis de Lantenac watched this stampede. He spiked the guns with his own hands and then retreated, — the last of all, slowly, composedly, saying to himself, "Decidedly, the peasants will not stand. We must have the English."

GIRONDISTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE GUILLOTINE

# GIRONDISTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE GUILLOTINE

BY KARL THEODOR VON PILOTY

(*German artist,* 1826–1886)

The Girondists wished to establish in France, in the days of the French Revolution, a republic like the United States. They were the Moderates among the Revolutionists, and they opposed the Extremists. But the Reign of Terror was at hand. Marat, Danton, and Robespierre came into power, and death was decreed to the Girondist leaders.

It is said that a friend had promised to send them a banquet on the evening of their trial, whether they were acquitted or condemned, and the promise was kept. With the most costly viands, the rarest wines, the most beautiful flowers before them, they sat in a blaze of lights for their last meal. Vergniaud presided with quiet and dignified mien. They spoke together with gravity, but without gloom, of the immortality of the soul. The still warm corpse of Valazé, one of their number who had committed suicide, had been taken back to the prison, and was ordered to be carried to the place of execution on the same cart with them. Each one kissed his dead hand. "To-morrow," they whispered, and drew his mantle gently over his face.

"The following day," Macaulay has written, "was the saddest in the sad history of the Revolution. The sufferers were so innocent, so brave, so eloquent, so accomplished, so young. Some of them were graceful and handsome youths of six or seven and twenty. Vergniaud and Gensonné were little more than thirty. In a few months the fame of their genius had filled Europe; and they were to die for no crime but this, that they had wished to combine order, justice, and mercy with freedom."

Their last moments were sublime. As they stood about the scaffold awaiting their turn to mount the stairs, they sang the Marseillaise, the chorus growing fainter and fainter as one after another laid his head upon the block until the song of the last victim was cut short by the fatal knife.

# AT THE GUILLOTINE

BY CHARLES DICKENS

[The following scene is supposed to take place in the French Revolution. In order to save the life of one of the fifty-two about to be guillotined, Sydney Carton ("Evrémonde") has exchanged clothes with him, and has taken his place among the condemned.

*The Editor.*]

As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, while some of the fifty-two were brought in after him, one man stopped in passing to embrace him, as having a knowledge of him. It thrilled him with a great dread of discovery; but the man went on. A very few moments after that, a young woman, with a slight girlish form, a sweet spare face in which there was no vestige of color, and large widely opened patient eyes, rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

"Citizen Evrémonde," she said, touching him with her cold hand. "I am a poor little seamstress, who was with you in La Force."

He murmured for answer: "True. I forget what you were accused of?"

"Plots. Though the just Heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely? Who would think of plotting with a poor little weak creature like me?"

The forlorn smile with which she said it, so touched him that tears started from his eyes.

"I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evrémonde, but I

have done nothing. I am not unwilling to die, if the Republic, which is to do so much good to us poor, will profit by my death; but I do not know how that can be, Citizen Evrémonde. Such a poor weak little creature!"

As the last thing on earth that his heart was to warm and soften to, it warmed and softened to this pitiable girl.

"I heard you were released, Citizen Evrémonde. I hoped it was true?"

"It was. But I was again taken and condemned."

"If I may ride with you, Citizen Evrémonde, will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage."

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face, he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers, and touched his lips.

"Are you dying for him?" she whispered.

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"Oh, you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister, to the last."

. . . . . . . . . .

As the somber wheels of the six carts go round, they seem to plough up a long crooked furrow among the populace in the streets. Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the ploughs go steadily onward. So used are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacle, that in many windows there are no people, and in some the occupation of the hands is not so much as suspended, while the eyes survey the faces in the tumbrels. Here and there, the inmate had visitors to see the sight; then he points his finger, with some-

thing of the complacency of a curator or authorized exponent, to this cart and to this, and seems to tell who sat here yesterday, and who there the day before.

Of the riders in the tumbrels, some observe these things, and all things on their last roadside, with an impassive stare; others with a lingering interest in the ways of life and men. Some, seated with drooping heads, are sunk in silent despair; again, there are some so heedful of their looks that they cast upon the multitude such glances as they have seen in theaters, and in pictures. Several close their eyes, and think, or try to get their straying thoughts together. Only one, and he a miserable creature of a crazed aspect, is so shattered and made drunk by horror that he sings, and tries to dance. Not one of the whole number appeals, by look or gesture, to the pity of the people.

There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrels, and faces are often turned up to some of them and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for it is always followed by a press of people towards the third cart. The horsemen abreast of that cart frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is, to know which is he; he stands at the back of the tumbrel with his head bent down, to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart, and holds his hand. He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him, and always speaks to the girl. Here and there in a long street of Saint Honoré, cries are raised against him. If they move him at all, it is only to a quiet smile, as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

On the steps of a church, awaiting the coming up of the tumbrels, stands the spy and prison-sheep. He looks into the first of them: not there. He looks into the second: not there. He already asks himself, "Has he sacrificed me?" when his face clears, as he looks into the third.

"Which is Evrémonde?" said a man behind him.

"That. At the back there."

"With his hand in the girl's?"

"Yes."

The man cries, "Down, Evrémonde! To the Guillotine all aristocrats! Down, Evrémonde!"

"Hush, hush!" the spy entreats him timidly.

"And why not, citizen?"

"He is going to pay the forfeit; it will be paid in five minutes more. Let him be at peace."

But the man continuing to exclaim, "Down, Evrémonde!" the face of Evrémonde is for a moment turned towards him. Evrémonde then sees the spy, and looks attentively at him, and goes his way.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that, now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting. On one of the foremost chairs, stands The Vengeance, looking about for her friend.

"Thérèse!" she cries, in her shrill tones. "Who has seen her? Thérèse Defarge!"

"She never missed before," says a knitting-woman of the sisterhood.

"No; nor will she miss now," cries The Vengeance petulantly. "Thérèse."

"Louder," the woman recommends.

Aye! Louder, Vengeance, much louder, and still she will scarcely hear thee. Louder yet, Vengeance, with a little oath or so added, and yet it will hardly bring her. Send other women up and down to seek her, lingering somewhere; and yet, although the messengers have done dread deeds, it is questionable whether of their own wills they will go far enough to find her!

"Bad Fortune!" cries The Vengeance, stamping her foot in the chair, "and here are the tumbrels! And Evrémonde will be dispatched in a wink, and she not here. See her knitting in my hand, and her empty chair ready for her. I cry with vexation and disappointment!"

As The Vengeance descends from her elevation to do it, the tumbrels begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash! — A head is held up, and the knitting-women, who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbrel empties and moves on! the third comes up. Crash! — And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count Two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or you to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together and to rest in her bosom.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me — just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate — for I cannot write — and if I could, how should I tell her! It is better as it is."

"Yes, yes: better as it is."

"What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind, strong face which gives me so much support, is this: If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come

to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time; she may even live to be old."

"What then, my gentle sister?"

"Do you think" — the uncomplaining eyes, in which there is so much endurance, fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble — "that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?"

"It cannot be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there."

"You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant. Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him — is gone; the knitting-women count Twenty-two.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-three.

# THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE

[1794]

BY THOMAS CARLYLE

[The supremacy of Robespierre marked the climax of the Reign of Terror. Up to this time the executions in Paris had averaged about sixty a week. Now they rose to nearly two hundred and fifty. This could not continue. Fear drove other members of the Committee of Public Safety to unite against Robespierre. Hitherto the Convention had been controlled by him, but for some time he had held aloof from its meetings and there was a chance that his power might at last be overthrown. With each side it was a question of life or death, for the members of the party that was outvoted in the Convention could expect nothing but the guillotine. On the 27th of July, or the ninth Thermidor by the Revolutionary calendar, the decisive struggle took place.

The leaders of the Mountainists were Maximilien Robespierre, Saint-Just, and Couthon. Their opponents, the Men of the Plain, were led by Barras and Tallien. Henriot was commander of the Paris militia and a follower of Robespierre. Tinville was public prosecutor. The Jacobins were a powerful society of revolutionists.

*The Editor.*]

Tallien's eyes gleamed bright, on the morrow, Ninth of Thermidor, "about nine o'clock," to see that the Convention had actually met. Paris is in rumor: but at least, we are met, in Legal Convention here; we have not been snatched seriatim; treated with a *Pride's Purge* at the door. "*Allons*, brave men of the Plain, late Frogs of the Marsh!" cried Tallien, with a squeeze of the hand,

as he passed in; Saint-Just's sonorous voice being now audible from the Tribune, and the game of games begun.

Saint-Just is verily reading that report of his; green Vengeance, in the shape of Robespierre, watching nigh. Behold, however, Saint-Just has read but few sentences, when interruption rises, rapid *crescendo;* when Tallien starts to his feet, and Billaud and this man starts, and that, — and Tallien, a second time, with his: "Citoyens, at the Jacobins last night, I trembled for the Republic. I said to myself, if the Convention dare not strike the Tyrant, then I myself dare; and with this will I do it if need be," said he, whisking out a clear-gleaming Dagger, and brandishing it there: the Steel of Brutus, as we call it. — Whereat we all bellow, and brandish, impetuous acclaim. "Tyranny! Dictatorship! Triumvirate!" And the *Salut* Committee-men accuse, and all men accuse, and uproar, and impetuously acclaim. And Saint-Just is standing motionless, pale of face; Couthon ejaculating, "Triumvir?" with a look at his paralytic legs. And Robespierre is struggling to speak, but President Thuriot is jingling the bell against him, but the Hall is sounding against him like an Æolus-Hall: and Robespierre is mounting the Tribune-steps and descending again; going and coming, like to choke with rage, terror, desperation: — and mutiny is the order of the day!

O President Thuriot, thou that wert Elector Thuriot, and from the Bastille battlements sawest Saint-Antoine rising like the Ocean-tide, and hast seen much since, sawest thou ever the like of this? Jingle of bell, which thou jinglest against Robespierre, is hardly audible amid the Bedlam-storm; and men rage for life. "President of

Assassins," shrieks Robespierre, "I demand speech of you for the last time!" It cannot be had. "To you, O virtuous men of the Plain," cries he, finding audience one moment, "I appeal to you!" The virtuous men of the Plain sit silent as stones. And Thuriot's bell jingles, and the Hall sounds like Æolus's Hall. Robespierre's frothing lips are grown "blue"; his tongue dry, cleaving to the roof of his mouth. "The blood of Danton chokes him!" cry they. "Accusation! Decree of Accusation!" Thuriot swiftly puts that question. Accusation passes; the incorruptible Maximilien is decreed Accused.

"I demand to share my Brother's fate, as I have striven to share his virtues," cries Augustin, the younger Robespierre; Augustin also is decreed; and Couthon, and Saint-Just, and Lebas, they are all decreed; and packed forth, — not without difficulty, the Ushers almost trembling to obey. Triumvirate and Company are packed forth in *Salut* Committee-room; their tongue cleaving to the roof of their mouth. You have but to summon the Municipality; to cashier Commandant Henriot, and launch Arrest at him; to regulate formalities; hand Tinville his victims; It is noon: the Æolus-Hall has delivered itself; blows now victorious, harmonious, as one irresistible wind.

And so the work is finished? One thinks so: and yet it is not so. Alas, there is yet but the first-act finished; three or four other acts still to come, and an uncertain catastrophe! A huge city holds in it so many confusions; seven hundred thousand human heads; not one of which knows what its neighbor is doing, nay, not what itself is doing. — See, accordingly, about three in the afternoon, Commandant Henriot, how instead of sitting cashiered,

arrested, he gallops along the Quais, followed by Municipal Gendarmes, "trampling down several persons!" For the Townhall sits deliberating, openly insurgent: Barriers to be shut; no Gaoler to admit any Prisoner this day; — and Henriot is galloping towards the Tuileries, to deliver Robespierre. On the Quai de la Ferraillerie, a young Citoyen, walking with his wife, says aloud: "Gendarmes, that man is not your Commandant; he is under arrest." The Gendarmes strike down the young Citoyen with the flat of their swords.

Representatives themselves (as Merlin the Thionviller), who accost him, this puissant Henriot flings into guardhouses. He bursts towards the Tuileries Committee-room, "to speak with Robespierre"; with difficulty, the Ushers and Tuileries Gendarmes, earnestly pleading and drawing saber, seize this Henriot; get the Henriot Gendarmes persuaded not to fight; get Robespierre and Company packed into hackney-coaches, sent off under escort to the Luxembourg and other Prisons. This then *is* the end. May not an exhausted Convention adjourn now, for a little repose and sustenance, "at five o'clock"?

An exhausted Convention did it; and repented it. The end was not come; only the end of the *second-act*. Hark, while exhausted Representatives sit at victuals, — tocsin bursting from all steeples, drums rolling in the summer evening; Judge Coffinhal is galloping with new gendarmes, to deliver Henriot from Tuileries Committee-room, and does deliver him! Puissant Henriot vaults on horseback; sets to haranguing the Tuileries Gendarmes; corrupts the Tuileries Gendarmes, too; trots off with them to Townhall. Alas, and Robespierre is not in Prison: the Gaoler showed his Municipal order,

durst not, on pain of his life, admit any Prisoners; the Robespierre Hackney-coaches, in this confused jangle and whirl of uncertain Gendarmes, have floated safe — into the Townhall! There sit Robespierre and Company, embraced by Municipals and Jacobins, in sacred right of Insurrection; redacting Proclamations; sounding tocsins; corresponding with sections and Mother Society. Is not here a pretty enough third-act of a *natural* Greek Drama; the catastrophe more uncertain than ever?

The hasty Convention rushes together again, in the ominous nightfall: President Collot, for the chair is his, enters with long strides, paleness on his face; claps-on his hat; says with solemn tone: "Citoyens, armed Villains have beset the Committee-rooms, and got possession of them. The hour is come, to die at our post!" "*Oui*," answer one and all: "We swear it!" It is no rhodomontade this time, but a sad fact and necessity; unless we *do* at our posts, we must verily die. Swift, therefore, Robespierre, Henriot, the Municipality, are declared Rebels, put *Hors la Loi*, Out of Law. Better still, we appoint Barras Commandant of what Armed-force is to be had; send Missionary Representatives to all Sections and quarters, to preach, and raise force; will die at least with harness on our back.

What a distracted City; men riding and running, reporting and hearsaying; the Hour clearly in travail,— child not to be *named* till born! The poor prisoners in the Luxembourg hear the rumor; tremble for a new September. They see men making signals to them, on skylights and roofs, apparently signals of hope; cannot in the least make out what it is. We observe, however, in

the eventide, as usual, the Death-tumbrels faring South-eastward, through Saint-Antoine, towards their Barrier du Trone. Saint-Antoine's tough bowels melt; Saint-Antoine surrounds the Tumbrels; says, It shall not be. O Heavens, why should it! Henriot and Gendarmes, scouring the streets that way, bellow, with waved sabers, that it must "Quit hope, ye poor Doomed!" The Tumbrels move on.

But in this set of Tumbrels there are two other things notable: one notable person; and one want of a notable person. The notable person is Lieutenant-General Loiserolles, a nobleman by birth, and by nature; laying down his life here for his son. In the Prison of Saint-Lazare, the night before last, hurrying to the Grate to hear the Death-list read, he caught the name of his son. The son was asleep at the moment. "I am Loiserolles," cried the old man at Tinville's bar, an error in the Christian name is little; small objection was made. — The want of the notable person, again, is that of Deputy Paine![1] Paine has sat in the Luxembourg since January; and seemed forgotten; but Fouquier had pricked him at last. The Turnkey, List in hand, is marking with chalk the outer doors of to-morrow's *Fournée*. Paine's outer door happened to be open, turned back on the wall; the Turnkey marked it on the side next him, and hurried on: another Turnkey came, and shut it; no chalk-mark now visible, the *Fournée* went without Paine. Paine's life lay not there. —

Our fifth-act, of this natural Greek Drama, with its natural unities, can only be painted in gross; somewhat

[1] Tom Paine, the American pamphleteer and author of *The Age of Reason.*

as that antique Painter, driven desperate, did the *foam*. For through this blessed July night, there is clangor, confusion very great, of marching troops; of Sections going this way, Sections going that; of Missionary Representatives reading Proclamations by torchlight; Missionary Legendre, who has raised force somewhere, emptying out the Jacobins, and flinging their key on the Convention table: "I have locked their door; it shall be Virtue that re-opens it." Paris, we say, is set against itself, rushing confused, as Ocean-currents do; a huge Mählstrom, sounding there, under cloud of night. Convention sits permanent on this hand; Municipality most permanent on that. The poor prisoners hear tocsin and rumor; strive to bethink them of the signals apparently of hope. Meek continual Twilight streaming up, which will be Dawn and a To-morrow, silvers the Northern hem of Night; it wends and wends there, that meek brightness like a silent prophecy, along the great ring-dial of the Heaven. So still, eternal! and on Earth, all is confused shadow and conflict; dissidence, tumultuous gloom and glare; and "Destiny as yet sits wavering, and shakes her doubtful urn."

About three in the morning, the dissident Armed-Forces have *met*. Henriot's Armed Force stood ranked in the Place de Grève; and now Barras's, which he has recruited, arrives there, and they front each other, cannon bristling against cannon. Citoyens! cries the voice of Discretion loudly enough, Before coming to bloodshed, to endless civil-war, hear the Convention Decree read: "Robespierre and all rebels Out of Law!" — Out of Law? There is terror in the sound. Unarmed Citoyens disperse rapidly home. Municipal Cannoneers, in

sudden whirl, anxiously unanimous, range themselves on the Convention side, with shouting. At which shout, Henriot descends from his upper room, far gone in drink as some say; finds his Place de Grève empty; the cannon's mouth turned *towards* him; and on the whole, — that it is now the catastrophe!

Stumbling in again, the wretched drunk-sobered Henriot announces: "All is lost!" "*Misérable*, it is thou that hast lost it!" cry they; and fling him, or else he flings himself out of window: far enough down; into masonwork and horror of cesspool; not into death, but worse. Augustin Robespierre follows him; with the like fate. Saint-Just, they say, called on Lebas to kill him; who would not. Couthon crept under a table; attempting to kill himself; not doing it. — On entering that Sanhedrim of Insurrection, we find all as good as extinct; undone, ready for seizure. Robespierre was sitting on a chair, with pistol-shot blown through, not his head, but his under jaw; the suicidal hand had failed. With prompt zeal, not without trouble, we gather these wrecked Conspirators; fish up even Henriot and Augustin, bleeding and foul; pack them all, rudely enough, into carts; and shall, before sunrise, have them safe under lock and key. Amid shoutings and embracings.

Robespierre lay in an anteroom of the Convention Hall, while his Prison-escort was getting ready; the mangled jaw bound up on a table, a deal-box his pillow; the sheath of the pistol is still clenched convulsively in his hand. Men bully him, insult him: his eyes still indicate intelligence; he speaks no word. "He had on the sky-blue coat he had got made for the Feast of the Être Suprême" — O reader, can thy hard heart hold

out against that? His trousers were nankeen; the stockings had fallen down over the ankles. He spake no word more in this world.

And so, at six in the morning, a victorious Convention adjourns. Report flies over Paris as on golden wings; penetrates the Prisons; irradiates the faces of those that were ready to perish: turnkeys and *moutons*, fallen from their high estate, look mute and blue. It is the 28th day of July, called 10th of Thermidor, year 1794. Fouquier had but to identify; his prisoners being already Out of Law. At four in the afternoon, never before were the streets of Paris seen so crowded. From the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution, for *thither* again go the Tumbrels this time, it is one dense stirring mass; all windows crammed; the very roofs and ridge-tiles budding forth human Curiosity, in strange gladness. The Death-tumbrels, with their motley Batch of Outlaws, some Twenty-three or so, from Maximilien to Mayor Fleuriot and Simon the Cordwainer, roll on. All eyes are on Robespierre's Tumbrel, where he, his jaw bound in dirty linen, with his half-dead Brother, and half-dead Henriot, lie shattered; their "seventeen hours" of agony about to end. The Gendarmes point their swords at him, to show the people which is he. A woman springs on the Tumbrel; clutching the side of it with one hand; waving the other Sibyl-like; and exclaims: "The death of thee gladdens my very heart, *m'énivre de joie*"; Robespierre opened his eyes: "*Scélérat* [scoundrel], go down to Hell, with the curses of all wives and mothers": — At the foot of the Scaffold, they stretched him on the ground till his turn came. Lifted aloft, his eyes again opened; caught the bloody axe. Samson wrenched the

coat off him; wrenched the dirty linen from his jaw: the jaw fell powerless, there burst from him a cry; — hideous to hear and see. Samson, thou canst not be too quick!

Samson's work done, there bursts forth shout on shout of applause. Shout, which prolongs itself not only over Paris, but over France, but over Europe, and down to this generation. Deservedly, and also undeservedly. O unhappiest advocate of Arras, wert thou worse than other Advocates? Stricter man, according to his Formula, to his Credo and his Cant, of probities, benevolences, pleasures-of-virtue, and such like, lived not in that age. A man fitted, in some luckier settled age, to have become one of those incorruptible barren Pattern-Figures, and have had marble-tablets and funeral-sermons. His poor landlord, the Cabinet-maker in the Rue Saint-Honoré, loved him; his Brother died for him. May God be merciful to him, and to us!

# VII
# NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

## HISTORICAL NOTE

According to the new constitution framed by the Convention, the executive power was put into the hands of five "Directors." As England and Austria persisted in their opposition, the young commander, Napoleon Bonaparte, was sent by this Directory to strike a blow at Austria in Italy, then at England in Egypt; but a new coalition was formed against France by the leading States of Europe. The French arms met with disaster, and the French people declared that the Directors in their jealousy of Napoleon's evident ability had sent away the only commander who could bring them success. Napoleon had kept close watch of affairs at home, and now he promptly set sail for France, drove the Council of Five Hundred, one of the two legislative bodies, from their chamber, and became at a blow the ruler of France.

He made himself first consul, then Emperor. He conquered one ruler after another, placing his generals or members of his family upon the vacant thrones. Fortune was with him until he set out on a Russian campaign, in which his losses were terrible. Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and England now united against him. Paris was taken by the allies, and Napoleon was sent to Elba. Louis XVIII became king; but Napoleon suddenly returned, and for one hundred days he was again Emperor. Then came the famous battle of Waterloo. Napoleon was defeated and sent to St. Helena, where he died.

# THE EIGHTEENTH BRUMAIRE

## THE EIGHTEENTH BRUMAIRE

BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHOT

(*French artist*, 1800–1842)

As soon as Napoleon had returned from Egypt, he began plotting the overthrow of the Directorate. On November 9, 1799, the eighteenth Brumaire, in the Revolutionary calendar, he dispersed the Council of Five Hundred, the legislative branch of the Government, after scenes of wild disorder. The event was thus described by Napoleon in a proclamation that he immediately issued: —

"I entered the Council of Five Hundred, alone, unarmed, my head uncovered. Daggers are at once raised against me; twenty assassins fly at me and strike at my breast. The grenadiers of the legislative body, whom I had left at the door, rush in to interpose between the assassins and me. They drag me out. At the same moment cries of *Outlaw* are raised against the protector of the law. They crowd around the president (Lucien Bonaparte) with threats in their mouths, and arms in their hands; they call on him for a declaration of outlawry; word is sent out to me; I give orders to have him saved from their rage, and six grenadiers bring him out. Immediately after this the grenadiers of the legislative body charge into the hall and clear it. Alarmed, the factions disperse and go away.

"People of France, you will doubtless recognize in my conduct the zeal of a soldier of liberty, of a citizen devoted to the Republic."

The same day the president of the council, Lucien Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother, called together the members who were in sympathy with this act, declared the Directorate abolished, and prepared a new constitution. This placed all power in the hands of a First Consul — who was, of course, Napoleon himself. Two other consuls were to be appointed by him, but their office was merely advisory.

# THE BATTLE OF EYLAU

[1807]

BY ISAAC McLELLAN

[At Eylau, on the 8th of February, 1807, Napoleon attacked the combined armies of Russia and Prussia, but failed to obtain a decisive victory. The battle was fought in a blinding snowstorm and was one of the bloodiest of modern times.

*The Editor.*]

Fast and furious falls the snow;
Shrilly the bleak tempests blow,
With a sound of wailing woe,
    O'er the soil;
Where the watch-fires blaze around,
Thick the warriors strew the ground,
Each in weary slumber bound,
    Worn with toil.

Harken to the cannon-blast!
Drums are beating fierce and fast:
Fierce and fast the trumpets cast
    Warning call.
Form the battle's stern parade,
Charge the musket, draw the blade;
Square and column stand arrayed,
    One and all.

On they rush in stern career,
Dragoon and swart cuirassier;

# FRANCE

Hussar-lance and Cossack-spear
 Clanging meet!
Now the grenadier of France
Sinks beneath the Imperial lance;
Now the Prussian horse advance,
 Now retreat.

Davoust, with his line of steel,
Storms their squadrons till they reel,
While his ceaseless cannon-peal
 Rends the sky.
'Gainst that crush of iron hail
Naught may Russia's ranks avail;
Like the torn leaves in the gale,
 See, they fly!

Through the battle's smoky gloom
Shineth Murat's snowy plume;
Fast his cohorts to their doom
 Spur the way.
Platoff, with his desert horde,
Is upon them with the sword;
Deep his Tartar-spears have gored
 Their array.

With his thousands, Augereau
Paints with blood the virgin snow;
Low in war's red overthrow
 Sleep they on!
Helm and breastplate they have lost,
Spoils that long shall be the boast

Of the savage-bearded host
  Of the Don.

Charge, Napoleon! Where be those
At Marengo quelled thy foes;
Crowning thee at Jena's close
  Conqueror?
At this hour of deadly need
Faintly thy old guardsmen bleed;
Vain dies cuirassier and steed,
  Drenched with gore.

Sad the frosty moonbeam shone
O'er the snows with corses strewn,
Where the frightful shriek and groan
  Rose amain:
Loud the night-wind rang their knell;
Fast the flaky horrors fell,
Hiding in their snowy cell
  Heaps of slain!

Many a year hath passed and fled
O'er that harvest of the dead;
On thy rock the Chief hath sped,
  St. Helene!
Still the Polish peasant shows
The round hillocks of the foes,
Where the long grass rankly grows,
  Darkly green.

## THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

[1812]

BY VICTOR HUGO

It snowed. A defeat was our conquest red!
For once the Eagle was hanging its head.
Sad days! the Emperor turned slowly his back
On smoking Moscow, blent orange and black.
The winter burst, avalanche-like, to reign
Over the endless blanched sheet of the plain.
Nor chief, nor banner in order could keep,
The wolves of warfare were 'wildered like sheep.
The wings from center could hardly be known
Through snow o'er horses and carts o'erthrown,
Where froze the wounded. In the bivouacs forlorn
Strange sights and gruesome met the breaking morn:
Mute were the bugles, while the men bestrode
Steeds turned to marble, unheeding the goad.
The shells and bullets came down with the snow
As though the heavens hated these poor troops below.
Surprised at trembling, though it was with cold,
Who ne'er had trembled out of fear, the veterans bold
Marched stern; to grizzled mustache hoar-frost clung
'Neath banners that in leaden masses hung.
It snowed, went snowing still. And chill the breeze
Whistled upon the glassy, endless seas,
Where naked feet on, on forever went,
With naught to eat, and not a sheltering tent.
They were not living troops as seen in war,

But merely phantoms of a dream, afar
In darkness wandering, amid the vapor dim, —
A mystery; of shadows a procession grim,
Nearing a blackening sky, into its rim.
Frightful, since boundless, solitude behold
Where only Nemesis wove, mute and cold,
A net all snowy with its soft meshes dense,
A shroud of magnitude for host immense;
Till every one felt as if left alone
In a wide wilderness where no light shone,
To die, with pity none, and none to see
That from this mournful realm none should get free.
Their foes the frozen North and Czar — That, worse.
Cannons were broken up in haste accurst
To burn the frames and make the pale fire high,
Where those lay down who never woke, or woke to die.
Sad and commingled, groups that blindly fled
Were swallowed smoothly by the desert dread.
'Neath folds of blankness, monuments were raised
O'er regiments. And History, amazed,
Could not record the ruin of this retreat,
Unlike a downfall known before the defeat
Of Hannibal — reversed and wrapped in gloom!
Of Attila, when nations met their doom!
Perished an army — fled French glory then.
Though there the Emperor! he stood and gazed
At the wild havoc, like a monarch dazed
In woodland hoar, who felt the shrieking saw —
He, living oak, beheld his branches fall, with awe.
Chiefs, soldiers, comrades died. But still warm love
Kept those that rose all dastard fear above,
As on his tent they saw his shadow pass —

Backwards and forwards, for they credited, alas!
His fortune's star! it could not, could not be
That he had not his work to do — a destiny?
To hurl him headlong from his high estate,
Would be high treason in his bondman, Fate,
But all the while he felt himself alone,
Stunned with disasters few have ever known.
Sudden, a fear came o'er his troubled soul,
What more was written on the Future's scroll?
Was this an expiation? It must be, yea:
He turned to God for one enlightening ray.
"Is this the vengeance, Lord of Hosts?" he sighed,
But the first murmur on his parched lips died.
"Is this the vengeance? Must my glory set?"
A pause: his name was called; of flame a jet
Sprang in the darkness — a Voice answered: "No! Not yet."
Outside still fell the smothering snow.
Was it a voice indeed? or but a dream!
It was the vulture's, but how like the sea-bird's scream.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

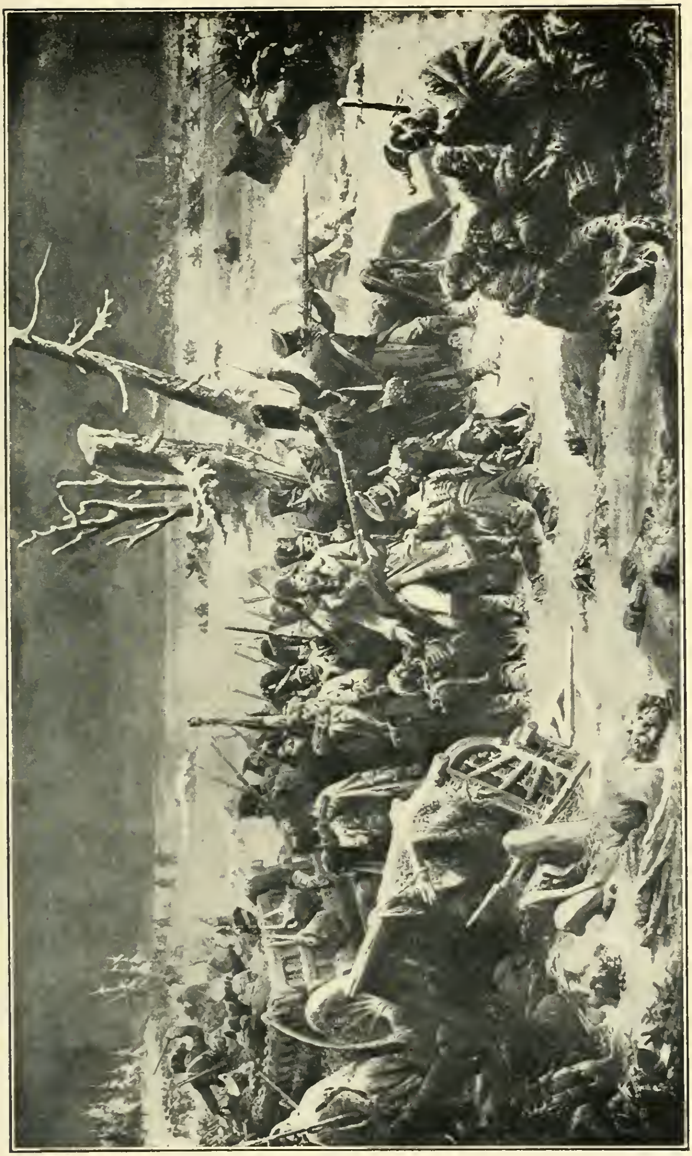
# THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

BY ADOLPHE YVON

(*French painter*, 1817–1893)

In 1811 Napoleon was at the height of his power; in 1812 he had taken a long step toward his fall. This was his invasion of Russia, undertaken because of the union of the Czar with the enemies of the emperor. At the head of 500,000 men, Napoleon crossed the Russian boundaries. On the banks of the Niemen he repulsed 300,000 Russians and marched onward through storm and tempest and amid the sufferings of famine. Both French and Russians were driving on toward Moscow. They met at the Borodino, and in the awful conflict that followed more than 80,000 men were slain. Soon after the Russian army evacuated Moscow, taking with it most of the inhabitants. In this city Napoleon had expected to find food in plenty for his starving troops. The condition of the place has been described as follows: —

"When Napoleon rode into the ancient capital, it was as silent as the desert, and he took up his residence in the Kremlin as if he were about to sleep in a tomb. But suddenly, at midnight, a hundred glares of light showed that the people had not yet all deserted. The vast city was in flames in every direction, and the baffled French, enveloped in fire, were compelled to seek refuge in the desolate surrounding country. Napoleon lingered over the splendid ruins until Oct. 19, when all his proposals for a peaceful settlement of difficulties being rejected, he was reluctantly compelled to order a retreat. At first the weather was fine and only moderately cold; but soon the snow, the rain, fatigue, and swarms of harassing Cossacks threw the dispirited Frenchmen into disorder. Then commenced that terrible retreat of 120,000 men, which for suffering and horror has no parallel in the annals of our race. The loss of the French and their auxiliaries, in this campaign, was 125,000 slain, 132,000 dead of fatigue, hunger, disease, and cold, and 193,000 made prisoners. Yet the author of this fearful waste of human life had scarcely reached Paris when he issued orders for new conscriptions, and still thought of prosecuting the war!"



# THE COMING OF LOUIS XVIII

[1814]

BY LOUISA MÜHLBACH

[After the execution of Louis XVI, his little son was recognized by England and Russia as Louis XVII. He is believed to have died from the neglect and cruelty of his jailers. In 1814, Paris was overwhelmed by the forces of the leading States of Europe. Napoleon was exiled to the little island of Elba, and Louis XVIII, brother of Louis XVI, was set upon the throne of France.

*The Editor.*]

The restoration was complete. The allied powers had left France at last, and Louis XVIII was now absolute master of France. In him, in the returned members of his family, and the exiles streaming homeward from all directions, old France was represented — the France of unrestricted royal power, brilliant manners, intrigues, luxury, aristocracy, and frivolity. In opposition to them stood young France, the generation trained by Napoleon and the Revolution — the new aristocracy which possessed no other ancestors than its great achievements and its fame.

These two parties stood face to face, old and young France, struggling at the court of Louis XVIII, carrying on an hourly, untiring warfare, except that young France, which had always been accustomed to come off victorious, now suffered daily new defeats and humiliations. For it was now old France that carried the

day. And it conquered, not by virtue of its courage, its achievements — it conquered by virtue of its past, which was now to be connected directly with the present, regardless of the chasm that yawned between.

King Louis had of course promised all his subjects, in the compact of April 11, that their titles and dignities should remain intact; and the new dukes, princes and marshals, counts and barons, might appear at court. But they played there only a sorry, humiliating part, and were made to feel keenly that they were only tolerated, not welcome.

The gentlemen who had been entitled before the Revolution to enter the king's equipage, retained the right now, and the doors thereof never once opened to the gentlemen of the new Napoleonic nobility.

The Duchess of Angoulême was the shining example of the ladies of Saint-Germain in their intolerance and high-handed scorn of the now obsolete Empire. She was the most unrelenting of all in her attitude toward the new era and its representatives, and she, the daughter of the guillotined royal pair, had herself suffered long in the Temple, and had made the acquaintance of the horrors of revolution in their direst forms. She meant now to try to forget the time which she could not avenge, and to appear as if it had never been.

At one of the first dinners which the king gave to the allied powers, the Duchess of Angoulême sat beside the King of Bavaria, and, pointing to the Grand Duke of Baden, she asked: "Is not that the prince who married a princess of Napoleon's creation? What weakness, to ally himself thus with that general."

The duchess forgot, or did not wish to remember, that

the King of Bavaria and the Emperor of Austria, who sat at the duchess's other side and could not fail to hear everything that she said, had allied themselves to the "general."

When she had resumed possession of her former dwelling in the Tuileries, the Duchess of Angoulême asked old Dubois, her former piano-tuner, who had held the same office under the Empire and was showing the duchess the fine new instrument purchased by Josephine, where her own, the duchess's piano, was.

This piano had been a wretched old spinet, and the duchess was surprised not to find it, ignoring the thirty years that had passed since she last saw it, and acting as though August 10, 1792, the day when the people destroyed the Tuileries, had never been.

It had become a matter of principle to ignore the time from 1795 to 1814, and the Bourbons seemed really to have forgotten wholly that, between the last levée of Louis XVI, and to-day's receptions of Louis XVIII, there lay more than a passing night. The duchess seemed amazed that people whom she had known as small children had grown up in her absence, and she tried to greet every one as she had done in 1789.

After Josephine's death the Count of Artois visited Malmaison, which had scarcely existed before the Revolution, and was wholly due to Josephine's sense of art and her love of the beautiful.

At Malmaison the empress, who had a great love of botany, had built superb greenhouses in which the plants of the whole world were represented; for all the princes of Europe, knowing the empress' taste, had rivaled one another in the days of her greatness in their eagerness

to send her rare and precious plants and flowers. The Prince Regent of England had even found means, during the war with France, to send some rare slips to the empress, and the greenhouses of Malmaison finally became the most complete of all Europe, and a real storehouse of treasures for botanists.

The Count of Artois went to inspect the famous dwelling of the Empress Josephine, and when the greenhouses, with their rarities, were shown him, he exclaimed, as if recognizing the plants of 1789: —

"Ah! there are our old plants from the Trianon!"

And as the Bourbons, their lords and masters, so did the exiles return with the same ideas which they had taken with them. They proposed to renew all the habits, customs, and pretensions of 1789. They were so occupied with the contemplation of their own deserts that they had eyes or ears for nothing else, yet the only service which they had rendered was their emigration. And now they proposed to be rewarded for that.

Every one of the exiles demanded some recompense, either in the form of a position or a pension, and found it incomprehensible if the same were not instantly withdrawn from their present possessors.

There was one continuous intrigue and cabal until, at last, old France did actually succeed in supplanting new France in place, power, and pension, as it had already done in the honors of the courts. All the higher positions of the army were filled with the marquises, dukes, and counts of ancient France, who had been embroidering tapestries or tying silk threads in Coblentz while new France was upon the field of battle. And now these

valiant exiles proposed to teach the soldiers of the empire the old routine of 1780.

Meanwhile the cleverest and most wide-awake of all these gentlemen was their lord and master, Louis XVIII. He recognized the faults and errors of all those who surrounded him, and had very little confidence in the people of the court. But he could not emancipate himself from their influence; and after he had, in the face of the will and opinion of his whole family, his court and ministers, given a charter to his people, and placated them in spite of the resistance of Monsieur and the Prince of Condé, who habitually called the charter *Mademoiselle la Constitution de 1791*, Louis retired into the interior of the Tuileries, and left it to Blacas to manage the details of Government. The king thought the more important affairs alone worthy of his attention.

# THE RETURN OF NAPOLEON FROM ELBA

[1815]

ANONYMOUS

[The determination of Louis XVIII and the Royalists to put everything back where it was before the Revolution aroused great dissatisfaction. Many began to long for the return of Napoleon. In March, 1815, their wish came to pass, for Napoleon landed on the shores of France. He had only a few followers, but as he pushed on to Paris, his old soldiers hurried forward to join him. His whole journey was one glowing welcome.

The following account was written by an English lady, a partisan of the Bourbons, who was in Paris at the time of Napoleon's arrival.

*The Editor.*]

We were enjoying the breezes of a fine March morning when suddenly an officer issued from the palace and whispered to us that *Bonaparte had landed!* Had a thunderbolt fallen at our feet its effects could not have produced a more terrible sensation than did this unexpected intelligence on our hearts. We instantly returned home, and that night it was no longer a secret in Paris. Some could not conceal the terror the name of Napoleon always inspires; others, judging from their own loyal sentiments, exclaimed, "The hand of God is to be seen in this!" Another party, appreciating present circumstances, rejoiced in the idea that he would be taken and secured forever; as if Napoleon, in risking the chance of success, had not secured the means of insuring it! The

king issued an *ordonnance* declaring him a traitor. The Chamber of Deputies was convened, an express sent for Marshal Ney. The king, preserving admirable calmness and confidence in his subjects, received the ambassadors, saying, "Write, gentlemen, to your respective courts that I am in good health, and that the mad enterprise of this man will no longer trouble the repose of Europe nor my own." The Prince de Condé, notwithstanding his advanced age, offered his services.

His Majesty passed in review the troops, addressed the most flattering compliments to their generals, who surrounded him, and said to General Rapp, "Notwithstanding that this is not the siege of Dantzic, I count always upon your courage and fidelity!" Rapp, affected, turned away and exclaimed, "One must be a villain to betray such a king." He rendered himself justice, and unconsciously pronounced his own panegyric in advance. When the Duc de Berri appeared he was received with enthusiasm. *La Maison du Roi* solicited to march with him against their common enemy, but elsewhere all remained in a state of apathy. An extensive confederacy on one side, want of means on the other, an inefficient organization in every department — our great confidence was in Ney; Ney departed with promises to bring back Napoleon dead or alive. He kissed the king's hand, and, shedding tears, renewed his oaths of fidelity for himself and his army.

The Duc de Feltre (Clarke) was named minister of war. Our fluctuating hopes rose and fell like the mercury in a weather-glass, but this nomination revived them. Clarke had been called "*the calculating Irishman*," but the loyal party now extol him, and say that

he forgot himself at the epoch that others forgot only what they owed to their king. "What will Talleyrand do? Will he, amidst the congregated ministers of the Allies, remain steady to his last oaths to Louis?" was constantly echoing through our salons during the first days of consternation.

The streets were quieter than usual; every person seemed to have a more serious mien, and to be preoccupied. Of the *beau-monde* some had fled, others kept within their hotels. No carriages of the opulent contested the passage with the cabriolets or with the vehicles of commerce, no belles skipped lightly along. In the shops few purchasers, and those few looking gloomy and silent; suspicion and fear seemed to predominate. Entering two or three shops where I had been in the habit of purchasing, they exclaimed, "Softly! softly! mademoiselle; speak low, we are surrounded with spies." At the open stalls, and in the shops on the bridges and on the quays, the proprietors were busily occupied in removing the engravings, and other emblems of the Bourbons, and replacing those of the usurper and his military partisans. Ladders were placed at the corners of the streets and against the shops, while workmen were effacing the names and brevets of the Bourbon dynasty, to be replaced by those of the Corsican family, or in haste substituting a design analogous to the merchandise within. We entered for a moment the Chamber of Deputies. The flags taken in the different campaigns were brought from their concealed dépôts. The President's chair, embroidered with fleur-de-lis, was being removed. "Where will you find another?" I hastily demanded. "The old chair is in the garret," was the quick reply.

In a few moments it was brought down; the portraits of the king and of the princes were already removed from their frames, and those of Napoleon and Maria Louisa had replaced them.

[On the 19th of March cries were heard of "*Vive le Roi!*" in the square of Louis XV. On the morning of the 20th they were supplanted by shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"]

The next morning I determined to see Napoleon, but when our carriage arrived at the Pont Royal thousands were collected there. Our servant advised us to descend and proceed on foot. The crowd civilly made way: they were waiting to see the review. An unusual silence prevailed, interrupted only by the cries of the children, whom the parents were thumping with energy for crying "*Vive le Roi!*" instead of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" which some months before they had been thumped for daring to vociferate! A friend recommended us to proceed to the review, to see which he had the good-nature to procure me admittance to a small apartment in the Tuileries, and from the window I saw and heard for the first time the scourge of the Continent — his martial, active figure, mounted on his famed white horse. He harangued with energetic tone (and in those bombastic expressions we have always remarked in all his manifestoes, and which are so well adapted to the French) the troops of the divisions of Lefol and Defour. There was much embracing of the "Ancient Eagles" of the Old Guard, much mention of "great days and souvenirs dear to his heart," of the "scars of his brave soldiers," which, to serve his views, we will reopen without remorse. The populace were tranquil, as I had remarked them on the

bridge. Inspirited by my still unsatisfied curiosity I rejoined my escort and proceeded to the gardens, where not more than thirty persons were collected under the windows. There was no enthusiastic cry, at least none seemed sufficient to induce him to show himself. In despair at not being able to contemplate his physiognomy at greater advantage, I made my cavalier request some persons in the throng to cry, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Some laughed and replied, "Wait a moment," while others advised us to desire some of the children to do so. A few francs thrown to the latter soon stimulated their voices into cries of the loyalty of the day, and Napoleon presented himself at the window, but he retired often and reappeared. A few persons arrived from the country and held up petitions, which he sent an aide-de-camp to receive. His square face and figure struck me with involuntary emotion. I was dazzled, as if beholding a supernatural being. There was a sternness spread over his expansive brow, a gloom on the lids of his darkened eye, which rendered futile his attempts to smile. Something Satanic sported round his mouth, indicating the ambitious spirit of the soul within!

Much agitation seemed to reign in the salon. The ministers and generals paced up and down with their master in reciprocal agitation and debate. The palace has now the appearance of a fortress, the retreat of a despot, not the abode of a sovereign confiding in the loyalty of his people, and recalled by their unanimous voice, but feeling that he is only welcomed back by military power, whose path was smoothed by the peasantry of Dauphiny. A range of artillery is now placed before it; soldiers stretched on straw repose under the finely-

arched corridors, and military casqued heads even appear from the uppermost windows. Napoleon had the gallant consideration the day after his return to renew the guard of honor at the hôtel of the Dowager Duchess of Orléans, to whom he has always accorded the respect due to royalty.

# WHEN NAPOLEON RETURNED FROM ELBA

[1815]

BY NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

[Even at the distance of a century, there is in Napoleon's shortest proclamations something that thrills the reader. In his warm appreciation of the past deeds of his troops, his conviction of their ability to surpass even these, and especially in his undoubting confidence in their eagerness to do his will, there is less of the stern commander than of the devoted brother. It is no wonder that his soldiers loved him, and counted their lives as nothing if only they might obey the orders of such a leader.

*The Editor.*]

Soldiers! we were not defeated!

Soldiers! In my exile I have heard your voice. I have come to you through every obstacle, every danger. Your general, called to the throne by the voice of the people and raised on your bucklers, is back among you; come to him! Pluck off the colors that the nation has proscribed, and that, for twenty-five years, were the rallying point of all the enemies of France. Put on the tricolor cockade; you wore it in our great days. Here are the eagles you had at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, at Friedland, at Tudela, at Eckmühl, at Essling, at Wagram, at Smolensk, at the Moskowa, at Lützen, at Wurschen, at Montmirail! Do you believe that the little handful of Frenchmen who are so arrogant to-day can support their sight? They will return whence they came; there

let them reign as they pretend they did reign these last nineteen years.

Soldiers, rally around the standard of your chief! Victory will advance at the double! The Eagle, with the national colors, will fly from steeple to steeple to the towers of Notre Dame. Then will you be able to display your honorable scars. Then will you be able to claim the credit of your deeds, as the liberators of your country. In your old age, surrounded and honored by your fellow-citizens, all will respectfully listen while you narrate your great deeds; you will be able to say with pride: "And I also was one of that Grand Army that twice entered the walls of Vienna, of Rome, of Berlin, of Madrid, of Moscow, and that cleansed Paris from the stain left on it by treason and the presence of the enemy!"

# WATERLOO

[1815]

BY VICTOR HUGO

## THE EMPEROR PUTS A QUESTION TO THE GUIDE LACOSTE

At the moment when Wellington drew back, Napoleon started up. He saw the plateau of Mont St.-Jean suddenly laid bare and the front of the English army disappear. It rallied, but kept concealed. The Emperor half rose in his stirrups. The flash of a victory passed into his eyes.

Wellington hurled back on the Forest of Soignes and destroyed; that was the final overthrow of England by France; it was Cressy, Poitiers, Malplaquet, and Ramillies avenged. The man of Marengo was wiping out Agincourt.

The Emperor, then, contemplating this terrible turn of fortune, swept his glass for the last time over every point of the battle-field. His Guard, standing behind, with grounded arms, looked up to him with a sort of religion. He was reflecting; he was examining the slopes, noting the ascents, scrutinizing the tufts of the trees, the square rye field, the footpath; he seemed to count every bush. He looked for some time at the English barricades on the two roads, two large abattis of trees, that on the Genappe road above La Haye Sainte, armed with two cannon, which alone, of all the English artillery, bore upon the bottom of the field of battle, and that of the Nivelles road, where glistened the Dutch

bayonets of Chassé's brigade. He noticed near that barricade the old chapel of St. Nicholas, painted white, which is at the corner of the cross-road toward Braine l'Alleud. He bent over and spoke in an undertone to the guide Lacoste. The guide made a negative sign of the head, probably treacherous.

The Emperor rose up and reflected. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete this repulse by a crushing charge.

Napoleon, turning abruptly, sent off a courier at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won.

Napoleon was one of those geniuses who rule the thunder.

He had found his thunderbolt.

He ordered Milhaud's cuirassiers to carry the plateau of Mont St.-Jean.

### THE UNLOOKED-FOR

They were 3500. They formed a line of half a mile. They were gigantic men on colossal horses. There were twenty-six squadrons, and they had behind them, as a support, the division of Lefebvre-Desnouettes, the 106 gensdarmes d'élite, the chasseurs of the guard, 1197 men, and the lancers of the guard, 880 lances. They wore casques without plumes, and cuirasses of wrought iron, with horse pistols in their holsters and long saber-swords. In the morning they had been the admiration of the whole army, when, at 9 o'clock, with trumpets sounding, and all the bands playing "Veillons au salut de l'empire," they came, in heavy columns, one of their batteries on their flank, the other at their center, and deployed in

two ranks between the Genappe road and Frischemont, and took their position of battle in this powerful second line, so wisely made up by Napoleon, which, having at its extreme left the cuirassiers of Kellermann and at its extreme right the cuirassiers of Milhaud, had, so to speak, two wings of iron.

Aide-de-camp Bernard brought them the Emperor's order. Ney drew his sword and placed himself at their head. The enormous squadrons began to move.

Then was seen a fearful sight.

All this cavalry, with sabers drawn, banners waving, and trumpets sounding, formed in column by divisions, descended with an even movement and as one man — with the precision of a bronze battering-ram opening a breach — the hill of La Belle-Alliance, sank into the formidable depths where so many men had already fallen, disappeared in the smoke, then rising from this valley of shadow reappeared on the other side, still compact and serried, mounting at full trot, through a cloud of grape emptying itself upon them, the frightful acclivity of mud of the plateau of Mont St.-Jean. They rose, serious and menacing, imperturbable; in the intervals of the musketry and artillery could be heard the sound of this colossal tramp. Being in two divisions, they formed two columns; Wathier's division had the right, Delord's the left. From a distance they would be taken for two immense serpents of steel stretching themselves toward the crest of the plateau. That ran through the battle like a prodigy.

Nothing like it had been seen since the taking of the grand redoubt at La Moscowa, by the heavy cavalry; Murat was not there, but Ney was there. It seemed as

if this mass had become a monster, and had but a single mind. Each squadron undulated and swelled like the ring of a polyp. They could be seen through the thick smoke as it was broken here and there. It was one pell-mell of casques, cries, sabers, a furious bounding of horses among the cannon, and the flourish of trumpets, a terrible and disciplined tumult; over all the cuirasses, like the scales of a hydra.

These recitals appear to belong to another age. Something like this vision appeared, doubtless, in the old Orphic epics which tell of centaurs, antique happanthropes, those titans with human faces, and chests like horses, whose gallop scaled Olympus, horrible, invulnerable, sublime; at once gods and beasts.

An odd numerical coincidence, twenty-six battalions, were to receive these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square and upon two lines — seven on the first and six on the second — with musket to the shoulder, and eye upon their sights, waiting calm, silent, and immovable. They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clicking of sabers, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host. There was a moment of fearful silence; then, suddenly a long line of raised arms brandishing sabers appeared above the crest, with casques, trumpets, and standards, and three thousand faces with gray mustaches, crying, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" All this

cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake.

All at once, tragic to relate, at the left of the English, and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannons, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English a ditch, a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain.

It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slope. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second, the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders, no power to retreat; the whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf, and when this grave was full of living men the rest marched over them and passed on. Almost a third of the Dubois' brigade sank into this abyss.

Here the loss of the battle began.

A local tradition, which evidently exaggerates, says that two thousand horses and fifteen hundred men were buried in the sunken road of Ohain. This undoubtedly comprises all the other bodies thrown into this ravine on the morrow after the battle.

Napoleon, before ordering this charge of Milhaud's

cuirassiers, had examined the ground, but could not see this hollow road, which did not make even a wrinkle on the surface of the plateau. Warned, however, and put on his guard by the little white chapel which marks its junction with the Nivelles road, he had, probably, on the contingency of an obstacle, put a question to the guide, Lacoste. The guide had answered no. It may almost be said that from this shake of a peasant's head came the catastrophe of Napoleon.

Still other fatalities must arise.

Was it possible that Napoleon should win this battle? We answer — no! Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blücher? No! Because of God.

For Bonaparte to be conqueror at Waterloo was not in the law of the nineteenth century. Another series of facts were preparing in which Napoleon had no place. The ill will of events had long been announced.

It was time that this vast man should fall.

The excessive weight of this man in human destiny disturbed the equilibrium. This individual counted of himself more than the universe besides. These plethoras of all human vitality concentrated in a single head, the world mounting to the brain of one man, would be fatal to civilization if they should endure. The moment had come for incorruptible supreme equity to look to it. Probably the principles and elements upon which regular gravitations in the moral order as well as in the material depend, began to murmur. Reeking blood, overcrowded cemeteries, weeping mothers, — these are formidable pleaders. When the earth is suffering from a surcharge, there are mysterious moanings from the deeps which the heavens hear.

Napoleon had been impeached before the infinite and his fall was decreed.

He vexed God.

Waterloo is not a battle; it is the change of front of the universe.

### THE PLATEAU OF MONT ST.-JEAN

At the same time with the ravine, the artillery was unmasked.

Sixty cannon and thirteen squares thundered and flashed into the cuirassiers. The brave General Delord gave the military salute to the English battery.

All the English flying artillery took position in the squares at a gallop. The cuirassiers had not even time to breathe. The disaster of the sunken road had decimated but not discouraged them. They were men who, diminished in number, grew greater in heart.

Wathier's column alone had suffered from the disaster; Delord's which Ney had sent obliquely to the left, as if he had a presentiment of the snare, arrived entire.

The cuirassiers hurled themselves upon the English squares.

At full gallop, with free rein, their sabers in their teeth, and their pistols in their hands, the attack began.

There are moments in battle when the soul hardens a man even to changing the soldier into a statue, and all this flesh becomes granite. The English battalions, desperately assailed, did not yield an inch.

Then it was frightful.

All sides of the English squares were attacked at once. A whirlwind of frenzy enveloped them. This frigid in-

fantry remained impassible. The first rank, with knee on the ground, received the cuirassiers on their bayonets, the second shot them down; behind the second rank, the cannoneers loaded their guns, the front of the square opened, made way for an eruption of grape, and closed again. The cuirassiers answered by rushing upon them with crushing force. Their great horses reared, trampled upon the ranks, leaped over the bayonets and fell, gigantic in the midst of these four living walls. The balls made gaps in the ranks of the cuirassiers, the cuirassiers made breaches in the squares. Files of men disappeared, ground down beneath the horses' feet. Bayonets were buried in the bellies of these centaurs. Hence a monstrosity of wounds never, perhaps, seen elsewhere. The squares, consumed by this furious cavalry, closed up, without wavering. Inexhaustible in grape, they kept up an explosion in the midst of their assailants. It was a monstrous sight. These squares were battalions no longer, they were craters; these cuirassiers were cavalry no longer, they were a tempest. Each square was a volcano attacked by a thunder-cloud; the lava fought with the lightning.

The square, on the extreme right, the most exposed of all, being in the open field, was almost annihilated at the first shock. It was formed of the 75th Regiment of Highlanders. The piper in the center, while the work of extermination was going on, profoundly oblivious of all about him, casting down his melancholy eye full of the shadows of forests and lakes, seated upon a drum, his bagpipe under his arm, was playing his mountain airs. These Scotchmen died thinking of Ben Lothian, as the Greeks died remembering Argo. The saber of a cuiras-

sier, striking down the pibroch and the arm which bore it, caused the strain to cease by killing the player.

The cuirassiers, relatively few in number, lessened by the catastrophe of the ravine, had to contend with almost the whole of the English army; but they multiplied themselves; each man became equal to ten. Nevertheless, some Hanoverian battalions fell back. Wellington saw it and remembered his cavalry. Had Napoleon, at that very moment, remembered his infantry, he would have won the battle. This forgetfulness was his great, fatal blunder.

Suddenly the assailing cuirassiers perceived that they were assailed. The English cavalry was upon their back. Before them, the squares, behind them Somerset; Somerset with the fourteen hundred dragoon guards. Somerset had on his right Dornberg, with his German light horse, and on his left Trip, with the Belgian carbineers. The cuirassiers, attacked front, flank, and rear, by infantry and cavalry, were compelled to face in all directions. What was that to them? They were a whirlwind. Their valor became unspeakable.

Besides, they had behind them the ever-thundering artillery. All that was necessary in order to wound such men in the back. One of their cuirasses, with a hole in the left shoulder blade, made by a musket ball, is in the collection of the Waterloo Museum.

With such Frenchmen only such Englishmen could cope.

It was no longer a conflict; it was a darkness, a fury, a giddy vortex of souls and courage, a hurricane of sword flashes. In an instant the fourteen hundred horse guards were but eight hundred. Fuller, their lieutenant-

colonel, fell dead. Ney rushed up with the lancers and chasseurs of Lefebvre-Desnouettes. The plateau of Mont St.-Jean was taken, retaken, and taken again. The cuirassiers left the cavalry to return to the infantry, or, more correctly, all this terrible multitude wrestled with each other without letting go their hold. The squares still held. There were twelve assaults. Ney had four horses killed under him. Half of the cuirassiers lay on the plateau. This struggle lasted two hours.

The English army was terribly shaken. There is no doubt, if they had not been crippled in their first shock by the disaster of the sunken road, the cuirassiers would have overwhelmed the center and decided the victory. This wonderful cavalry astounded Clinton, who had seen Talavera and Badajos. Wellington, though three fourths conquered, was struck with heroic admiration. He said, in a low voice, "Splendid!"

The cuirassiers annihilated seven squares out of thirteen, took or spiked sixty pieces of cannon, and took from the English regiments six colors, which three cuirassiers and three chasseurs of the guard carried to the Emperor before the farm of La Belle-Alliance.

The situation of Wellington was growing worse. This strange battle was like a duel between two wounded infuriates, who, while yet fighting and resisting, lose all their blood. Which of the two shall fall first?

The struggle of the plateau continued.

How far did the cuirassiers penetrate? None can tell. One thing is certain: the day after the battle a cuirassier and his horse were found dead under the frame of the hay-scales at Mont St.-Jean, at the point where the four roads from Nivelles, Genappe, La Hulpe, and Brussels

meet. This horseman had pierced the English lines. One of the men who took away the body still lives at Mont St.-Jean. His name is Dehaze; he was then eighteen years old.

Wellington felt he was giving away. The crisis was upon him. The cuirassiers had not succeeded, in this sense, that the center was not broken. All holding the plateau, nobody held it; and, in fact, it remained for the most part with the English. Wellington held the village and the crowning plain. Ney held only the crest and the slope. On both sides they seemed rooted in this funeral soil.

But the enfeeblement of the English appeared irremediable. The hemorrhage of this army was horrible. Kempt, on the left wing, called for reinforcements. "Impossible," answered Wellington, "we must die on the spot we now occupy." Almost at the same moment — singular coincidence, which depicts the exhaustion of both armies — Ney sent to Napoleon for infantry, and Napoleon exclaimed: "Infantry! where does he expect me to take them? Does he expect me to make them?"

However, the English army was farthest gone. The furious onslaughts of these great squadrons, with iron cuirasses and steel breastplates had ground up the infantry. A few men about a flag marked the place of a regiment; battalions were now commanded by captains or lieutenants. Alten's division, already so cut up at La Haye Sainte, was almost destroyed; the intrepid Belgians of Van Kluze's brigade strewed the rye field along the Nivelles road; there were hardly any left of those Dutch grenadiers who, in 1811, joined to our ranks in Spain, fought against Wellington, and who, in 1815,

rallied on the English side, fought against Napoleon. The loss of officers was heavy. Lord Uxbridge, who buried his leg next day, had a knee fractured. If, on the side of the French, in this struggle of the cuirassiers, Delord, l'Hériter, Colbert, Dnop, Travers, and Blancard were *hors de combat*, on the side of the English Alten was wounded, Barne was wounded, Delancey was killed, Van Meeren was killed. Ompteda was killed, the entire staff of Wellington was decimated, and England had the worst share in this balance of blood. The 2d Regiment of foot guards had lost five lieutenant-colonels, four captains and three ensigns; the first battalion of the 30th Infantry had lost twenty-four officers and one hundred and twelve soldiers; the 79th Highlanders had twenty-four officers wounded, eighteen officers killed, and four hundred and fifty soldiers slain. Cumberland's Hanoverian hussars, an entire regiment, having at its head Colonel Hacke, who was afterward court-martialed and broken, had drawn rein before the fight, and were in flight in the Forest of Soignes, spreading the panic as far as Brussels. Carts, ammunition-wagons, baggage-wagons, ambulances full of wounded, seeing the French gain ground and approach the forest, fled precipitately; the Dutch, sabered by the French cavalry cried "Murder!" From Vert Coucou to Groenendael, for a distance of nearly six miles in the direction toward Brussels, the roads, according to the testimony of witnesses still alive, were choked with fugitives. This panic was such that it reached the Prince of Condé at Malines, and Louis XVIII at Ghent. With the exception of the small reserve drawn up in echelon behind the hospital established at the farm of Mont St.-Jean,

and the brigades of Vivian and Vandeleur on the flank of the left wing, Wellington's cavalry was exhausted. A number of batteries lay dismounted. These facts are confessed by Siborne; and Pringle, exaggerating the disaster, says even that the Anglo-Dutch army was reduced to 34,000 men. The Iron Duke remained calm, but his lips were pale. The Austrian commissary, Vincent, the Spanish commissary, Olava, present at the battle of the English staff, thought the Duke was beyond hope. At 5 o'clock Wellington drew out his watch, and was heard to murmur these somber words: "Blücher or night."

It was about this time that a distant line of bayonets glistened on the heights beyond Frischemont.

Here is the turning-point in this colossal drama.

BAD GUIDE FOR NAPOLEON: GOOD GUIDE FOR BÜLOW

We understand the bitter mistake of Napoleon; Grouchy hoped for, Blücher arriving; death instead of life.

Destiny has such turnings. Awaiting the world's throne, St. Helena became visible.

If the little cowboy, who acted as guide to Bülow, Blücher's lieutenant, had advised him to debouch from the forest about Frischemont rather than below Planchenoit, the shaping of the nineteenth century would perhaps have been different. Napoleon would have won the battle of Waterloo. By any other road than below Planchenoit, the Prussian army would have brought up at a ravine impassable for artillery, and Bülow would not have arrived.

Now, an hour of delay, as the Prussian general,

Müffling, declares, and Blücher would not have found Wellington in position; "the battle was lost."

It was time, we have seen, that Bülow should arrive. He had bivouacked at Dion le Mont, and started on at dawn. But the roads were impracticable, and his division stuck in the mire. The cannon sank to the hubs in the ruts. Furthermore, he had to cross the Dyle on the narrow bridge of Wavre; the street leading to the bridge had been fired by the French; the caissons and artillery wagons, being unable to pass between two rows of burning houses, had to wait till the fire was extinguished. It was noon before Bülow could reach Chapelle St.-Lambert.

Had the action commenced two hours earlier it would have been finished at four o'clock, and Blücher would have fallen upon a field already won by Napoleon. Such are these immense chances, proportioned to an infinity, which we cannot grasp.

As early as midday the Emperor, first of all, with his field-glass, perceived in the extreme horizon something which fixed his attention. He said: "I see yonder a cloud which appears to me to be troops." Then he asked the Duke of Dalmatia: "Soult, what do you see toward Chapelle St.-Lambert?" The marshal, turning his glass that way, answered, "Four or five thousand men, sire. Grouchy, of course." Meanwhile, it remained motionless in the haze. The glasses of the whole staff studied "the cloud" pointed out by the Emperor. Some said: "They are columns halting." The most said: "It is trees." The fact is that the cloud did not stir. The Emperor detached Domon's division of light cavalry to reconnoiter this obscure point.

Bülow, in fact, had not moved. His vanguard was very weak and could do nothing. He had to wait for the bulk of his *corps d'armée*, and he was ordered to concentrate his force before entering into line; but at five o'clock, seeing Wellington's peril, Blücher ordered Bülow to attack, and uttered these remarkable words: "We must give the English army a breathing spell."

Soon after, the divisions of Losthin, Hiller, Hacke, and Ryssel deployed in front of Lobau's corps, the cavalry of Prince William of Prussia debouched from the wood of Paris, Planchenoit was in flames, and the Prussian balls began to rain down even in the ranks of the Guard in reserve behind Napoleon.

### THE GUARD

The rest is known; the irruption of a third army, the battle thrown out of joint, eighty-six pieces of artillery suddenly thundering forth, Pirch the First coming up with Bülow, Ziethen's cavalry led by Blücher in person, the French crowded back, Marcognet swept from the plateau of Ohain, Durutte dislodged from Papelotte, Donzelot and Quiot recoiling, Lobau taken *en écharpe*, a new battle falling at nightfall upon our dismantled regiments, the whole English line assuming the offensive and pushed forward, the gigantic gap made in the French army, the English grape and the Prussian grape lending mutual aid, extermination, disaster in front, disaster in flank, the Guard entering into line amid this terrible crumbling.

Feeling that they were going to their death they cried out: "*Vive l'Empereur!*" There is nothing more touch-

ing in history than this death agony bursting forth in acclamations.

The sky has been overcast all day. All at once, at this very moment—it was eight o'clock at night—the clouds in the horizon broke, and through the elms on the Nivelles road streamed the sinister red light of the setting sun. The rising sun shone upon Austerlitz.

Each battalion of the Guard, for this final effort, was commanded by a general. Friant, Michel, Roguet, Harlet, Mallet, Poret de Morvan, were there. When the tall caps of the grenadiers of the Guard, with their large eagle plates, appeared, symmetrical, drawn up in line, calm, in the smoke of that conflict, the enemy felt respect for France; they thought they saw twenty victories entering upon the field of battle with wings extended, and those who were conquerors, thinking themselves conquered, recoiled; but Wellington cried "Up, Guards, and at them!" The red regiment of English Guards lying behind the hedges, rose up, a shower of grape riddled the tricolored flag fluttering about our eagles, all hurled themselves forward, and the final carnage began. The Imperial Guard felt the army slipping away around them in the gloom, and the vast overthrow of the rout; they heard the "*Sauve qui peut!*"[1] which had replaced the "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and, with flight behind them, they held on their course, battered more and more and dying faster and faster at every step. There were no weak souls or cowards there. The privates of that band were as heroic as their general. Not a man flinched from the suicide.

Ney, desperate, great in all the grandeur of accepted

[1] Save yourselves.

death, bared himself to every blow in this tempest. He had his horse killed under him. Reeking with sweat, fire in his eyes, froth upon his lips, his uniform unbuttoned, one of his epaulets half cut away by the saber stroke of a horse guard, his badge of the Grand Eagle pierced by a ball, bloody, covered with mud, magnificent, a broken sword in his hand, he said: "Come! and see how a marshal of France dies upon the field of battle!" But in vain; he did not die. He was haggard and exasperated. He flung this question at Drouet d'Erlon: "What! are you not going to die?" He cried out in the midst of all this artillery which was mowing down a handful of men: "Is there nothing, then, for me? Oh! I would that all these English balls were buried in my body!" Unhappy man! thou wast reserved for French bullets!

### THE CATASTROPHE

The rout behind the Guard was dismal.

The army fell back rapidly from all sides at once, from Hougomont, from La Haye Sainte, from Papelotte, from Planchenoit. The cry: "Treachery!" was followed by the cry: "*Sauve qui peut!*" A disbanding army is a thaw. The whole bends, cracks, snaps, floats, rolls, falls, crushes, hurries, plunges. Mysterious disintegration. Ney borrows a horse, leaps upon him, and without hat, cravat, or sword, plants himself in the Brussels road, arresting at once the English and the French. He endeavors to hold the army, to call them back, he reproaches them, he grapples with the rout. He is swept away. The soldiers flee from him, crying: "*Vive le Marshal Ney!*" Durutte's two regiments come and go, frightened and tossed between the sabers of the Uhlans

and the fire of the brigades of Kempt, Best, Pack, and Rylandt; rout is the worst of all conflicts; friends slay each other in their flight; squadrons and battalions are crushed and dispersed against each other, enormous foam of the battle. Lobau at one extremity, like Reille at the other, is rolled away in the flood. In vain does Napoleon make walls with the remains of the Guard; in vain does he expend his reserve squadrons in a last effort. Quiot gives way before Vivian, Kellermann before Vandeleur, Lobau before Bülow, Moraud before Pirch, Doman and Lubervic before Prince William of Prussia. Guyot, who had led the Emperor's squadrons to the charge, falls under the feet of the English Horse. Napoleon gallops along the fugitives, harangues them, urges, threatens, entreats. The mouths, which in the morning were crying "*Vive l'Empereur*," are now agape; he is hardly recognized. The Prussian cavalry, just come up, spring forward, fling themselves upon the enemy, saber, cut, hack, kill, exterminate. Teams rush off, the guns are left to the care of themselves; the soldiers of the train unhitch the caissons and take the horses to escape; wagons upset, with their four wheels in the air, block up the road, and are accessories of massacre. They crush and they crowd; they trample upon the living and the dead. Arms are broken. A multitude fills roads, paths, bridges, plains, hills, valleys, woods, choked up by this flight of forty thousand men. Cries, despair; knapsacks and muskets cast into the rye; passages forced at the point of the sword; no more comrades, no more officers, no more generals; inexpressible dismay. Ziethen sabering France at his ease. Lions become kids. Such was this flight.

At Genappe there was an effort to turn back, to form a line, to make a stand. Lobau rallied three hundred men. The entrance to the village was barricaded, but at the first volley of Prussian grape all took to flight again and Lobau was captured. The marks of that volley of grape are still to be seen upon the old gable of a brick ruin at the right of the road, a short distance before entering Genappe. The Prussians rushed into Genappe, furious, doubtless, at having conquered so little. The pursuit was monstrous. Blücher gave orders to kill all. Roguet had set this sad example by threatening with death every French grenadier who should bring him a Prussian prisoner. Blücher surpassed Roguet. The general of the Young Guard, Duhesme, caught at the door of a tavern in Genappe, gave up his sword to a hussar of death, who took the sword and killed the prisoner. The victory was completed by the assassination of the vanquished. Let us punish, since we are history; old Blücher disgraced himself. This ferocity filled the disaster to the brim. The desperate rout passed through Genappe, passed through Quatre Bras, passed through Sombreffe, passed through Frasness, passed through Thuin, passed through Charleroi, and stopped only at the frontier. Alas! who now was flying in such wise? The grand army.

This madness, this terror, this falling to ruins of the highest bravery which ever astonished history, can that be without cause? No. The shadow of an enormous right hand rests on Waterloo. It is the day of destiny. A power above man controlled that day. Hence, the loss of mind in dismay; hence, all these great souls yielding up their swords. Those who had conquered Europe fell to the ground, having nothing more to say or to do,

# EVENING OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

# EVENING OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

BY ERNEST CROFTS

(*English painter*, 1847)

On the evening of the Battle of Waterloo, Napoleon's one hope lay in the charge of the Imperial Guard. Of this charge John S. C. Abbott says: —

"The fate of the world trembled in the balance. Not a drum beat the charge. Not a bugle uttered its inspiriting tones. Not a cheer escaped the lips of those proud, indomitable men. Silently, sternly, unflinchingly, they strode on till they arrived within a few yards of the batteries and bayonets which the genius of Wellington had arrayed to meet them. . . . Napoleon gazed with intense anxiety upon the progress of this heroic band, till, enveloped in clouds of smoke, it was lost to sight.

"At the same moment the Prussians came rushing upon the field, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, entirely overpowering the feeble and exhausted squadrons left to oppose them. A gust of wind swept away the smoke, and as the anxious eye of Napoleon pierced the tumult of the battle to find his Guard, it had disappeared. Almost to a man they were weltering in blood. A mortal paleness overspread the cheek of the Emperor. The French army also saw that the Guard was annihilated. An instantaneous panic struck every heart. With exultant shouts the army of Blücher and of Wellington rushed upon the plain, and a scene of horror ensued at which humanity shudders."

With a cry of "Save yourselves," the French troops broke and fled in confusion. Napoleon, protected by a few of the Guard, was swept along with the rout. At Genappe a last desperate effort was made to check the fugitives, and a handful of men rallied for a moment to hold back the Prussian cavalry that were thundering at their heels. Taking advantage of their heroic stand, Napoleon hastily left his coach, and, mounting a horse, set out at full gallop for Paris.

feeling a terrible presence in the darkness. *Hoc erat in fatis.*[1] That day the perspective of the human race changed. Waterloo is the hinge of the nineteenth century. The disappearance of the great man was necessary for the advent of the great century. One, to whom there is no reply, took it in charge. The panic of heroes is explained. In the battle of Waterloo there is more than a cloud, there is a meteor. God passed over it.

In the gathering night, on a field near Genappe, Bernard and Bertrand seized by a flap of his coat and stopped a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, dragged thus far by the current of the rout, had dismounted, passed the bridle of his horse under his arm, and, with bewildering eye, was returning alone toward Waterloo. It was Napoleon endeavoring to advance again, mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream.

[1] So fate decreed.

## THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON

[1821]

BY ISAAC McLELLAN

[On the night of Napoleon's death, St. Helena was swept by a terrible storm. All night the dying Emperor fought over his battles in delirium, but as the storm ceased he grew calmer, and just at sunrise he died.

*The Editor.*]

Wild was the night, yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
The few that his stern heart cherished;
They knew by his glazed and unearthly eye
That life had nearly perished.

They knew by his awful and kingly look,
By the order hastily spoken,
That he dreamed of days when the nations shook,
And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
And triumphed the Frenchman's "Eagle";
And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
Like the hare before the beagle.

## THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON

The bearded Russian he scourged again,
  The Prussian's camp was routed,
And again on the hills of haughty Spain
  His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
  At the Pyramids, at the mountain,
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
  And by the Italian fountain;

On the snowy cliffs, where mountain streams
  Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
He led again, in his dying dreams,
  His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won,
  And Jena's bloody battle;
Again the world was overrun,
  Made pale at his cannon's rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day,
  A day that shall live in story;
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
  "And left him alone with his glory."

# VIII

# THE FRANCO–PRUSSIAN WAR

## HISTORICAL NOTE

After the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon was forced to abdicate, and was banished to the island of St. Helena, where he died in 1821. Louis XVIII was again set upon the throne. His brother, Charles X, who succeeded him, manifested all the Bourbon stubbornness, and in 1830 he was driven into exile. Louis Philippe, a descendant of Louis XIII, was made sovereign.

There was still a party determined upon a republican form of government. Its strength increased, and in 1848, Louis Philippe was obliged to flee. The republic was established, and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon I, was chosen president. In 1852, he succeeded in making himself emperor. This Napoleon III was eager to emulate the military glory of the great Napoleon, less from motives of personal ambition than to win popularity for his Government. A pretext was found for declaring war with Prussia. France was beaten and had to accept severe terms of peace. The emperor with his wife, the Empress Eugénie, and son fled to England. For the third time, the government of France became a republic, and such it remains.

# THE WHITE FLAG OF SEDAN

[1870]

BY ÉMILE ZOLA

[THIERS and the Liberals opposed the war with Prussia, but the Bonapartists were wildly enthusiastic about it and the glory it would surely bring to their country. They made small preparation for war, but declared themselves "ready to the last gaiter-button." As a matter of fact, France was as unprepared for war as a country could be. The emperor was no commander, and was only in the way. The French invaded Germany, but were driven back by the Germans and pursued into France. After the disastrous battle of Gravelotte, the French were forced to retreat to Metz. While the siege of this place was going on, the other French forces were brought together at Sedan. Here the French fought brilliantly, but the army was surrounded, and Napoleon III was obliged to deliver up his sword to William I.

The news of this catastrophe made its way to Paris, and a republic was instantly proclaimed. Half of the French army was destroyed, and the other half was shut up in Metz. The war resolved itself into a struggle for Paris, and after a brave defense an armistice was announced. Four months later, terms of peace were agreed to.

"Delaherche" was a prosperous manufacturer of Sedan.

*The Editor.*]

DELAHERCHE then went off, explaining that he should speedily return with positive information. As soon as he was in the Rue Maqua he was surprised at the number of soldiers who were already returning from the field without their weapons, and with their uniforms in shreds, soiled with dust. He could not, however, obtain

any precise details from those whom he endeavored to question. Some, who were quite stupefied, replied that they did n't know; whilst others had such a deal to relate, and gesticulated so furiously, and talked so extravagantly, that they resembled madmen. He therefore directed his steps once more towards the Sub-Prefecture, thinking to himself that all the news must flow thither. As he was crossing the Place du Collège, a couple of guns, doubtless the only remaining pieces of some battery, came up at a gallop, and stranded beside the footway. On reaching the High Street he had to acknowledge that the town was becoming quite crowded with fugitives. Three dismounted hussars were sitting in a doorway, dividing a loaf of bread; two others were slowly leading their horses by the bridle, at a loss for a stable where they might tether them; officers, too, were running wildly hither and thither, looking as if they did not know where they were going. On the Place Turenne a sub-lieutenant advised Delaherche not to linger there, for the shells were falling very frequently, a splinter of one of them having just broken the railing around the statue of the great captain, the victor of the Palatinate. And, as Delaherche was swiftly gliding along the Rue de la Sous-Prefecture, he saw a couple of projectiles explode, with a frightful crash, on the bridge spanning the Meuse.

Reaching the Sub-Prefecture, he was standing in front of the porter's lodge, seeking a pretext to ask for one of the aides-de-camp and question him, when a youthful voice called him by name: "Monsieur Delaherche! come in quick; it's anything but pleasant outside."

The speaker was Rose, his work-girl, whom he had

not thought of. Thanks to her, however, every door would be opened to him. He entered the lodge and accepted a seat.

"Just fancy," began Rose, "all this business has made mother quite ill; she's in bed, and can't get up. So there's only me, you see, for father is at the citadel, being a National Guard. A little while ago the emperor again wanted to show his bravery, for he went out again and was able to get to the end of the street, as far as the bridge. But then a shell fell in front of him, and the horse of one of his equerries was killed. And so he came back again — not surprising, is it? What would you have him do?"

"Then you know how we are situated — what do the officers say?"

She gave him a little look of astonishment. Amid all these abominations, but little of which she understood, she bustled about assiduously, retaining her gay freshness, with her fine hair and her clear eyes, the eyes of the child she was. "No, I know nothing," she said; "at twelve o'clock I took up a letter for Marshal MacMahon. The emperor was with him. They remained shut up together for nearly an hour, the marshal in bed, and the emperor on a chair close to the mattress. I know that, because I saw them when the door was opened."

"What were they saying?"

She again looked at him, and could not help laughing.

"Why, I don't know," she answered. "How could I know? Nobody in the world knows what they said to one another."

That was true, and Delaherche made a gesture as though to apologize for his foolish question. Still the

idea of that supreme conversation worried him; how interesting it must have been! What decision could they have come to?

"And now," added Rose, "the emperor has gone back into his private room, where he's conferring with two generals who arrived just now from the battle-field." She paused and glanced towards the house-steps: "Look! here comes one of the generals — and look! here's the other."

Delaherche hastily stepped out of the lodge and recognized Generals Douay and Ducrot, whose horses were waiting. He watched them get into the saddle again and gallop off. After the abandonment of the plateau of Illy, each, on his own side, had hastened into the town to warn the emperor that the battle was lost. They furnished him with precise details of the situation; the army and Sedan were now completely enveloped, and the disaster would prove frightful.

For a few minutes the emperor walked up and down his room in silence, with the wavering step of a sick man. The only person there besides himself was an aide-de-camp, standing erect and silent near a door. And, with a disfigured face which was now twitching with a nervous tic, Napoleon kept pacing to and fro between the chimney-piece and the window. His back appeared to have become more bent, as though a world had fallen upon it; and his dim eyes, veiled by their heavy lids, bespoke the resignation of the fatalist who has played and lost his final game with Destiny. Each time, however, that he reached the window, set ajar, he gave a start which, for a second, made him pause; and during one of those brief halts, he raised a trembling hand and muttered:

"Oh! those guns, those guns! one has heard them ever since the morning."

From that spot, indeed, the roaring of the batteries of the Marfée and Frénois hills reached the ear with extraordinary violence—it was a rolling thunder, which not merely rattled the window panes, but shook the very walls, a stubborn, incessant, exasperating uproar. And the emperor must have reflected that the struggle was henceforth a hopeless one, that all resistance was becoming a crime. What could it avail, why should more blood be spilt, more limbs be shattered, more heads be carried off, more and more dead be ever and ever added to those already scattered across the country-side? Since they, the French, were vanquished, since it was all over, why continue the massacre any longer? Sufficient abomination and suffering already cried out aloud under the sun.

Once more did the emperor reach the window, and again he began to tremble, with his hands raised. "Oh! those guns, those guns! Will they never stop?"

Perhaps the terrible thought of his responsibility was arising within him, with a vision of the thousands of bleeding corpses stretched upon the ground over yonder, through his fault. Perhaps, though, it was but the melting of his heart — the pitiful heart of a dreamer, of a man in reality good-natured and haunted by humanitarian notions. And albeit Fate had dealt him this frightful blow — which was crushing and sweeping away his fortune as though it were but a bit of straw — he yet found tears for others, was distracted that this useless butchery should still continue, and lacked the strength to endure it any longer. That villainous can-

nonade was now rending his breast, at each moment increasing his agony.

"Oh! those guns, those guns! Make them stop firing at once — at once."

And then this emperor, who, having confided his powers to the empress-regent, no longer had any throne; this generalissimo, who, since he had surrendered the supreme command to Marshal Bazaine, no longer commanded, awoke once more to the exercise of his power — to the irresistible needment of being the master for the last time. Since his stay at Châlons he had kept in the background, had not given an order; content, in his resignation, to become nothing more than a nameless and cumbersome inutility, a troublesome parcel carried along among the baggage-train of the troops. And it was only in the hour of defeat that the emperor again awoke within him; the first, the only order that he was yet to give, in the scared compassion of his heart, was to hoist the white flag upon the citadel to beg a truce.

"Oh! those guns, those guns! Take a sheet, a tablecloth, no matter what! Run quickly, tell them to stop those guns!"

The aide-de-camp hastily left the room, and the emperor continued his wavering march from the chimney-piece to the window, whilst the batteries kept on thundering, shaking the house from top to bottom.

Delaherche was still talking with Rose when a sergeant, on duty at the Sub-Prefecture, ran into the lodge: "Mademoiselle," said he, "we can't find anything. I can't see a servant anywhere. Do you happen to have any linen — a piece of white linen?' '

"Will a napkin do?"

"No, no; that would n't be large enough. Half a sheet would do."

Rose, ever obliging, had already darted to the wardrobe. "I have n't any half-sheets," said she. "A large piece of white linen — no, I don't see anything that would suit you — Oh! would you like a tablecloth?"

"A tablecloth? Nothing could be better; that's exactly what we want." And as he turned to go he added: "We are going to make a white flag of it, and hoist it on the citadel, to ask for peace. Much obliged, mademoiselle."

Delaherche gave a start of involuntary delight. At last, then, they were going to have quietness. It occurred to him, however, that his joy was unpatriotic, and he restrained it. Nevertheless his lightened heart beat quickly, and he eagerly watched a colonel and a captain, who, followed by the sergeant, were now coming out of the Sub-Prefecture with hasty steps. The colonel was carrying the tablecloth, rolled up, under his arm. It occurred to Delaherche to follow them, and he took leave of Rose, who was quite proud of having provided that cloth. Just then it struck two o'clock.

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The cannonade seemed to have become still more violent whilst the captain was dying; a second shell had fallen in the garden, cutting down one of the centenarian trees. Moreover, a conflagration of considerable magnitude had broken out in the Faubourg of La Cassine, and some terror-stricken people cried out that all Sedan was burning. It would be the end of everything if this bombardment were to continue for any length of time with such fearful violence.

"It's incomprehensible. I'm going back!" exclaimed Delaherche, at last, quite beside himself.

"Where to?" asked Bouroche.

"Why, to the Sub-Prefecture, to ascertain whether the emperor's playing the fool with us when he talks of hoisting the white flag."

For a few seconds the major remained dumbfounded by this idea of the white flag, defeat, and capitulation, which broke upon him amid his powerlessness to save the poor mangled fellows who were being brought to him in such numbers. He made a gesture of furious despair. "Well, go to the devil!" he shouted; "we are none the less done for."

Once outside, Delaherche experienced far greater difficulty than before in making his way through the groups of people, which were now much larger. The streets were every minute filling with the stream of disbanded soldiers. He questioned several of the officers he met, but none of them had seen the white flag upon the citadel. At last, however, a colonel declared that he had espied it there for an instant; it had been taken down almost as soon as hoisted. That seemed to explain everything; either the Germans had not perceived it, or else, seeing it appear and disappear, they had realized that the last agony was at hand, and had thereupon redoubled their fire. Indeed, a story was already circulating of a general who, at sight of the flag, had flown into a mad rage, had rushed upon it, and torn it down with his own hands, breaking the staff, and trampling the linen under foot. And thus the Prussian batteries were still firing; the projectiles rained upon the roofs and the streets, houses were burning, and a woman had just

had her head smashed, at the corner of the Place Turenne.

On reaching the Sub-Prefecture, Delaherche did not find Rose in the lodge. Every door of the house was now open; the rout was beginning. He entered and went upstairs, meeting only a few scared people, none of whom inquired his business. Whilst he was hesitating on the first-floor landing, he came upon the young girl.

"Oh, Monsieur Delaherche, matters are getting much worse," said she. "There, make haste and look if you want to see the emperor."

A door at the left hand stood ajar, and, through the opening, one could perceive Napoleon III, who had resumed his wavering march from the chimney-piece to the window. He tramped up and down without a pause, despite his intolerable sufferings.

An aide-de-camp had just entered the room — it was he who had carelessly left the door ajar — and the emperor was heard asking in a voice enervated by wretchedness: "But why are they still firing, monsieur, when I have had the white flag hoisted?"

Still did he experience the same unbearable torment at sound of that cannonade which never ceased, but on the contrary increased in violence every minute. It struck him in the heart each time that he drew near to the window. Still more blood, still more human lives destroyed through his fault! Each minute added more corpses to the pile, to no purpose whatever. And, commiserative dreamer that he was, his whole being revolted at the thought of this slaughter; and a dozen times already he had put the same despairing question

to those who entered the room: "But why are they still firing when I have had the white flag hoisted?"

Delaherche did not manage to catch the muttered answer of the aide-de-camp. Besides, the emperor had not paused in his walk. Faint though he felt each time that he reached the window, he yielded to the needment of returning thither. His pallor had increased, his long-drawn mournful face, but imperfectly cleansed of the paint with which it had been brightened that morning, plainly told his agony.

At that moment a vivacious little man, in a dusty uniform, whom Delaherche recognized as General Lebrun, crossed the landing and pushed the door open, without waiting to be announced. And the emperor's anxious voice could immediately be distinguished, once more asking: "But why, General, why are they still firing when I have had the white flag hoisted?"

The aide-de-camp came out of the room and shut the door behind him, so that Delaherche could not even hear the general's reply. All was blank again.

"Ah!" repeated Rose, "things are getting bad, I can tell it by the gentlemen's faces. It's like my tablecloth, which I shall never see again; some say it has been torn up. After all, it's the emperor whom I pity the most, for he's in a worse state even than the marshal. He would be far better in his bed than in that room, where he's wearing himself out with walking."

She was quite affected, and her pretty, fair face expressed sincere compassion; for which reason Delaherche, whose Bonapartist fervor had been sensibly cooling the last two days, considered her rather foolish. He lingered with her downstairs, however, whilst watching

for General Lebrun's departure. And when the general came down he followed him.

General Lebrun had explained to the emperor that if he desired to ask for an armistice, a letter signed by the commander-in-chief of the French forces must be transmitted to the commander-in-chief of the German armies. He had then offered to write the letter in question and to start in search of General de Wimpffen, by whom it should be signed. And now he was carrying this letter away, and his only fear was that he might be unable to find Wimpffen, for he did not know on what part of the field he was. The crush by this time had become so great that he was compelled to walk his horse through Sedan, thus enabling Delaherche to follow him as far as the Ménil gate.

Once on the highway, however, General Lebrun put his horse at a gallop, and as he was approaching Balan, he was lucky enough to perceive General Wimpffen. A few minutes previously the latter had written to the emperor: "Sire, come and place yourself at the head of your troops; they will esteem it an honor to open you a passage through the enemy's lines." Accordingly, at the first word of a truce he flew into a furious passion. No, no! he would sign nothing; he meant to fight. It was then half-past three o'clock, and shortly afterwards came the last onslaught, that heroic, despairing attempt to pierce through the Bavarians by marching yet once more upon Bazeilles. To restore the spirits of the soldiers, lies were circulated along the streets of Sedan and across the surrounding fields. "Bazaine is coming up! Bazaine is coming up!" was the cry. It was a dream that many had indulged in since the morning, thinking,

each time that the Germans unmasked a fresh battery, that the guns they heard were those of the army of Metz.

Some twelve hundred men were got together, disbanded soldiers of all arms, from every corps; and along the road, swept by the enemy's projectiles, the little column dashed with glorious gallantry, at the double-quick. It was superb at first; the men who fell did not arrest the dash of the others, and some five hundred yards were covered with a perfect fury of courage. But the ranks were speedily thinned, and the bravest at last fell back. What could be done, indeed, against such overwhelming numbers? This effort was but the mad temerity of a commander who refused to be beaten. And at last General de Wimpffen found himself alone with General Lebrun, on that road to Balan and Bazeilles, which they finally had to abandon. No course now remained but to retreat under the walls of Sedan.

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And now the formidable drama was drawing to a close. From that wooded height of La Marfée, King William had just beheld the junction of his troops. It was accomplished; the Third Army, under the orders of the Crown Prince, his son, which had proceeded by way of St. Menges and Fleigneux, was taking possession of the plateau of Illy, whilst the Fourth Army, commanded by the Crown Prince of Saxony, reached the meeting place by way of Daigny and Givonne, after turning the wood of La Garenne. Thus the Eleventh and Fifth German Corps joined hands with the Twelfth Corps and the Prussian Guard. And the supreme effort made to break the circle at the very moment when it was closing up, that useless but glorious charge of Gen-

eral Margueritte's division, had wrung an admiring exclamation from the king: "Ah! the brave fellows!" Now the mathematical, inexorable encompassment was completed, the vise-chops had met; and at a glance the king could survey the immense wall of men and guns enveloping the vanquished army. On the north the grasp pressed closer and closer home, throwing the fugitives back into Sedan under the redoubling fire of the batteries which fringed the horizon all around in an unbroken line. On the south Bazeilles, conquered, empty, and mournful, was burning away, throwing up whirling clouds of spark-laden smoke; whilst the Bavarians, now masters of Balan, were leveling their guns at three hundred yards from the gates of Sedan itself. And the other batteries, those on the left bank at Pont-Maugis, Noyers, Frénois, and Wadelincourt, which for nearly twelve hours had been firing without a pause, were now thundering even yet more loudly, completing the impassable belt of flames, even under the king's feet.

Somewhat tired, however, King William laid his field-glass aside for a moment, and continued examining the scene without its help. The sun was descending obliquely towards the woods, sinking to rest in a sky of unspotted purity; it gilded the whole vast stretch of country, bathed it in so limpid a light that the smallest objects acquired remarkable distinctness. The king could distinguish the houses of Sedan, with their little black window bars, the ramparts and the fortress, all the complicated defensive works, clearly and sharply outlined. Then all around, scattered amid the fields, were the villages, fresh-colored and shiny as with varnish, like the farmhouses one finds in boxes of toys. On

the left was Donchéry, at the edge of the level plain; on the right were Douzy and Carignan in the meadows. It seemed as though one could count the trees of the Forest of the Ardennes, whose sea of verdure stretched away to the frontier. In the crisp light, the lazily winding Meuse looked like a river of pure gold, and the fearful blood-smeared battle, seen from this height, under the sun's farewell rays, became as it were a delicate piece of painting. Some corpses of cavalry soldiers, and dead horses with their bellies ripped open, scattered bright touches over the plateau of Floing. Towards the right, in the direction of Givonne, the eye was amused by the scrambles of the retreat, the vortex of running, falling black specks; whilst on the peninsula of Iges, on the left, a Bavarian battery, whose guns looked no bigger than lucifer matches, was served with such clock-work regularity, that it seemed like some piece of mechanism, carefully put together. And all this was victory — victory surpassing hope, overwhelming; and the king felt no remorse whatever as he looked down upon all those tiny corpses, those thousands of men occupying less space than the dust of the roads, that immense valley where neither the conflagrations of Bazeilles, the massacres of Illy nor the anguish of Sedan could prevent impassive nature from remaining beauteous in this the serene close of a lovely day.

All at once, however, Delaherche perceived a French general, clad in a blue tunic and mounted on a black horse, who was ascending the slopes of La Marfée, preceded by a hussar carrying a flag of truce. It was General Reille, charged by the emperor to deliver this letter to the King of Prussia: —

## THE WHITE FLAG OF SEDAN

SIR, MY BROTHER, — Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in Your Majesty's hands. — I am Your Majesty's good Brother,

NAPOLEON.

In his eagerness to stop the slaughter, since he was no longer the master, the emperor delivered himself up, hoping that he might thereby soften the victor. And Delaherche saw General Reille, who was unarmed and carried merely a riding-whip, rein in his horse at ten paces from the king, alight, and then step forward and deliver the letter. The sun was sinking in a far-spreading, roseate glow; the king seated himself on a chair, rested his arm on the back of another one held by a secretary, and replied that he accepted the sword, pending the dispatch of an officer empowered to treat for the capitulation.

# ONE DAY UNDER THE COMMUNE

[1871]

BY JOHN LEIGHTON

[According to the terms of the treaty of Versailles, which ended the Franco-Prussian War, France ceded to Germany some 4700 square miles of territory, and agreed to pay within three years five billion francs for indemnification. The Red Republicans, or Communists, rebelled against these humiliating terms, and the capital now fell into the hands of the "Commune of Paris." By order of the National Government the regular army was brought up, and a second siege of Paris took place, infinitely more full of horrors than the previous one by the Germans. The Government at length got control, and the Third Republic was fully organized, under the presidency of Thiers.

The author of the following extract was in Paris at the time of the Commune.

*The Editor.*]

The roaring of cannon close at hand, the whizzing of shells, volleys of musketry. I hear this in my sleep, and awake with a start. I dress and go out. I am told the troops have come in. "How? Where? When?" I ask of the National Guards who come rushing down the street, crying out, "We are betrayed!" They, however, know but very little. They have come from the Trocadéro, and have seen the red trousers of the soldiers in the distance. Fighting is going on near the viaduct of Auteuil, at the Champ de Mars. Did the assault take place last night or this morning? It is quite impossible

# THE DEFENSE OF CHAMPIGNY

# THE DEFENSE OF CHAMPIGNY

BY JEAN BAPTISTE ÉDOUARD DETAILLE

(*Born in Paris*, 1848)

THIS picture shows an incident in the siege of Paris by the German Army during the Franco-Prussian War. The French, having taken Champigny, fortified themselves in the village, and defended, foot by foot, the house and inclosures against the attack of the Germans.

In the center of the picture is General Faron, commander of this division. The sappers are making embrasures in the wall to allow the sharpshooters to fire under protection, and are barricading the openings with all kinds of material. In the background by the wall may be seen the artillerists placing the battery guns in position.

Special interest attaches to this painting from the fact that Detaille was soldier as well as artist, having himself been a member of the "Garde Mobile," during the siege of Paris.

to obtain any reliable information. Some talk of a civil engineer having made signals to the Versaillais; others say a captain in the navy was the first to enter Paris. Suddenly about thirty men rush into the streets, crying, "We must make a barricade." I turn back, fearing to be pressed into the service. The cannonading appears dreadfully near. A shell whistles over my head. I hear some one say, "The batteries of Montmartre are bombarding the Arc de Triomphe"; and strangely enough, in this moment of horror and uncertainty, the thought crosses my mind that now the side of the arch on which is the bas-relief of Rude will be exposed to the shells. On the Boulevard there is only here and there a passenger hurrying along. The shops are closed; even the cafés are shut up; the harsh screech of the mitrailleuse grows louder and nearer. The battle seems to be close at hand, all round me. A thousand contradictory suppositions rush through my brain and hurry me along, and here on the Boulevard there is no one that can tell me anything. I walk in the direction of the Madeleine, drawn there by a violent desire to know what is going on, which silences the voice of prudence. As I approach the Chaussée d'Antin, I perceive a multitude of men, women. and children running backwards and forwards, carrying paving-stones. A barricade is being thrown up; it is already more than three feet high. Suddenly I hear the rolling of heavy wheels; I turn, and a strange sight is before me — a mass of women in rags, livid, horrible, and yet grand, with the Phrygian cap on their heads, and the skirts of their robes tied around their waists, were harnessed to a mitrailleuse, which they dragged along at full speed; other women pushing vigorously

behind. The whole procession, in its somber colors, with dashes of red here and there, thunders past me; I follow it as fast as I can. The mitrailleuse draws up a little in front of the barricade, and is hailed with wild clamors by the insurgents. The Amazons are being unharnessed as I come up. "Now," said a young gamin, such as one used to see in the gallery of the Théâtre Porte St.-Martin, "don't you be acting the spy here, or I will break your head open as if you were a Versaillais." — "Don't waste ammunition," cried an old man with a long white beard — a patriarch of civil war — "don't waste ammunition; and as for the spy, let him help to carry paving-stones. Monsieur," said he, turning to me with much politeness, "will you be so kind as to go and fetch those stones from the corner there?"

I did as I was bid, although I thought, with anything but pleasure, that if at that moment the barricade were attacked and taken, I might be shot before I had the time to say, "Allow me to explain." But the scene which surrounds me interests me in spite of myself. Those grim hags, with their red head-dresses, passing the stones I give them rapidly from hand to hand, the men who are building them up only leaving off for a moment now and then to swallow a cup of coffee, which a young girl prepares over a small tin stove; the rifles symmetrically piled; the barricade, which rises higher and higher; the solitude in which we are working — only here and there a head appears at a window, and is quickly withdrawn; the ever-increasing noise of the battle; and, over all, the brightness of a dazzling morning sun — all this has something sinister, and yet horribly fascinating about it. While we are at work they talk; I listen. The Ver-

saillais have been coming in all night. The Porte de la Muette and the Porte Dauphine have been surrendered by the 13th and the 113th battalions of the first arrondissement. "Those two numbers 13 will bring them ill luck," says a woman. Vinoy is established at the Trocadéro, and Douai at the Point du Jour: they continue to advance. The Champ de Mars has been taken from the Federals after two hours' fighting. A battery is erected at the Arc de Triomphe, which sweeps the Champs Élysées and bombards the Tuileries. A shell has fallen in the Rue du Marché Saint-Honoré. In the Cours-la-Reine the 138th battalion stood bravely. The Tuileries is armed with guns, and shells the Arc de Triomphe. In the Avenue de Marigny the gendarmes have shot twelve Federals who had surrendered; their bodies are still lying on the pavement in front of the tobacconist's. Rue de Sèvres, the *Vengeurs de Flourens* have put to flight a whole regiment of the line: the *Vengeurs* have sworn to resist to a man. They are fighting in the Champs Élysées, around the Ministère de la Guerre, and on the Boulevard Haussmann. Dombrowski has been killed at the Château de la Muette. The Versaillais have attacked the Western Saint-Lazare Station, and are marching towards the Pépinière barracks. "We have been sold, betrayed, and surprised; but what does it matter, we will triumph. We want no more chiefs or generals; behind the barricades every man is a marshal!"

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Close to Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois women are busy pulling down the wooden seats; children are rolling empty wine-barrels and carrying sacks of earth. As one nears the Hôtel de Ville the barricades are higher,

better armed, and better manned. All the Nationals here look ardent, resolved, and fierce. They say little, and do not shout at all. Two guards, seated on the pavement, are playing at picquet. I push on, and am allowed to pass. The barricades are terminated here, and I have nothing to fear from paving-stones. Looking up, I see that all the windows are closed, with the exception of one, where two old women are busy putting a mattress between the window and the shutter. A sentinel, mounting guard in front of the Café de la Compagnie du Gaz, cries out to me, "You can't pass here!" I therefore seat myself at a table in front of the café, which has doubtless been left open by order, and where several officers are talking in a most animated manner. One of them rises and advances towards me. He asks me rudely what I am doing there. I will not allow myself to be abashed by his tone, but draw out my pass from my pocket and show it to him, without saying a word. "All right," says he; and then seats himself by my side, and tells me, "I know it already, that a part of the left bank of the river is occupied by the troops of the Assembly, that fighting is going on everywhere, and that the army on this side is gradually retreating.—Street fighting is our affair, you see," he continues. "In such battles as that, the merest gamin from Belleville knows more about it than MacMahon. . . . It will be terrible. The enemy shoots the prisoners." (For the last two months the Commune had been saying the same thing.) "We shall give no quarter."—I ask him, "Is it Delescluze who is determined to resist?"—"Yes," he answers. "Lean forward a little. Look at those three windows to the left of the trophy. That is

the Salle de l'État-Major. Delescluze is there giving orders, signing commissions. He has not slept for three days. Just now I scarcely knew him, he was so worn out with fatigue. The Committee of Public Safety sits permanently in a room adjoining, making out proclamations and decrees." — "Ha, ha!" said I, "decrees!" — "Yes, citizen, he has just decreed heroism!" The officer gives me several other bits of information: tells me that "Lullier this very morning has had thirty *réfractaires* shot, and that Rigault has gone to Mazas to look after the hostages." While he is talking, I try to see what is going on in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. Two or three thousand Federals are there, some seated, some lying on the ground. A lively discussion is going on. Several little barrels are standing about on chairs; the men are continually getting up and crowding round the barrels, some have no glasses, but drink in the palms of their hands. Women walk up and down in bands, gesticulating wildly. The men shout, the women shriek. Mounted expresses gallop out of the Hôtel, some in the direction of the Bastille, some towards the Place de la Concorde. The latter fly past us crying out, "All's well!" A man comes out on the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville and addresses the crowd. All the Federals start to their feet enthusiastically. — "That's Valles," says my neighbor to me. I had already recognized him. I frequently saw him in the students' quarter in a little *crêmerie* in the Rue Serpente. He was given to making verses, rather bad ones by the bye; I remember one in particular, a panegyric on a green coat. They used to say he had a situation as a professional mourner. His face even then wore a bitter and violent expression. He left poetry for journalism,

and then journalism for politics. To-day he is spouting forth at a window of the Hôtel de Ville. I cannot catch a word of what he says; but as he retires he is wildly applauded. Such applause pains me sadly. I feel that these men and these women are mad for blood, and will know how to die. Alas! how many dead and dying already! Neither the cannonading nor the musketry has ceased an instant.

I now see a number of women walk out of the Hôtel, the crowd makes room for them to pass. They come our way. They are dressed in black, and have black crape tied round their arms and a red cockade in their bonnets. My friend the officer tells me that they are the governesses who have taken the places of the nuns. Then he walks up to them and says, "Have you succeeded?" — "Yes," answers one of them, "here is our commission. The school-children are to be employed in making sacks and filling them with earth, the eldest ones are to load the rifles behind the barricades. They will receive rations like National Guards, and a pension will be given to the mothers of those who die for the republic. They are mad to fight, I assure you. We have made them work hard during the last month; this will be their holiday!" The woman who says this is young and pretty, and speaks with a sweet smile on her lips. I shudder. Suddenly two staff officers appear and ride furiously up to the Hôtel de Ville; they have come from the Place Vendôme. An instant later and the trumpets sound. The companies form in the Place, and great agitation reigns in the Hôtel. Men rush in and out. The officers who are in the café where I am get up instantly, and go to take their places at the head of their men. A rumor

spreads that the Versaillais have taken the barricades on the Place de la Concorde. — "By Jove! I think you had better go home," says my neighbor to me, as he clasps his sword-belt; "we shall have hot work here, and that shortly." I think it prudent to follow this advice. One glance at the Place before I go. The companies of Federals have just started off by the Rue de Rivoli and the quays at a quick march, crying, "*Vive la Commune!*" a ferocious joy beaming in their faces. A young man, almost a lad, lags a little behind; a woman rushes up to him, and lays hold of his collar, screaming, "Well, and you! are you not going to get yourself killed with the others?"

I reach the Rue Vieille-du-Temple, where another barricade is being built up. I place a paving-stone upon it and pass on. Soon I see open shops and passengers in the streets. This tradesmen's quarter seems to have outlived the riot of Paris. Here one might almost forget the frightful civil war which wages so near, if the conversation of those around did not betray the anguish of the speakers, and if you did not hear the cannon roaring out unceasingly, "People of Paris, listen to me! I am ruining your houses. Listen to me! I am killing your children."

On the Boulevards more barricades; some nearly finished, others scarcely commenced. One constructed near the Porte Saint-Martin looks formidable. That spot seems destined to be the theater of bloody scenes, of riot and revolution. In 1852, corpses lay piled up behind the railing, and all the pavement was tinged with blood. I return home profoundly sad; I can scarcely think — I feel in a dream, and am tired to death; my

eyelids droop of themselves; I am like one of those houses there with closed shutters.

Near the Gymnase I meet a friend who I thought was at Versailles. We shake hands sadly. "When did you come back?" I ask. — "To-day; I followed the troops." — Then turning back with me he tells me what he has seen. He had a pass, and walked into Paris behind the artillery and the line, as far as the Trocadéro, where the soldiers halted to take up their line of battle. Not a single man was visible along the whole length of the quays. At the Champ de Mars he did not see any insurgents. The musketry seemed very violent near Vaugirard on the Pont Royal and around the Palais de l'Industrie. Shells from Montmartre repeatedly fell on the quays. He could not see much, however, only the smoke in the distance. Not a soul did he meet. Such frightful noise in such solitude was fearful. He continued his way under the shelter of the parapet. On one place he saw some gamins cutting huge pieces of flesh off the dead body of a horse that was lying in the path. There must have been fighting there. Down by the water a man fishing while two shells fell in the river, a little higher up, a yard or two from the shore. Then he thought it prudent to get nearer to the Palais de l'Industrie. The fighting was nearly over then, but not quite. The Champs Élysées was melancholy in the extreme; not a soul was there. This was only too literally true, for several corpses lay on the ground. He saw a soldier of the line lying beneath a tree, his forehead covered with blood. The man opened his mouth as if to speak as he heard the sound of footsteps, the eyelids quivered and then there was a shiver, and all was over.

My friend walked slowly away. He saw trees thrown down and bronze lamp-posts broken; glass crackled under his feet as he passed near the ruined kiosques. Every now and then turning his head he saw shells from Montmartre fall on the Arc de Triomphe and break off large fragments of stone. Near the Tuileries was a confused mass of soldiery against a background of smoke. Suddenly he heard the whizzing of a ball and saw the branch of a tree fall. From one end of the avenue to the other, no one; the road glistened white in the sun. Many dead were to be seen lying about as he crossed the Champs Élysées. All the streets to the left were full of soldiery; there had been fighting there, but it was over now. The insurgents had retreated in the direction of the Madeleine. In many places tricolor flags were hanging from the windows, and women were smiling and waving their handkerchiefs to the troops. The presence of the soldiery seemed to reassure everybody. The concierges were seated before their doors with pipes in their mouths, recounting to attentive listeners the perils from which they had escaped; how balls pierced the mattresses put up at the windows, and how the Federals had got into the houses to hide. One said, "I found three of them in my court; I told a lieutenant they were there, and he had them shot. But I wish they would take them away; I cannot keep dead bodies in my house." Another was talking with some soldiers, and pointing out a house to them. Four men and a corporal went into the place indicated, and an instant afterwards my friend heard the cracking of rifles. The concierge rubbed his hands and winked at the bystanders, while another was saying, "They respect nothing, those Fed-

erals; during the battle they came in to steal. They wanted to take away my clothes, my linen, everything I have; but I told them to leave that, that it was not good enough for them, that they ought to go up to the first floor, where they would find clocks and plate, and I gave them the key. Well, messieurs, you would never believe what they have done, the rascals! They took the key and went and pillaged everything on the first floor!" My friend had heard enough, and passed on. The agitation everywhere was very great. The soldiers went hither and thither, rang the bells, went into the houses and brought out with them pale-faced prisoners. The inhabitants continued to smile politely but grimly. Here and there dead bodies were lying in the road. A man who was pushing a truck allowed one of the wheels to pass over a corpse that was lying with its head on the curbstone. "Bah!" said he, "it won't do him any harm." The dead and wounded were, however, being carried away as quickly as possible.

The cannon had now ceased roaring, and the fight was still going on close at hand — at the Tuileries doubtless. The townspeople were tranquil and the soldiery disdainful. A strange contrast; all these good citizens smiling and chatting, and the soldiers, who had come to save them at the peril of their lives, looking down upon them with the most careless indifference. My friend reached the Boulevard Haussmann; there the corpses were in large numbers. He counted thirty in less than a hundred yards. Some were lying under the doorways; a dead woman was seated on the bottom stair of one of the houses. Near the church of "La Trinité" were two guns, the reports from which were

deafening; several of the shells fell in a bathing establishment in the Rue Taitbout opposite the Boulevard. On the Boulevard itself, not a person was to be seen. Here and there dark masses, corpses doubtless. However, the moment the noise of the report of a gun had died away, and while the gunners were reloading, heads were thrust out from doors to see what damage had been done — to count the number of trees broken, benches torn up, and kiosques overturned. From some of the windows rifles were fired. My friend then reached the street he lived in and went home. He was told during the morning they had violently bombarded the Collège Chaptal, where the Zouaves of the Commune had fortified themselves; but the engagement was not a long one, they made several prisoners and shot the rest.

My friend shut himself up at home, determined not to go out. But his impatience to see and hear what was going on forced him into the streets again. The Pépinière barracks were occupied by troops of the line; he was able to get to the New Opera without trouble, leaving the Madeleine, where dreadful fighting was going on, to the right. On the way were to be seen piled muskets, soldiers sitting and lying about, and corpses everywhere. He then managed, without incurring too much danger, to reach the Boulevards, where the insurgents, who were then very numerous, had not yet been attacked. He worked for some little time at the barricade, and then was allowed to pass on. It was thus that we had met. Just as we were about to turn up the Faubourg Montmartre a man rushed up saying that three hundred Federals had taken refuge in the church of the Madeleine, followed by gensdarmes, and had gone on fighting

for more than an hour. "Now," he finished up by saying, "if the curé were to return, he would find plenty of people to bury!"

I am now at home. Evening has come at last; I am jotting down these notes just as they come into my head. I am too much fatigued both in mind and body to attempt to put my thoughts into order. The cannonading is incessant, and the fusillade also. I pity those that died, and those that kill! Oh! poor Paris, when will experience make you wiser?

# THE SOLDIERS' DREAM

## THE SOLDIERS' DREAM

BY JEAN BAPTISTE ÉDOUARD DETAILLE

(*French artist*, 1848)

In the "Soldiers' Dream," a bivouac of weary troops is pictured. They have made a long day's march with knapsacks on their backs. Their caps have not shielded them from the sun, nor have their cloaks from the rain. At the place of bivouac they have dried themselves as best they were able at the smoky fires of green wood, and now, half dead with sleep, they have flung themselves down upon the ground. They are wrapped in their cloaks, their heads rest upon their knapsacks, their feet are toward the fire. Stacks of arms stretch far away toward the horizon; and on two of these in the foreground lies the flag of the division, new and fresh, not yet torn by ball and shell, the flag of victories to come.

The chill night of September is drawing to a close, and far in the east the first rays of the dawn may be seen. The young soldiers are dreaming of battle and victory. High up on the clouds above them are pictured the battles of the past. Here are the flags of Lodi, Arcole, Marengo, Hohenlinden, Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Wagram, and Borodino, together with those of Trocadero and of Algiers, of Isly, and of Inkerman, Solferino, and Puebla. Here are the cuirassiers and the charging squadrons; here are the white, the tricolor, pikes, eagles, and victorious banners, torn by grapeshot and ball. On the ground below these lie the men. To-morrow they may awake to wounds and death, but to-night they dream of glory.

# SPAIN

## I

## UNDER THE ROMANS AND THE MOORS

## HISTORICAL NOTE

Except that both Greeks and Phœnicians had founded settlements in Spain, little is known of the history of the peninsula until the third century before Christ. The Carthaginians had then made their way into the country, and in order to drive them out the Romans formed an alliance with the Spaniards, and before long the country had become a province of Rome. As Rome grew too weak to protect her province, one barbaric tribe after another invaded the land, the Goths last of all. Early in the eighth century, it was invaded by the Moors from northern Africa. Between them and the Christians there was constant warfare, and it was on an expedition to aid the Christians of northern Spain that Charlemagne lost Roland at Roncesvalles.

When the Moors were in their glory, it was glory, indeed. They built magnificent palaces, among them the Alhambra, which is unrivaled even in its ruins. Poetry flourished; romances were composed in vast numbers; history, rhetoric, astronomy, and chemistry or alchemy were cultivated; agriculture was highly esteemed, and many new plants were introduced. Interesting discussions were often held, and travelers with their tales of discovery and adventure were warmly welcomed at the superb palaces. The caliph had an extensive library, whose use was freely given to learned men. There was only enmity, however, between them and the Christians, and by the middle of the fifteenth century the Moors had been driven to the southward. There they had established a strong state called Granada.

# THE SACRIFICE OF THE PEOPLE OF SAGUNTUM

[219 B.C.]

BY MRS. M. G. QUINCY SLEEPER

No one knows what people first lived in Spain. History begins with the Iberians, of whom it tells us little. The Iberians were followed by the Celts. After much fighting the two nations concluded to dwell peacefully together, and were called the Celtiberians.

The men wore a garment of linen, or chamois leather, bound round the waist, and a cap on the head. In war the footmen carried two lances about a yard in length, a short sword, a pole with a hook in the end to seize the reins of the enemy's horses, a sling, and a buckler. The horsemen had, in addition to the buckler, a casing for the thighs, lances two yards long, sometimes sabers, and sometimes heavy mallets or sharp hatchets. They were very skillful. They could manage two horses at once, and could leap from one to the other when at full speed. When advancing to battle, each one carried a footman, who sprang to the ground and engaged the enemy.

The women wore a black woolen robe reaching to the feet. Sometimes they fastened a hood to it in the manner of our cloak hoods. They were little better than slaves, not only doing the work of the house, but toiling in the fields as well.

Sweet acorns and chestnuts, with cider or mead (a drink made of honey and water), supplied the table of a

portion of the people, but the wealthy used meat and wine. They were more temperate than their northern neighbors. They had feasts occasionally, but to these their wives and daughters were not admitted. The warriors danced in armor, and beat time to the music with their swords upon their shields. They expressed contempt as well as pleasure in this way. When they desired to show that they despised the Romans, they retired before them with a peculiar cry.

The funerals of their heroes were splendid. The corpse was dressed in fine garments. It lay in state for several days. It was then burned upon a pile made for the purpose; and, instead of a sermon, some friend told the descent and deeds of the deceased. Military exercises were performed over his tomb, and, in some instances, one or more of his dearest companions swallowed poison, thinking life worthless without him.

They knew little of medicine, and their sick were placed by the roadside, that passers-by might tell them of treatment which had been found useful in similar cases.

There is a tradition that some knowledge of the true God existed among the Iberians; but of this there is no certainty. The Celts are thought to have introduced the superstitions of the Druids, and certain stones, supposed to be Druidical remains, are pointed out as proof.

The first civilized people known to have visited Spain were the Phœnicians. They were Syrian in blood, and dwelt on a long, narrow strip of coast upon the east of the Mediterranean. Each of their cities governed itself, its district, and villages; but they were joined together

by national feeling and interest. At the head of these cities, and exercising a certain influence upon them all, was Sidon. Afterwards Tyre took her place. We learn somewhat about these cities from the Old Testament writers, and what is told of them by the Greeks agrees perfectly with the information contained in the sacred volume. Not having much land, they bethought themselves of making ships and crossing the sea. Short voyages were followed by long ones, and more than a thousand years before Christ they went to Spain.

They had many things to sell. All the glass in the ancient world was made by them. They wore fine cloths which they colored purple, and scarlet, and deep red, and they wrought elegant ornaments. They traded with the East also. They had pearls from Cape Comorin, cinnamon from Ceylon, and ivory, ebony, and jewels from Arabia. These they gave for the wool, fruits, gold, silver, and iron of the Celtiberians. They founded Cadiz, Malaga, and some other towns on the coast of Spain; but they were too busy in making good bargains to write much about their life there.

The most powerful colony of Phœnicia was Carthage, on the northern shore of Africa. Like the parent city of Tyre, she coveted the wealth of Spain, and began to trade with the seaports as early as the seventh century before Christ. Upon the breaking out of a quarrel between the Phœnicians and Spaniards, she conquered both parties, and took the settlements for herself.

The Carthaginians treated the native tribes with great cruelty, and these, in their sorrow, asked aid from the Romans. This the latter readily promised. They meant to drive out the Carthaginians, and seize upon

Spain, as the Carthaginians had done. They sent no soldiers, however, and Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, laid siege to Saguntum.

This city was founded 1384 B.C., by the Greeks of Zante. It was built upon a high hill, about a mile from the sea. It was immensely rich, and was the stronghold of Valencia. Hannibal laid waste the surrounding country. Then he shut off all communication with the sea, and attacked it upon three sides at once.

Upon his approach some of the citizens took a ship which was in the harbor, and sailed to Italy. When they reached Rome, they were led to the Senate Chamber. The fathers being assembled, they exclaimed, "O Romans, allies, friends, help! help! Even now Hannibal is thundering at the gates of Saguntum! — Hannibal, your enemy as well as ours; Hannibal, who, while yet a child, swore hatred to you; Hannibal, who, having taken Saguntum, will rush on Rome; Hannibal, the terrible; Hannibal, who fears not the gods, neither keeps faith with men. O Romans, fathers, friends, help while there is yet time."

These entreaties moved some of the more generous Senators. But the greater number selfishly regarded their own advantage only, and left the unfortunate city to stand or fall, as it might.

Hannibal lost not a moment. He said, "By and by is always too late." One angle of the city wall stretched quite into the valley. Against this he brought a battering-ram, thinking to beat it down without difficulty. He was mistaken. The bravest of the young men had stationed themselves there. Not content with driving him from his works, they often rushed out, determined

at least to sell their lives dearly. Hurling their javelins, thrusting with their lances, beating down with their heavy mallets, darting forward, wheeling, turning again, pursuing, retreating, they killed many of the besiegers, and wounded Hannibal himself. For a few days after this the fighting was discontinued. The Saguntines — men, women, and children — repaired the walls, and raised new defenses where there seemed to be need of them. As soon as Hannibal could appear abroad, the attacks were renewed with even greater fury than before. The soldiers were mounted on movable towers, which were wheeled to the walls, so that they were on a level with the besieged. So numerous were these towers and the battering-rams, that there was hardly room enough for them. At length a large breach was made in the wall, and the Africans rushed to the charge, secure of victory. But they were met by solid lines of men drawn up as on an open plain, line within line, and many of them armed with the terrible *falaric*. This was a shaft of fir tipped with an iron head a yard long, and bound, at the point where the head was fastened, with tow dipped in pitch. The two being set on fire, the weapon was hurled with amazing force and skill into the advancing ranks of the enemy. After a fierce struggle the Africans were driven back.

Hannibal then caused it to be proclaimed that the city would be given up to the soldiers to plunder and burn at their will; and they were eager for another assault. The besieged, worn out with labor and watching, could not defend the city equally well on all sides at once; and while the men in the different stories of the movable towers engaged the Saguntines in a hand-to-hand com-

bat, five hundred Carthaginians with pickaxes undermined the wall at the bottom — an easy task, since the cement was only clay. A portion of the wall fell down, and the troops, rushing in, seized a hillock, and fortified themselves within the town itself.

Still undiscouraged, the Saguntines raised other walls in the very face of the enemy, despising danger and death, and anxious only to preserve their freedom to the last moment. Finding that there was no longer hope, many of the principal men gathered the gold and silver from the public treasury, and their own stores, with rich garments, furniture, and whatever they most valued, and piling them upon a great fire which had been kindled in the market-place, cast themselves also headlong into it. Many burned themselves with their families in their own houses. At this moment of confusion a tower fell with a tremendous roar, and Hannibal, forcing his way through the opening, ordered every grown-up person to be slaughtered. The soldiers put out the fires that were raging in every direction, and enriched themselves with the spoil, although vast quantities had been before destroyed.

# THE WHITE HIND OF SERTORIUS

[About 80 B.C.]

BY PLUTARCH

[ABOUT 81 B.C., Sulla was putting to death every one in Rome who might possibly oppose his bloody rule. On the list of the proscribed was a skillful general named Sertorius, who saved his life by fleeing to Spain. He raised an army, consisting of both Spaniards and the Romans who had accompanied him, and he united the Celtiberians of the east and the Lusitanians of the west into a republic. He established schools for the boys, dressed them well in gowns edged with purple, and examined them often, giving generous rewards to those who had done well. Spain would perhaps have become entirely free from Rome, had it not been for the assassination of Sertorius.

*The Editor.*]

MOST of the tribes voluntarily submitted themselves, won by the fame of his clemency and of his courage, and, to some extent, also, he availed himself of cunning artifices of his own devising to impose upon them and gain influence over them. Amongst which, certainly, that of the hind was not the least. Spanus, a countryman who lived in those parts, meeting by chance a hind that had recently calved, flying from the hunters, let the dam go, and pursuing the fawn, took it, being wonderfully pleased with the rarity of the color, which was all milk white. And as at that time Sertorius was living in the neighborhood, and accepted gladly any presents of fruit, fowl, or venison, that the country afforded, and re-

warded liberally those who presented them, the countryman brought him his young hind, which he took and was well pleased with at the first sight, but when in time he had made it so tame and gentle that it would come when he called, and follow him wheresoever he went, and could endure the noise and tumult of the camp, knowing well that uncivilized people are naturally prone to superstition, by little and little he raised it into something preternatural, saying that it was given him by the goddess Diana, and that it revealed to him many secrets. He added, also, further contrivances. If he had received at any time private intelligence that the enemies had made an incursion into any part of the districts under his command, or had solicited any city to revolt, he pretended that the hind had informed him of it in his sleep, and charged him to keep his forces in readiness. Or if again he had notice that any of the commanders under him had got a victory, he would hide the messengers and bring forth the hind crowned with flowers, for joy of the good news that was to come, and would encourage them to rejoice and sacrifice to the gods for the good account they should soon receive of their prosperous success.

By such practices, he brought them to be more tractable and obedient in all things; for now they thought themselves no longer to be led by a stranger, but rather conducted by a god.

After one of his victories, he was much concerned that his white hind could nowhere be found; as he was thus destitute of an admirable contrivance to encourage the barbarous people at a time when he most stood in need of it. Some men, however, wandering in the night,

chanced to meet her, and knowing her by her color took her; to whom Sertorius promised a good reward if they would tell no one of it and immediately shut her up. A few days after, he appeared in public with a very cheerful look, and declared to the chief men of the country that the gods had foretold him in a dream that some great good fortune should shortly attend him; and, taking his seat, proceeded to answer the petitions of those who applied themselves to him. The keepers of the hind, who were not far off, now let her loose, and she no sooner espied Sertorius but she came leaping with great joy to his feet, laid her head upon his knees, and licked his hands, as she formerly used to do. And Sertorius stroking her and making much of her again, with that tenderness that the tears stood in his eyes, all that were present were immediately filled with wonder and astonishment, and accompanying him to his house with loud shouts for joy, looked upon him as a person above the rank of mortal men, and highly beloved by the gods, and were in great courage and hope for the future.

# THE CHALLENGE OF PAULUS

[About 672 A.D.]

BY PAULUS

[ONE race of barbarians after another invaded Spain, but gradually the Goths gained ground, and in 476 A.D., the year of the fall of Rome, Spain had become a Gothic empire. One of the greatest of the Gothic kings was Wamba. Before he was fairly seated upon the throne, some of his subjects across the Pyrenees rebelled. Wamba sent Paulus with an army to subdue them; but Paulus proved false to his king, and instead of suppressing them, he induced them to take him for their ruler. Then he sent the following challenge to Wamba.

*The Editor.*]

IN the name of the Lord, Flavius Paulus, King of the East, to Wamba, King of the South. Tell me, warrior, lord of woods and friend of rocks, hast thou ever run through the sharp rocks of uninhabitable mountains? Hast thou ever, like the strongest lion, broken down with thy breast the thickets and trees of the forest? Hast thou ever outstripped the deer in speed, or outleaped the stag, or subdued the devouring bears? Hast thou ever triumphed over the venom of vipers and serpents? If thou hast done all this, hasten unto us, that we may be abundantly regaled with the notes of the nightingale. Wherefore, thou wonderful man, whose courage rises with the occasion, come down to the defiles of the Pyrenees. There thou wilt find the great redresser of wrongs, whom thou canst engage without dishonor.

THE CHALLENGE OF PAULUS

[Paulus was overcome. With bare feet, the coarsest of garments, and a leather crown on his head, he walked in the triumphal procession of the king. Then he was sent to a monastery for the rest of his life.

*The Editor.*]

# KING RODERICK AND THE MAGIC TOWER

[709 A.D.]

AN ANCIENT LEGEND RELATED BY WASHINGTON IRVING

[RODERICK the Goth was the last of the Gothic kings. He was overcome in the eighth century by the hordes of Mohammedans who came from northern Africa and also from Arabia and Syria and now crowded the peninsula.

*The Editor.*]

NOW, so it happened, according to the legend, that about this time, as King Roderick was seated one day on his throne, surrounded by his nobles, in the ancient city of Toledo, two men of venerable appearance entered the hall of audience. Their snowy beards descended to their breasts, and their gray hairs were bound with ivy. They were arrayed in white garments of foreign or antiquated fashion, which swept the ground, and were cinctured with girdles, wrought with the signs of the zodiac, from which were suspended enormous bunches of keys of every variety of form. Having approached the throne and made obeisance, — "Know, O King," said one of the old men, "that in days of yore, when Hercules of Libya, surnamed the Strong, had set up his pillars at the ocean strait, he erected a tower near to this ancient city of Toledo. He built it of prodigious strength, and finished it with magic art, shutting up within it a fearful secret, never to be penetrated without peril and disaster. To protect this terrible mystery he closed the entrance to the edifice by a great lock of steel, and he left a com-

mand that every king who should succeed him should add another lock to the portal; denouncing woe and destruction on him who should eventually unfold the secret of the tower.

"The guardianship of the portal was given to our ancestors, and has continued in our family, from generation to generation, since the days of Hercules. Several kings, from time to time, have caused the gate to be thrown open and have attempted to enter, but have paid dearly for their temerity. Some have perished within the threshold; others have been overwhelmed with horror at tremendous sounds, which shook the foundations of the earth, and have hastened to reclose the door and secure it with its thousand locks. Thus, since the days of Hercules, the inmost recesses of the pile have never been penetrated by mortal man, and a profound mystery continues to prevail over this great enchantment. This, O king, is all we have to relate; and our errand is to entreat thee to repair to the tower and affix thy lock to the portal, as has been done by all thy predecessors."

Having thus said, the ancient men made a profound reverence and departed from the presence-chamber.

Don Roderick remained for some time lost in thought after the departure of the men; he then dismissed all his court excepting the venerable Urbino, at that time Archbishop of Toledo. The long white beard of this prelate bespoke his advanced age, and his overhanging eyebrows showed him a man full of wary counsel.

"Father," said the king, "I have an earnest desire to penetrate the mystery of this tower."

The worthy prelate shook his hoary head. "Beware,

my son," said he; "there are secrets hidden from man for his good. Your predecessors for many generations have respected this mystery, and have increased in might and empire. A knowledge of it, therefore, is not material to the welfare of your kingdom. Seek not then to indulge a rash and unprofitable curiosity, which is interdicted under such awful menaces."

"Of what importance," cried the king, "are the menaces of Hercules the Libyan? Was he not a pagan? and can his enchantments have aught avail against a believer in our holy faith? Doubtless in this tower are locked up treasures of gold and jewels, amassed in days of old, the spoils of mighty kings, the riches of the pagan world. My coffers are exhausted; I have need of supply; and surely it would be an acceptable act in the eyes of Heaven to draw forth this wealth which lies buried under profane and necromantic spells, and consecrate it to religious purposes."

The venerable archbishop still continued to remonstrate, but Don Roderick heeded not his counsel, for he was led on by his malignant star. "Father," said he, "it is in vain you attempt to dissuade me. My resolution is fixed. To-morrow I will explore the hidden mystery, or rather the hidden treasures, of this tower."

The morning sun shone brightly upon the cliff-built towers of Toledo, when King Roderick issued out of the gate at the head of a numerous train of courtiers and cavaliers, and crossed the bridge that bestrides the deep rocky bed of the Tagus. The shining cavalcade wound up the road that leads among the mountains, and soon came in sight of the necromantic tower.

Of this renowned edifice marvels are related by the ancient Arabian and Spanish chroniclers. "And I doubt much," adds the venerable Agapida, "whether many readers will not consider the whole as a cunningly devised fable, sprung from an Oriental imagination; but it is not for me to reject a fact which is recorded by all those writers who are the fathers of our national history; a fact, too, which is as well attested as most of the remarkable events in the story of Don Roderick. None but light and inconsiderate minds," continues the good friar, "do hastily reject the marvelous. To the thinking mind the whole world is enveloped in mystery, and everything is full of type and portent. To such a mind the necromantic tower of Toledo will appear as one of those wondrous monuments of the olden time; one of those Egyptian and Chaldaic piles, storied with hidden wisdom and mystic prophecy, which have been devised in past ages, when man yet enjoyed an intercourse with high and spiritual natures, and when human foresight partook of divination."

This singular tower was round and of great height and grandeur, erected upon a lofty rock and surrounded by crags and precipices. The foundation was supported by four brazen lions, each taller than a cavalier on horseback. The walls were built of small pieces of jasper and various colored marbles, not larger than a man's hand; so subtilely joined, however, that, but for their different hues, they might be taken for one entire stone. They were arranged with marvelous cunning, so as to represent battles and warlike deeds of times and heroes long since passed away, and the whole surface was so admirably polished that the stones were as lustrous as glass,

and reflected the rays of the sun with such resplendent brightness as to dazzle all beholders.

King Roderick and his courtiers arrived, wondering and amazed, at the foot of the rock. Here there was a narrow arched way cut through the living stone, the only entrance to the tower. It was closed by a massive iron gate, covered with rusty locks of divers workmanship, and in the fashion of different centuries, which had been affixed by the predecessors of Don Roderick. On either side of the portal stood the two ancient guardians of the tower, laden with the keys appertaining to the locks.

The king alighted, and approaching the portals, ordered the guardians to unlock the gate. The hoary-headed men drew back with terror. "Alas!" cried they, "what is it Your Majesty requires of us? Would you have the mischiefs of this tower unbound, and let loose to shake the earth to its foundations?"

The venerable Archbishop Urbino likewise implored him not to disturb a mystery which had been held sacred from generation to generation within the memory of man, and which even Cæsar himself, when sovereign of Spain, had not ventured to invade. The youthful cavaliers, however, were eager to pursue the adventure, and encouraged him in his rash curiosity.

"Come what come may," exclaimed Roderick, "I am resolved to penetrate the mystery of this tower." So saying, he again commanded the guardians to unlock the portal. The ancient men obeyed with fear and trembling, but their hands shook with age, and when they applied the keys the locks were so rusted by time, or of such strange workmanship, that they resisted their

feeble efforts, whereupon the young cavaliers pressed forward and lent their aid. Still the locks were so numerous and difficult that with all their eagerness and strength a great part of the day was exhausted before the whole of them could be mastered.

When the last bolt had yielded to the key, the guardians and the reverend archbishop again entreated the king to pause and reflect. "Whatever is within this tower," said they, "is as yet harmless and lies bound under a mighty spell; venture not then to open a door which may let forth a flood of evil upon the land." But the anger of the king was roused, and he ordered that the portal should instantly be thrown open. In vain, however, did one after another exert his strength, and equally in vain did the cavaliers unite their forces, and apply their shoulders to the gate; though there was neither bar nor bolt remaining, it was perfectly immovable.

The patience of the king was now exhausted, and he advanced to apply his hand; scarcely, however, did he touch the iron gate, when it swung slowly open, uttering, as it were, a dismal groan, as it turned reluctantly upon its hinges. A cold, damp wind issued forth, accompanied by a tempestuous sound. The hearts of the ancient guardians quaked within them, and their knees smote together; but several of the youthful cavaliers rushed in, eager to gratify their curiosity, or to signalize themselves in this redoubtable enterprise. They had scarcely advanced a few paces, however, when they recoiled, overcome by the baleful air, or by some fearful vision. Upon this, the king ordered that fires should be kindled to dispel the darkness, and to correct the nox-

ious and long-imprisoned air; he then led the way into the interior; but, though stout of heart, he advanced with awe and hesitation.

After proceeding a short distance, he entered a hall or antechamber, on the opposite side of which was a door, and before it, on a pedestal, stood a gigantic figure, of the color of bronze and of a terrible aspect. It held a huge mace, which it whirled incessantly, giving such cruel and resounding blows upon the earth as to prevent all further entrance.

The king paused at sight of this appalling figure, for whether it were a living being, or a statue of magic artifice, he could not tell. On its breast was a scroll, whereon was inscribed, in large letters, "I do my duty." After a little while Roderick plucked up heart, and addressed it with great solemnity. "Whatever thou be," said he, "know that I come not to violate this sanctuary, but to inquire into the mystery it contains; I conjure thee, therefore, to let me pass in safety."

Upon this, the figure paused with uplifted mace, and the king and his train passed unmolested through the door.

They now entered a vast chamber, of a rare and sumptuous architecture difficult to be described. The walls were incrusted with the most precious gems, so joined together as to form one smooth and perfect surface. The lofty dome appeared to be self-supported, and was studded with gems, lustrous as the stars of the firmament. There was neither wood, nor any other common or base material to be seen throughout the edifice. There were no windows or other openings to admit the day, yet a radiant light was spread throughout the

place which seemed to shine upon the walls and to render every object distinctly visible.

In the center of this hall stood a table of alabaster, of the rarest workmanship, on which was inscribed, in Greek characters, that Hercules Alcides, the Theban Greek, had founded this tower in the year of the world three thousand and six. Upon the table stood a golden casket, richly set round with precious stones, and closed with a lock of mother-of-pearl, and on the lid were inscribed the following words: —

"In this coffer is contained the mystery of the tower. The hand of none but a king can open it; but let him beware! for marvelous events will be revealed to him, which are to take place before his death."

King Roderick boldly seized upon the casket. The venerable archbishop laid his hand upon his arm, and made a last remonstrance. "Forbear, my son," said he; "desist while there is yet time. Look not into the mysterious decrees of Providence. God has hidden them in mercy from our sight, and it is impious to rend the veil by which they are concealed."

"What have I to dread from a knowledge of the future?" replied Roderick, with an air of haughty presumption. "If good be destined me, I shall enjoy it by anticipation; if evil, I shall arm myself to meet it." So saying, he rashly broke the lock.

Within the coffer he found nothing but a linen cloth, folded between two tablets of copper. On unfolding it, he beheld painted on it figures of men on horseback, of fierce demeanor, clad in turbans and robes of various colors, after the fashion of the Arabs, with scimitars hanging from their necks, and crossbows at their saddle-

backs, and they carried banners and pennons with divers devices. Above them was inscribed, in Greek characters, "Rash monarch! behold the men who are to hurl thee from thy throne, and subdue thy kingdom!"

At sight of these things the king was troubled in spirit, and dismay fell upon his attendants. While they were yet regarding the paintings, it seemed as if the figures began to move, and a faint sound of warlike tumult arose from the cloth, with the clash of cymbal and bray of trumpet, the neigh of steed and shout of army; but all was heard indistinctly, as if afar off, or in a reverie or dream. The more they gazed, the plainer became the motion, and the louder the noise; and the linen cloth rolled forth, and amplified, and spread out, as it were, a mighty banner, and filled the hall, and mingled with the air, until its texture was no longer visible, or appeared as a transparent cloud. And the shadowy figures became all in motion, and the din and uproar became fiercer and fiercer; and whether the whole were an animated picture, or a vision, or an array of embodied spirits, conjured up by supernatural power, no one present could tell. They beheld before them a great field of battle, where Christians and Moslems were engaged in deadly conflict. They heard the rush and tramp of steeds, the blast of trumpet and clarion, the clash of cymbal, and the stormy din of a thousand drums. There was the clash of swords and maces and battle-axes, with the whistling of arrows and the hurtling of darts and lances. The Christians quailed before the foe; the infidels pressed upon them and put them to utter rout; the standard of the cross was cast down, the banner of Spain

was trodden under foot, the air resounded with shouts of triumph, with yells of fury, and with the groans of dying men. Amidst the flying squadrons King Roderick beheld a crowned warrior, whose back was towards him, but whose armor and device were his own, and who was mounted on a white steed that resembled his own war-horse Orelia. In the confusion of the flight, the warrior was dismounted, and was no longer to be seen, and Orelia galloped wildly through the field of battle without a rider.

Roderick stayed to see no more, but rushed from the fatal hall, followed by his terrified attendants. They fled through the outer chamber, where the gigantic figure with the whirling mace had disappeared from his pedestal, and on issuing into the open air, they found the two ancient guardians of the tower lying dead at the portal, as though they had been crushed by some mighty blow. All nature, which had been clear and serene, was now in wild uproar. The heavens were darkened by heavy clouds; loud bursts of thunder rent the air, and the earth was deluged with rain and rattling hail.

The king ordered that the iron portal should be closed, but the door was immovable, and the cavaliers were dismayed by the tremendous turmoil, and the mingled shouts and groans that continued to prevail within. The king and his train hastened back to Toledo, pursued and pelted by the tempest. The mountains shook and echoed with the thunder, trees were uprooted and blown down, and the Tagus raged and roared and flowed above its banks. It seemed to the affrighted courtiers as if the phantom legions of the tower had

issued forth and mingled with the storm; for amidst the claps of thunder and the howling of the wind, they fancied they heard the sound of the drums and trumpets, the shouts of armies, and the rush of steeds. Thus beaten by tempest and overwhelmed with horror, the king and his courtiers arrived at Toledo, clattering across the bridge of the Tagus and entering the gate in headlong confusion, as though they had been pursued by an enemy.

In the morning the heavens were again serene, and all nature was restored to tranquillity. The king, therefore, issued forth with his cavaliers, and took the road to the tower, followed by a great multitude, for he was anxious once more to close the iron door, and shut up those evils that threatened to overwhelm the land. But lo! on coming in sight of the tower, a new wonder met their eyes. An eagle appeared high in the air, seeming to descend from heaven. He bore in his beak a burning brand, and, lighting on the summit of the tower, fanned the fire with his wings. In a little while the whole edifice burst forth into a blaze, as though it had been built of rosin, and the flames mounted into the air with a brilliancy more dazzling than the sun; nor did they cease until every stone was consumed, and the whole was reduced to a heap of ashes. Then there came a vast flight of birds, small of size and sable of hue, darkening the sky like a cloud; and they descended, and wheeled in circles round the ashes, causing so great a wind with their wings that the whole was borne up into the air, and scattered throughout all Spain, and wherever a particle of that ashes fell it was as a stain of blood. It is furthermore recorded by ancient men and writers of former days,

that all those on whom this dust fell were afterwards slain in battle, when the country was conquered by the Arabs, and that the destruction of this necromantic tower was a sign and token of the approaching perdition of Spain.

## DIEGO PEREZ, "THE POUNDER"

FROM AN OLD SPANISH BALLAD, TRANSLATED BY J. G. LOCKHART

[The Mohammedans pushed on across the Pyrenees into France, and if it had not been for the victory of Charles Martel at Tours in 732, all western Europe would probably have fallen into their power.

Spain was in the hands of the Moors; but for twenty years after their coming, there were continual contests among the Moors themselves and between Christians and Moors. A few of the Christians had fled to the northern part of Spain, to the mountains of Asturias. Their numbers increased, and their territories gradually became larger. They asked Charlemagne to help them drive out the Moors. He sent a great army and subdued the country between the Ebro River and the Pyrenees, but some of Charlemagne's subjects revolted, and he had to leave Spain.

*The Editor.*]

The Christians have beleaguered the famous walls of Xeres,
Among them are Don Alvar and Don Diego Perez,
And many other gentlemen, who, day succeeding day,
Give challenge to the Saracen and all his chivalry.

When rages the hot battle before the gates of Xeres,
By trace of gore ye may explore the dauntless path of Perez.
No knight like Don Diego, — no sword like his is found
In all the host, to hew the boast of Paynims to the ground.

## DIEGO PEREZ, "THE POUNDER"

It fell one day when furiously they battled on the plain.
Diego shivered both his lance and trusty blade in twain;
The Moors that saw it shouted, for esquire none was near,
To serve Diego at his need with falchion, mace, or spear.

Loud, loud he blew his bugle, sore troubled was his eye,
But by God's grace before his face there stood a tree full nigh, —
An olive tree with branches strong, close by the wall of Xeres, —
"Yon goodly bough will serve, I trow," quoth Don Diego Perez.

A gnarled branch he soon did wrench now from that olive strong,
Which o'er his headpiece brandishing, he spurs among the throng.
God wot! full many a Pagan must in his saddle reel! —
What leech may cure, what beadsman shrive, if once that weight ye feel?

But when Don Alvar saw him thus bruising down the foe,
Quoth he, "I've seen some flail-armed man belabor barley so:
Sure mortal mould did ne'er enfold such mastery of power;
Let 's call Diego Perez 'The Pounder' from this hour."

# THE CID AND THE LEPER

[Eleventh century]

AN OLD SPANISH BALLAD, TRANSLATED BY
J. G. LOCKHART

[The most famous champion of the Christians against the Moors was Rodrigo or Ruy Diaz de Bivar, oftenest called the Cid, that is, the Chief. He was the favorite hero of the Spanish people, and scores of ballads were written about his exploits. These are not satisfied with painting him the fierce warrior that he was, but also depict him as the perfect Christian hero, that he was not.

*The Editor.*]

He has ta'en some twenty gentlemen along with him
to go,
For he will pay that ancient vow he to St. James doth
owe;
To Compostella, where the shrine doth by the altar stand,
The Good Rodrigo de Bivar is riding through the land.

Where'er he goes, much alms he throws, to feeble folk
and poor;
Beside the way for him they pray, him blessings to pro-
cure.
For God and Mary Mother, their heavenly grace to win,
His hand was ever bountiful: great was his joy therein.

And there, in the middle of the path, a leper did appear;
In a deep slough the leper lay; to help would none come
near,

Though earnestly he thrice did cry: "For God our Saviour's sake,
From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take."

When Roderick heard that piteous word, he from his horse came down;
For all they said no stay he made, that noble champion;
He reached his hand to pluck him forth, of fear was no account,
Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the leper mount.

Behind him rode the leprous man; when to their hostelrie
They came, he made him eat with him at table cheerfully;
While all the rest from the poor guest with loathing shrank away,
To his own bed the wretch he led, beside him there he lay.

All at the mid-hour of the night, while good Rodrigo slept,
A breath came from the leprosite which through his shoulders crept;
Right through the body, by the heart, passed forth that breathing cold:
I wot he leaped up with a start, in terrors manifold.

He groped for him in the bed, but him he could not find,
Through the dark chamber groped he, with very anxious mind;

Loudly he lifted up his voice, with speed the lamp was brought,
Yet nowhere was the leper seen, though far and near they sought.

He turned him to his chamber, God wot! perplexed sore
With that which had befallen — when lo! his face before,
There stood a man all clothed in vesture shining white.
Thus said the vision: "Sleepest thou, or wakest thou, Sir Knight?"

"I sleep not," quoth Rodrigo; "but tell me who art thou,
For, in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy brow?"
"I am the holy Lazarus, I come to speak with thee;
I am the same poor leper thou savedst for charity.

"Not vain the trial, nor in vain thy victory hath been;
God favors thee, for that my pain thou didst relieve yestreen.
There shall be honor with thee, in battle and in peace,
Success in all thy doings, and plentiful increase.

"Strong enemies shall not prevail thy greatness to undo;
Thy name shall make men's cheeks full pale — Christians and Moslems too;
A death of honor shalt thou die, such grace to thee is given,
Thy soul shall part victoriously, and be received in heaven."

When he these gracious words had said, the spirit vanished quite.
Rodrigo rose and knelt him down, — he knelt till morning light;
Unto the heavenly Father, and Mary Mother dear,
He made his prayer right humbly, till dawned the morning clear.

# II

# THE REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

## HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1469, Prince Ferdinand of Aragon married Princess Isabella of Castile, and soon after they succeeded to the throne in 1479, they set about the conquest of the Moorish state of Granada. For ten years the struggle lasted; then Granada was forced to yield. This ended the rule of the Moors in Spain.

Granada fell in 1492, the year in which Columbus set sail from the Spanish port of Palos and discovered America. The two sovereigns were sincerely anxious for the conversion to Christianity of their subjects, and in order to bring this about, they permitted the establishment of the church court known as the Inquisition. Many thousands who were suspected of heresy were tortured or burned at the stake. The Jews and Moors who refused to be baptized were commanded to leave the country. The Moors who became Christians were called Moriscos.

# THE ELOPEMENT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

[1469]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

[THE nobles of Henry IV of Castile were determined to put his sister Isabella upon the throne. Finally a treaty was made at the Bulls of Giusanda by which Henry was to hold the throne for life, but Isabella was to be proclaimed his heir. She had already been harassed by undesirable suitors, and it was provided in the treaty that, although she must not marry without her brother's consent, she should not be forced into any marriage against her will. As the accepted heiress of the united thrones of Castile and Leon, Isabella was now looked upon as a great matrimonial prize. Among those who sought her hand, with its firm grasp upon the treasures of the two kingdoms, was Richard, Duke of Gloucester, brother of Edward IV of England, and later Richard III of England. The Duke of Guienne, heir to the French throne, was only too willing to join Castile and Leon to France. Isabella was only eighteen, but she was a young lady who knew her own mind, and she proposed to carry her double crown to Aragon and nowhere else.

*The Editor.*]

ISABELLA was quite disposed to consult her own inclinations, and her own sagacious judgment in the choice of a husband, and she turned her eyes to her kinsman, Ferdinand of Aragon. The union of these two contiguous realms would, indeed, constitute a magnificent kingdom, homogeneous in language, manners, and religion. Ferdinand was also young, very handsome, of noble

bearing, and decidedly chivalric in character — just the man to win an aspiring maiden's love.

. But nothing in this world ever goes smoothly. The most successful life is made up of but a series of stern conflicts. An influential portion of the nobles espoused the cause of the infant Joanna. They appealed to the Pope for aid, and in the night nailed up against the door of Isabella's palace a protest against her claims. At the same time another party appeared, demanding the hand of Isabella for Alfonso, the widowed King of Portugal. And it was proposed to secure the support of Henry for this alliance by marrying Joanna to the son and heir of the Portuguese monarch.

The King of Portugal was, of course, eager to annex Castile to his throne. He accordingly, encouraged by the nobles of Castile, dispatched a very imposing embassy, with the Archbishop of Lisbon at its head, to make another attempt to secure Isabella for his bride. But he was decidedly rejected. Henry, goaded by his partisans, was much annoyed, and threatened to imprison his unyielding sister in the royal fortress at Madrid. But the citizens at Ocana, where she then resided, rallied around her for her protection. The utmost enthusiasm was inspired in her behalf. Even the boys paraded the streets with banners emblazoned with the arms of Aragon, and singing songs contemptuously contrasting the old King of Portugal with the youth and chivalry of Ferdinand. The Archbishop of Toledo, who was almost the rival of the king in wealth and power, entered warmly into the interests of Isabella and Ferdinand. The king was a man naturally good-natured, and more interested in his own sensual enjoyments than

anything else. He would probably have left his sister to her inclinations, had he not been urged onward by the haughty Marquis of Villena, who had attained an entire ascendancy over his weak mind.

With these two factions it now became a struggle for power. Ferdinand would lavish the regal gifts of office upon the bishop and his friends. The King of Portugal, on the contrary, would rally around his throne the marquis and his followers. As Henry had now violated unscrupulously the treaty of the Bulls of Giusanda, Isabella considered herself released from its obligations, and immediately, without consulting her brother any further, accepted the proffered hand of Ferdinand.

The marriage articles were signed on the 7th of January, 1469. Isabella was aided in these movements by the absence of her brother and the Marquis of Villena, they both having been called to the south to suppress an insurrection. She removed her residence from Ocana to Madrigal, where, aided by a mother's sympathy, she was more favorably situated for the conduct of her important negotiations. The Marquis of Villena, however, kept a constant spy upon her, and, alarmed by the progress she was making in her plans, ordered, with the concurrence of the king, a troop of horse under the Archbishop of Seville, to proceed to Madrigal and arrest her.

Isabella, informed of her peril, succeeded in communicating with the Archbishop of Toledo, when he precipitately rallied a regiment of dragoons and advanced to Madrigal with such speed as to anticipate the marquis. The placid yet determined maiden was borne off, in military triumph, to Valladolid, where her

arrival was greeted with unbounded enthusiasm by the whole population. Ferdinand was then residing at Saragossa, in Aragon, about two hundred miles east of Valladolid.

It was now the great object of the king to prevent Ferdinand from entering Castile to marry Isabella. The King of Aragon was so sorely pressed by a war with some of his insurgent nobles, and his treasury was so exhausted, that he could not afford his son an armed escort sufficient to secure his safety. Ferdinand adopted the resolution to go in disguise as a merchant, diverting the attention of Henry by making very ostentatious preparations to accompany a public embassy from the Court of Aragon to that of Castile.

The small party of half a dozen merchants started on their adventurous expedition, Ferdinand assuming the dress and position of a servant, grooming the mules and serving at table. To avoid observation, they traveled mostly by night. With great vigilance, and amidst a thousand perils, they pressed on their way, greatly embarrassed by losing one night at an inn the purse which contained all their money. At length they were met by an escort sent by Isabella for their protection. On the 9th of October, Ferdinand reached Dueñas, in Leon, where a large party of Castilian nobles, the friends of Isabella, with their retainers, were assembled to welcome him. The young prince, surrounded by such defenders, was now safe.

Isabella, with her little court, was a few miles distant, at Valladolid. Communications immediately passed between them, and on the evening of the 15th of October, Ferdinand, accompanied by but four attendants,

rode privately from Dueñas to Valladolid, where he was received by the Archbishop of Toledo and conducted to the presence of Isabella. The young prince was exceedingly handsome, but seventeen years of age, tall, fair, and with an intellectual, expanded brow. He was well educated, temperate in all his habits, of courtly manners, and so devoted to useful activity that business seemed to be his pleasure. Isabella was eighteen years of age, a beautiful blonde, of queenly figure, exquisitely chiseled features, and with mild blue eyes. "She was," says a contemporary, "the handsomest lady whom I ever beheld, and the most gracious in her manners."

Isabella was a highly educated woman for that day, speaking the Castilian language with much grace and purity, and quite well versed in the current learning of those times. After a brief lover's interview of two hours, Ferdinand returned at midnight to Deuñas. Preparations were immediately made for the marriage, and their nuptials were solemnized at the palace of one of the nobles in Valladolid, on the morning of the 19th of October, 1469.

Ferdinand, having left home in disguise, and having lost his slender purse by the way, had not a copper. Isabella also, a fugitive from her brother's court, was equally unprepared for the expenses of the wedding. They, however, without difficulty, borrowed the sums which were necessary; and with splendor moderately conforming to their rank, in the presence of several of the highest of the nobility and about two thousand spectators, the life-long destinies of Ferdinand and Isabella were united. For a week Valladolid resounded with merry-making, and illuminations rendered the night as brilliant as the

day. An embassy was sent to Henry IV, soliciting his approbation of the match, and repeating their assurances of loyalty. The king received the embassage very coldly, and replied, "I must consult with my ministers."

# TORQUEMADA AND THE CATHOLIC KING

## TORQUEMADA AND THE CATHOLIC KING

BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS

(*French artist*, 1838)

There is a legend that long before Isabella came to the throne, her confessor Torquemada prevailed upon her to make a solemn vow that when she should become queen she would devote her life to searching out heresy and destroying it. Although both she and Ferdinand were devoted Catholics, they had no intense desire for the establishment of the Inquisition, and moreover, they were both inclined to be somewhat wary of encouraging papal encroachments upon their power. Nevertheless, the Inquisition was established.

It is said that Torquemada feared lest "the Catholic king" — which title included both Ferdinand and Isabella — should be tempted by the enormous bribes offered them to limit the power of the tribunal; and that he went boldly to the palace and demanded an interview. "I know your thoughts," he declared. Taking a crucifix from under his mantle, he held it before them and said sternly: "Behold the form of the crucified One, whom the godless Judas sold to his enemies for thirty pieces of silver. If you approve the act, yet sell Him dearer, I here lay down my office, and am free from all responsibility; but you shall give an account to God."

The Inquisition made no attempt to prove the heresy of an accused person. He was tortured into confession, and even if avowing his penitence, was punished by scourging, loss of property, and frequently by imprisonment for life. The person who did not recant was burned at the stake. It is estimated that some thirty-two thousand were put to death, and ten times that number severely punished. Men hardly dared to think about religion. The industry of the state was diminished. This and the loss of so many citizens produced a serious effect upon the progress of the country.

# THE SURRENDER OF GRANADA

[1492]

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

The night preceding the surrender was a night of doleful lamentings, within the walls of the Alhambra; for the household of Boabdil were preparing to take a last farewell of that delightful abode. All the royal treasures and most precious effects were hastily packed upon mules; the beautiful apartments were despoiled, with tears and wailings, by their own inhabitants. Before the dawn of day, a mournful cavalcade moved obscurely out of a postern gate of the Alhambra, and departed through one of the most retired quarters of the city. It was composed of the family of the unfortunate Boabdil, which he sent off thus privately, that they might not be exposed to the eyes of scoffers, or the exultation of the enemy. The mother of Boabdil, the Sultana Ayxa la Horra, rode on in silence, with dejected yet dignified demeanor; but his wife Morayma, and all the females of his household, gave way to loud lamentations, as they looked back upon their favorite abode, now a mass of gloomy towers behind them. They were attended by the ancient domestics of the household, and by a small guard of veteran Moors, loyally attached to the fallen monarch, and who would have sold their lives dearly in defense of his family. The city was yet buried in sleep, as they passed through its silent streets. The guards at the gate shed tears, as they opened it for their departure.

They paused not, but proceeded along the banks of the Xenil on the road that leads to the Alpuxarras, until they arrived at a hamlet at some distance from the city, where they halted, and waited until they should be joined by King Boabdil.

The night which had passed so gloomily in the sumptuous halls of the Alhambra, had been one of joyful anticipation in the Christian camp. In the evening proclamation had been made that Granada was to be surrendered on the following day, and the troops were all ordered to assemble at an early hour under their several banners. The cavaliers, pages, and esquires were all charged to array themselves in their richest and most splendid style, for the occasion; and even the royal family decided to lay by the mourning they had recently assumed for the sudden death of the Prince of Portugal, the husband of the Princess Isabella. In a clause of the capitulation it had been stipulated that the troops destined to take possession should not traverse the city, but should ascend to the Alhambra by a road opened for the purpose outside of the walls. This was to save the feelings of the afflicted inhabitants, and to prevent any angry collision between them and their conquerors. So rigorous was Ferdinand in enforcing this precaution, that the soldiers were prohibited under pain of death from leaving the ranks to enter into the city.

The rising sun had scarce shed his rosy beams upon the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada, when three signal guns boomed heavily from the lofty fortress of the Alhambra. It was the concerted sign that all was ready for the surrender. The Christian army forthwith poured out of the city, or rather camp of Santa Fé, and

advanced across the vega. The king and queen, with the prince and princess, the dignitaries and ladies of the court, took the lead, accompanied by the different orders of monks and friars, and surrounded by the royal guards splendidly arrayed. The procession moved slowly forward, and paused at the village of Armilla, at the distance of half a league from the city.

In the mean time, the grand cardinal of Spain, Don Pedro Gonzalez de Mondoza, escorted by three thousand foot and a troop of cavalry, and accompanied by the commander Don Gutierrez de Cardenas, and a number of prelates and hidalgos, crossed the Xenil and proceeded in the advance, to ascend to the Alhambra and take possession of that royal palace and fortress. The road which had been opened for the purpose, led by the Puerta de los Molinos, or Gate of Mills, up a defile to the esplanade on the summit of the Hill of Martyrs. At the approach of this detachment, the Moorish king sallied forth from a postern gate of the Alhambra, having left his vizier Yusef Aben Comixa to deliver up the palace. The gate by which he sallied passed through a lofty tower of the outer wall, called the Tower of the Seven Floors (*de los siete suelos*). He was accompanied by fifty cavaliers, and approached the grand cardinal on foot. The latter immediately alighted, and advanced to meet him with the utmost respect. They stepped aside a few paces, and held a brief conversation in an undertone, when Boabdil, raising his voice, exclaimed, "Go, señor, and take possession of those fortresses in the name of the powerful sovereigns to whom God has been pleased to deliver them in reward of their great merits, and in punishment of the sins of the Moors." The grand cardi-

nal sought to console him in his reverses, and offered him the use of his own tent during any time he might sojourn in the camp. Boabdil thanked him for the courteous offer, adding some words of melancholy import, and then taking leave of him gracefully, passed mournfully on to meet the Catholic sovereigns, descending to the vega by the same road by which the cardinal had come. The latter, with the prelates and cavaliers who attended him, entered the Alhambra, the gates of which were thrown wide open by the alcayde Aben Comixa. At the same time the Moorish guards yielded up their arms, and the towers and battlements were taken possession of by the Christian troops.

While these transactions were passing in the Alhambra and its vicinity, the sovereigns remained with their retinue and guards near the village of Armilla, their eyes fixed on the towers of the royal fortress, watching for the appointed signal of possession. The time that had elapsed since the departure of the detachment seemed to them more than necessary for the purpose, and the anxious mind of Ferdinand began to entertain doubts of some commotion in the city. At length they saw the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, elevated on the Torre de la Vela, or Great Watch-Tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams. This was done by Hernendo de Talavera, Bishop of Avila. Beside it was planted the pennon of the glorious apostle St. James, and a great shout of "Santiago! Santiago!" rose throughout the army. Lastly was reared the royal standard by the king of arms, with the shout of "Castile! Castile! For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!" The words were echoed by the whole army, with acclamations that re-

sounded across the vega. At sight of these signals of possession, the sovereigns sank upon their knees, giving thanks to God for this great triumph; the whole assembled host followed their example, and the choristers of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of "*Te Deum laudamus.*"

The king now advanced with a splendid escort of cavalry and the sound of trumpets, until he came to a small mosque near the banks of the Xenil, and not far from the foot of the Hill of Martyrs, which edifice remains to the present day consecrated as the hermitage of St. Sebastian. Here he beheld the unfortunate King of Granada approaching on horseback, at the head of his slender retinue. Boabdil as he drew near made a movement to dismount, but, as had previously been concerted, Ferdinand prevented him. He then offered to kiss the king's hand, which, according to arrangement, was likewise declined, whereupon he leaned forward and kissed the king's right arm; at the same time he delivered the keys of the city with an air of mingled melancholy and resignation. "These keys," said he, "are the last relics of the Arabian empire in Spain: thine, O king, are our trophies, our kingdom, and our person. Such is the will of God! Receive them with the clemency thou hast promised, and which we look for at thy hands."

King Ferdinand restrained his exultation into an air of serene magnanimity. "Doubt not our promises," replied he, "nor that thou shalt regain from our friendship the prosperity of which the fortune of war has deprived thee."

Being informed that Don Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, the good Count of Tendilla, was to be governor of the

city, Boabdil drew from his finger a gold ring set with a precious stone, and presented it to the count. "With this ring," said he, "Granada has been governed; take it and govern with it, and God make you more fortunate than I."

He then proceeded to the village of Armilla, where Queen Isabella remained with her escort and attendants. The queen, like her husband, declined all acts of homage, and received him with her accustomed grace and benignity. She at the same time delivered to him his son, who had been held as a hostage for the fulfillment of the capitulation. Boabdil pressed his child to his bosom with tender emotion, and they seemed mutually endeared to each other by their misfortunes.

Having rejoined his family, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on towards the Alpuxarras, that he might not behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms, as shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on the breeze from the victorious army.

Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence in the Valley of Purchena. At two leagues' distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuxarras, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight forever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lit up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the

crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the vega spread its enameled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost forever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself: "Allah Achbar! God is great!" said he: but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into tears.

His mother, the intrepid Ayxa, was indignant at his weakness. "You do well," said she, "to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man!"

The vizier Aben Comixa endeavored to console his royal master. "Consider, señor," said he, "that the most signal misfortunes often render men as renowned as the most prosperous achievements, provided they sustain them with magnanimity."

The unhappy monarch, however, was not to be consoled; his tears continued to flow. "Allah Achbar!" exclaimed he; "when did misfortunes ever equal mine?"

From this circumstance, the hill, which is not far from Padul, took the name of "Feg Allah Achbar"; but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada is known among Spaniards by the name of "El ultimo suspiro del Moro," or, "The last sigh of the Moor."

# THE GOVERNOR OF THE ALHAMBRA AND THE NOTARY

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

In former times there ruled, as governor of the Alhambra, a doughty old cavalier, who, from having lost one arm in the wars, was commonly known by the name of el Gobernador Manco, or "the one-armed governor." He in fact prided himself upon being an old soldier, wore his mustaches curled up to his eyes, a pair of campaigning boots, and a toledo as long as a spit, with his pocket-handkerchief in the basket-hilt.

He was, moreover, exceedingly proud and punctilious, and tenacious of all his privileges and dignities. Under his sway the immunities of the Alhambra, as a royal residence and domain, were rigidly exacted. No one was permitted to enter the fortress with fire-arms, or even with a sword or staff, unless he were of a certain rank; and every horseman was obliged to dismount at the gate, and lead his horse by the bridle. Now as the hill of the Alhambra rises from the very midst of the city of Granada, being, as it were, an excrescence of the capital, it must at all times be somewhat irksome to the captain-general, who commands the province, to have thus an *imperium in imperio*, a petty independent post in the very center of his domains. It was rendered the more galling, in the present instance, from the irritable jealousy of the old governor, that took fire on the least question of authority and jurisdiction; and from the

loose, vagrant character of the people who had gradually nestled themselves within the fortress, as in a sanctuary, and thence carried on a system of roguery and depredation at the expense of the honest inhabitants of the city.

Thus there was a perpetual feud and heartburning between the captain-general and the governor, the more virulent on the part of the latter, inasmuch as the smallest of two neighboring potentates is always the most captious about his dignity. The stately palace of the captain-general stood in the Plaza Nueva, immediately at the foot of the hill of the Alhambra; and here was always a bustle and parade of guards, and domestics, and city functionaries. A beetling bastion of the fortress overlooked the palace and public square in front of it; and on this bastion the old governor would occasionally strut backwards and forwards, with his toledo girded by his side, keeping a wary eye down upon his rival, like a hawk reconnoitering his quarry from his seat in a dry tree.

Whenever he descended into the city, it was in grand parade; on horseback, surrounded by his guards; or in his state coach, an ancient and unwieldy Spanish edifice of carved timber and gilt leather, drawn by eight mules, with running footmen, outriders, and lackeys; on which occasions he flattered himself he impressed every beholder with awe and admiration as the vicegerent of the king; though the wits of Granada, particularly those who loitered about the palace of the captain-general, were apt to sneer at his petty parade, and, in allusion to the vagrant character of his subjects, to greet him with the appellation of "the king of the beggars." One of the most fruitful sources of dispute between these two

doughty rivals was the right claimed by the governor to have all things passed free of duty through the city that were intended for the use of himself or his garrison. By degrees this privilege had given rise to extensive smuggling. A nest of *contrabandistas* took up their abode in the hovels of the fortress and the numerous caves in its vicinity, and drove a thriving business under the connivance of the soldiers of the garrison.

The vigilance of the captain-general was aroused. He consulted his legal adviser and factotum, a shrewd meddlesome *escribano*, or notary, who rejoiced in an opportunity of perplexing the old potentate of the Alhambra, and involving him in a maze of legal subtleties. He advised the captain-general to insist upon the right of examining every convoy passing through the gates of his city, and penned a long letter for him in vindication of the right. Governor Manco was a straightforward cut-and-thrust old soldier, who hated an *escribano* worse than the devil, and this one in particular worse than all other *escribanos*.

"What!" said he, curling up his mustaches fiercely, "does the captain-general set his men of the pen to practice confusions upon me? I'll let him see an old soldier is not to be baffled by schoolcraft."

He seized his pen and scrawled a short letter in a crabbed hand, in which, without deigning to enter into argument, he insisted on the right of transit free of search, and denounced vengeance on any custom-house officer who should lay his unhallowed hand on any convoy protected by the flag of the Alhambra. While this question was agitated between the two pragmatical potentates, it so happened that a mule laden with sup-

plies for the fortress arrived one day at the gate of Xenil, by which it was to traverse a suburb of the city on its way to the Alhambra. The convoy was headed by a testy old corporal, who had long served under the governor, and was a man after his own heart; as rusty and stanch as an old Toledo blade.

As they approached the gate of the city, the corporal placed the banner of the Alhambra on the pack-saddle of the mule, and, drawing himself up to a perfect perpendicular, advanced with his head dressed to the front, but with the wary side-glance of a cur passing through hostile ground and ready for a snap and a snarl.

"Who goes there?" said the sentinel at the gate.

"Soldier of the Alhambra!" said the corporal, without turning his head.

"What have you in charge?"

"Provisions for the garrison."

"Proceed."

The corporal marched straight forward, followed by the convoy, but had not advanced many paces before a posse of custom-house officers rushed out of a small toll-house.

"Hallo, there!" cried the leader. "Muleteer, halt, and open those packages."

The corporal wheeled round and drew himself up in battle array. "Respect the flag of the Alhambra," said he; "these things are for the governor."

"A *figo* for the governor and a *figo* for his flag. Muleteer, halt, I say."

"Stop the convoy at your peril!" cried the corporal, cocking his musket. "Muleteer, proceed."

The muleteer gave his beast a hearty whack; the

custom-house officer sprang forward and seized the halter; whereupon the corporal leveled his piece and shot him dead.

The street was immediately in an uproar.

The old corporal was seized, and after undergoing sundry kicks, and cuffs, and cudgelings, which are generally given impromptu by the mob in Spain as a foretaste of the after penalties of the law, he was loaded with irons and conducted to the city prison, while his comrades were permitted to proceed with the convoy, after it had been well rummaged, to the Alhambra.

The old governor was in a towering passion when he heard of this insult to his flag and capture of his corporal. For a time he stormed about the Moorish halls, and vapored about the bastions, and looked down fire and sword upon the palace of the captain-general. Having vented the first ebullition of his wrath, he dispatched a message demanding the surrender of the corporal, as to him alone belonged the right of sitting in judgment on the offenses of those under his command. The captain-general, aided by the pen of the delighted *escribano*, replied at great length, arguing, that as the offense had been committed within the walls of his city, and against one of his civil officers, it was clearly within his proper jurisdiction. The governor rejoined by a repetition of his demand; the captain-general gave a sur-rejoinder of still greater length and legal acumen; the governor became hotter and more peremptory in his demands, and the captain-general cooler and more copious in his replies; until the old lion-hearted soldier absolutely roared with fury at being thus entangled in the meshes of legal controversy.

While the subtle *escribano* was thus amusing himself at the expense of the governor, he was conducting the trial of the corporal, who, mewed up in a narrow dungeon of the prison, had merely a small grated window at which to show his iron-bound visage and receive the consolations of his friends.

A mountain of written testimony was diligently heaped up, according to Spanish form, by the indefatigable *escribano;* the corporal was completely overwhelmed by it. He was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged.

It was in vain the governor sent down remonstrance and menace from the Alhambra. The fatal day was at hand, and the corporal was put *in capilla*, that is to say, in the chapel of the prison, as is always done with culprits the day before execution, that they may meditate on their approaching end and repent them of their sins.

Seeing things drawing to extremity, the old governor determined to attend to the affair in person. For this purpose he ordered out his carriage of state, and, surrounded by his guards, rumbled down the avenue of the Alhambra into the city. Driving to the house of the *escribano*, he summoned him to the portal.

The eye of the old governor gleamed like a coal at beholding the smirking man of the law advancing with an air of exultation.

"What is this I hear," cried he, "that you are about to put to death one of my soldiers?"

"All according to law — all in strict form of justice," said the self-sufficient *escribano*, chuckling and rubbing his hands; "I can show Your Excellency the written testimony in the case."

"Fetch it hither," said the governor.

The *escribano* bustled into his office, delighted with having another opportunity of displaying his ingenuity at the expense of the hard-headed veteran.

He returned with a satchel full of papers, and began to read a long deposition with professional volubility. By this time a crowd had collected, listening with outstretched necks and gaping mouths.

"Prithee, man, get into the carriage, out of this pestilent throng, that I may the better hear thee," said the governor.

The *escribano* entered the carriage, when, in a twinkling, the door was closed, the coachman smacked his whip, — mules, carriage, guards, and all dashed off at a thundering rate, leaving the crowd in gaping wonderment; nor did the governor pause until he had lodged his prey in one of the strongest dungeons of the Alhambra.

He then sent down a flag of truce in military style, proposing a cartel, or exchange of prisoners, — the corporal for the notary. The pride of the captain-general was piqued; he returned a contemptuous refusal, and forthwith ordered a gallows, tall and strong, to be erected in the center of the Plaza Nueva for the execution of the corporal.

"Oho! is that the game?" said Governor Manco. He gave orders, and immediately a gibbet was reared on the verge of the great beetling bastion that overlooked the Plaza. "Now," said he, in a message to the captain-general, "hang my soldier when you please; but at the same time that he is swung off in the square, look up to see your *escribano* dangling against the sky."

The captain-general was inflexible; troops were pa-

raded in the square; the drums beat, the bell tolled. An immense multitude of amateurs gathered together to behold the execution. On the other hand, the governor paraded his garrison on the bastion, and tolled the funeral dirge of the notary from the Torre de la Campana, or Tower of the Bell.

The notary's wife pressed through the crowd, with a whole progeny of little embryo *escribanos* at her heels, and throwing herself at the feet of the captain-general, implored him not to sacrifice the life of her husband, and the welfare of herself and her numerous little ones, to a point of pride; "for you know the old governor too well," said she, "to doubt that he will put his threat in execution, if you hang the soldier."

The captain-general was overpowered by her tears and lamentations, and the clamors of her callow brood. The corporal was sent up to the Alhambra, under a guard, in his gallows garb, like a hooded friar, but with head erect and a face of iron. The *escribano* was demanded in exchange, according to the cartel. The once bustling and self-sufficient man of the law was drawn forth from his dungeon more dead than alive. All his flippancy and conceit had evaporated; his hair, it is said, had nearly turned gray with affright, and he had a downcast look, as if he still felt the halter round his neck.

The old governor stuck his one arm akimbo, and for a moment surveyed him with an iron smile. "Henceforth, my friend," said he, "moderate your zeal in hurrying others to the gallows; be not too certain of your safety, even though you should have the law on your side; and above all take care how you play off your schoolcraft another time upon an old soldier."

## A GLIMPSE OF COLUMBUS IN SPAIN

[1492]

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

"Dost see that man, Luis?" demanded the friar, still gazing in a fixed direction, though he made no gesture to indicate to which particular individual of the many who were passing in all directions, he especially alluded.

"By my veracity, I see a thousand, father, though not one to fasten the eye as if he were fresh from Paradise. Would it be exceeding discretion to ask who or what hath thus riveted thy gaze?"

"Dost see yonder person of high and commanding stature, and in whom gravity and dignity are so singularly mingled with an air of poverty; or, if not absolutely of poverty — for he is better clad, and, seemingly, in more prosperity now than I remember ever to have seen him — still, evidently not of the rich and noble; while his bearing and carriage would seem to bespeak him at least a monarch?"

"I think I now perceive him thou meanest, father; a man of very grave and reverend appearance, though of simple deportment. I see nothing extravagant or ill-placed either in his attire or in his bearing."

"I mean not that; but there is a loftiness in his dignified countenance that one is not accustomed to meet in those who are unused to power."

"To me, he hath the air and dress of a superior navigator or pilot — of a man accustomed to the seas — aye,

he hath sundry symbols about him that bespeak such a pursuit."

"Thou art right, Don Luis, for such is his calling. He cometh of Genoa, and his name is Christoval Colon; or, as they term it in Italy, Christoforo Colombo."

"I remember to have heard of an admiral of that name who did good service in the wars of the south, and who formerly led a fleet into the far East."

"This is not he, but one of humbler habits, though possibly of the same blood, seeing that both are derived from the identical place. This is no admiral, though he would fain become one — aye, even a king!"

"The man is, then, either of a weak mind, or of a light ambition?"

"He is neither. In mind, he hath outdone many of our most learned churchmen; and it is due to his piety to say that a more devout Christian doth not exist in Spain. It is plain, son, that thou hast been much abroad and little at court, or thou wouldst have known the history of this extraordinary being, at the mention of his name, which has been the source of merriment for the frivolous and gay this many a year, and which has thrown the thoughtful and prudent into more doubts than many a fierce and baneful heresy."

"Thou stirrest my curiosity, father, by such language. Who and what is the man?"

"An enigma, that neither prayers to the Virgin, the learning of the cloisters, nor a zealous wish to reach the truth, hath enabled me to read. Come hither, Luis, to this bit of rock, where we can be seated, and I will relate to thee the opinions that render this being so extraordinary. Thou must know, son, it is now seven years since

this man first appeared among us. He sought employment as a discoverer, pretending that, by steering out into the ocean on a western course for a great and unheard-of distance, he could reach the Farther Indies, with the rich island of Cipango, and the kingdom of Cathay, of which one Marco Polo hath left us some most extraordinary legends!"

"By St. James of blessed memory! the man must be short of his wits!" interrupted Don Luis, laughing. "In what way could this thing be, unless the earth were round — the Indies lying east, and not west of us?"

"That hath been often objected to his notions; but the man hath ready answers to much weightier arguments."

"What weightier than this can be found? Our own eyes tell us that the earth is flat."

"Therein he differeth from most men — and to own the truth, son Luis, not without some show of reason. He is a navigator, as thou wilt understand, and he replies that, on the ocean, when a ship is seen from afar, her upper sails are first perceived, and that as she draweth nearer, her lower sails, and finally her hull cometh into view. But thou hast been over sea, and may have observed something of this?"

"Truly have I, father. While mounting the English sea, we met a gallant cruiser of the king's, and, as thou said'st, we first perceived her upper sail, a white speck upon the water; then followed sail after sail until we came nigh and saw her gigantic hull, with a very goodly show of bombards and cannon — some twenty in all."

"Then thou agreest with this Colon, and thinkest the earth round?"

"By St. George of England! not I. I have seen too

much of the world to traduce its fair surface in so heedless a manner. England, France, Burgundy, Germany, and all those distant countries of the north, are just as level and flat as our own Castile."

"Why, then, didst thou see the upper sails of the Englishman first?"

"Why, father — why — because they were first visible. Yes, because they came first into view."

"Do the English put the largest of their sails uppermost on the mast?"

"They would be fools if they did. Though no great navigators — our neighbors the Portuguese, and the people of Genoa, exceeding all others in that craft — though no great navigators, the English are not so surpassingly stupid. Thou wilt remember the force of the winds, and understand that the larger the sail the lower should be its position."

"Then how happened it that thou sawest the smaller object before the larger?"

"Truly, excellent Fray Pedro, thou hast not conversed with this Christoforo for nothing! A question is not a reason."

"Socrates was fond of questions, my son; but *he* expected answers."

"Peste! as they say at the court of King Louis. I am not Socrates, my good father, but thy old pupil and kinsman, Luis de Bobadilla, the truant nephew of the queen's favorite, the Marchioness of Moya, and as well-born a cavalier as there is in Spain — though somewhat given to roving, if my enemies are to be believed."

"Neither thy pedigree, thy character, nor thy vaga-

ries, need be given to me, Don Luis de Bobadilla, since I have known thee and thy career from childhood. Thou hast one merit that none will deny thee, and that is, a respect for truth; and never hast thou more completely vindicated thy character, in this particular, than when thou saidst thou wert not Socrates."

The worthy friar's good-natured smile, as he made this sally, took off some of its edge; and the young man laughed, as if too conscious of his own youthful follies to resent what he heard.

"But, dear Fray Pedro, lay aside thy government, for once, and stoop to a rational discourse with me on this extraordinary subject. Thou, surely, wilt not pretend that the earth is round?"

"I do not go as far as some, on this point, Luis, for I see difficulties with Holy Writ by the admission. Still, this matter of the sails much puzzleth me, and I have often felt a desire to go from one port to another, by sea, in order to witness it. Were it not for the exceeding nausea that I ever felt in a boat, I might attempt the experiment."

"That would be a worthy consummation of all thy wisdom!" exclaimed the young man, laughing. "Fray Pedro de Carrascal turned rover, like his old pupil, and that, too, astride a vagary! But set thy heart at rest, my honored kinsman and excellent instructor, for I can save thee the trouble. In all my journeyings, by sea and by land — and thou knowest that, for my years, they have been many — I have ever found the earth flat, and the ocean the flattest portion of it, always excepting a few turbulent and uneasy waves."

"No doubt it so seemeth to the eye; but this Colon,

who hath voyaged far more than thou, thinketh otherwise. He contendeth that the earth is a sphere, and that, by sailing west, he can reach points that have been already attained by journeying east."

"By San Lorenzo! but the idea is a bold one! Doth the man really propose to venture out into the broad Atlantic, and even to cross it to some distant and unknown land?"

"That is his very idea; and for seven weary years hath he solicited the court to furnish him with the means. Nay, so I hear, he hath passed much more time — other seven years, perhaps — in urging his suit in different lands."

"If the earth be round," continued Don Luis, with a musing air, "what preventeth all the water from flowing to the lower parts of it? How is it that we have any seas at all? and, if, as thou hast hinted, he deemeth the Indies on the other side, how is it that their people stand erect? — it cannot be done without placing the feet uppermost."

"That difficulty hath been presented to Colon, but he treateth it lightly. Indeed, most of our churchmen are getting to believe that there is no up or down, except as it relateth to the surface of the earth; so that no great obstacle existeth in that point."

"Thou wouldst not have me understand, father, that a man can walk on his head — and that, too, with the noble member in the air? By San Francisco! thy men of Cathay must have talons like a cat, or they would be falling quickly!"

"Whither, Luis?"

"Whither, Fray Pedro? — to Tophet, or the bottom-

less pit. It can never be that men walk on their heads, heels uppermost, with no better foundation than the atmosphere. The caravels, too, must sail on their masts — and that would be rare navigation! What would prevent the sea from tumbling out of its bed, and falling on the devil's fires and extinguishing them?"

"Son Luis," interrupted the monk gravely, "thy lightness of speech is carried too far. But, if thou so much deridest the opinion of this Colon, what are thine own notions of the formation of this earth, that God hath so honored with his spirit and his presence?"

"That it is as flat as the buckler of the Moor I slew in the last sortie, which is as flat as steel can hammer iron."

"Dost thou think it hath limits?"

"That do I — and please Heaven and Doña Mercedes de Valverde, I will see them before I die!"

"Then thou fanciest there is an edge, or precipice, at the four sides of the world, which men may reach, and where they can stand and look off, as from an exceedingly high platform?"

"The picture doth not lose, father, for the touch of thy pencil! I have never bethought me of this before; and yet some such spot there must be, one would think. By San Fernando, himself! that would be a place to try the metal of even Don Alonzo de Ojeda, who might stand on the margin of the earth, put his foot on a cloud, and cast an orange to the moon!"

"Thou hast bethought thee little of anything serious, I fear, Luis; but to me, this opinion and this project of Colon are not without merit. I see but two serious objections to them, one of which is the difficulty con-

nected with Holy Writ: and the other, the vast and incomprehensible, nay, useless, extent of the ocean that must necessarily separate us from Cathay; else should we long since have heard from that quarter of the world."

"Do the learned favor the man's notion?"

"The matter hath been seriously argued before a council held at Salamanca, where men were much divided upon it. One serious obstacle is the apprehension that, should the world prove to be round, and should a ship even succeed in getting to Cathay by the west, there would be great difficulty in her ever returning, since there must be, in some manner, an ascent and a descent. I must say that most men deride this Colon; and I fear he will never reach his island of Cipango, as he doth not seem in the way even to set forth on the journey. I marvel that he should now be here, it having been said he had taken his final departure for Portugal."

"Dost thou say, father, that the man has been long in Spain?" demanded Don Luis gravely, with his eye riveted on the dignified form of Columbus, who stood calmly regarding the gorgeous spectacle of the triumph at no great distance from the rock where the two had taken their seats.

"Seven weary years hath he been soliciting the rich and the great to furnish him with the means of undertaking his favorite voyage."

"Hath he the gold to prefer so long a suit?"

"By his appearance, I should think him poor — nay, I know that he hath toiled for bread at the occupation of a map-maker. One hour he hath passed in arguing with philosophers and in soliciting princes, while the next

hath been occupied in laboring for the food that he hath taken for sustenance."

"Thy description, father, hath whetted curiosity to so keen an edge that I would fain speak with this Colon. I see he remaineth yonder in the crowd, and I will go and tell him that I, too, am somewhat of a navigator, and will extract from him a few of his peculiar ideas."

"And in what manner wilt thou open the acquaintance, son?"

"By telling him that I am Don Luis de Bobadilla, the nephew of the Doña Beatriz of Moya, and a noble of one of the best houses of Castile."

"And this, thou thinkest, will suffice for thy purpose, Luis!" returned the friar, smiling. "No, no, my son; this may do with most map-sellers, but it will not effect thy wishes with yonder Christoval Colon. That man is so filled with the vastness of his purposes; is so much raised up with the magnitude of the results that his mind intently contemplateth day and night; seemeth so conscious of his own powers, that even kings and princes can in no manner lessen his dignity. That which thou proposeth, Don Fernando, our honored master, might scarcely attempt, and hope to escape without some rebuke of manner, if not of tongue."

"By all the blessed saints! Fray Pedro, thou givest an extraordinary account of this man, and only increasest the desire to know him. Wilt thou charge thyself with the introduction?"

"Most willingly, for I wish to inquire what hath brought him back to court, whence, I had understood, he lately went, with the intent to go elsewhere with his projects."

COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF SPAIN

## COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF SPAIN

BY VACSLAV BROZIK

(*Bohemian artist*, 1851–1901)

Columbus had appealed to Spain for help to cross the Atlantic, with its mysterious dangers, and to search for the shores of China. Wars with the Moors had exhausted the Spanish treasury, and he had started to leave the country. Then came his well-known call at the convent of La Rabida and the letter of the prior to Queen Isabella, to whom he had formerly been confessor. Her enthusiasm was aroused. "I will undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile," she declared, "and I will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds."

In the familiar painting here reproduced, the central figure is that of Columbus as he stands explaining his plans and pointing far away to the west. The learned councilors are present. Every one is listening, but one or two with a shadow of doubt or of jealousy on their faces. Some are not looking at Columbus, but are watching closely the face of the queen. It is to her that Columbus speaks; he has forgotten that any one else is present. She leans forward from her richly carven chair, anxious to hear every word. Her delicately featured, intellectual face is full of eagerness and interest. Attendants are bringing in caskets of jewels, and on the table lies the contract to be signed by Ferdinand and Columbus which makes possible, not a visit to Cathay, but the discovery of a New World.

# THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS

[1493]

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. The streets, windows, and balconies of the towns were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much astonishment as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed him and his attendants at every stage with innumerable questions; popular rumor, as usual, had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly found country with all kinds of wonders.

About the middle of April, Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather, in that genial season and favored climate, contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the youthful courtiers, and hidalgos, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and

welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First, were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold. After these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly-discovered regions. After this, followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world; or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence, in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited

his arrival, seated in state, with the prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court and the principal nobility of Castile, Valentia, Catalonia, and Aragon, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which with his countenance, rendered venerable by gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome: a modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereign rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he offered to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on their part to permit this act of homage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At their request, he now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands discovered. He displayed specimens of unknown birds, and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtues; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries yet to be

made, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

When he had finished, the sovereigns sank on their knees, and raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The anthem, *Te Deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the accompaniment of instruments, rose in a full body of sacred harmony; bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

# III

# SPAIN AT THE HEIGHT OF HER POWER

## HISTORICAL NOTE

When Philip II was on the throne of Spain, in the middle of the sixteenth century, he ruled over more than 100,000,000 persons. Philip was sovereign not only of Spain, but also of the Netherlands. He married Mary Tudor of England, hoping to secure the English throne, and he became King of Portugal by conquest. Vast amounts of gold and silver were pouring into the country from the Spanish colonies in America.

Nevertheless, in all this greatness there were elements of decline. Philip expelled the Moors from Spain, and it is thought that more than half a million of industrious, intelligent people were thus driven from the land, and the loss of the labor and ability of the Moors and Jews was a serious loss to the kingdom. His bitter contest with the northern Netherlands resulted in the freedom of that country. He sent out, in 1588, the "Invincible Armada" in the determination to conquer England; and this was a complete failure. Spain was rich and powerful, but her decline was at hand.

# THE FIRST VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

When the year 1519 had come, people knew much more about the world than had been known thirty years earlier. Other voyagers had followed Columbus. Vasco da Gama had sailed around Africa and shown that it was quite possible to reach India by that method. Several other bold mariners had crossed the Atlantic and explored different parts of the American coast. Balboa had crossed the Isthmus of Darien and had seen the Pacific Ocean. It was known, therefore, that there was land from Labrador to Brazil, but no one guessed how far to the west it extended. Most people thought that the islands visited by Columbus and probably the lands north of them lay off the coast of China. No one had been around South America, but even those who thought it to be a great mass of land supposed that somewhere there was a strait leading through it to the Chinese waters. No one guessed that the wide Pacific Ocean lay between this land and China, for no one had yet carried out Columbus's plan of reaching India by sailing west.

This, however, was just what a bold navigator named Ferdinand Magellan was hoping to do. He was a Portuguese, but his own king would not send out the expedition he was planning; therefore he entered the service of the King of Spain. This daring sailor did not know any better than others how far South America might extend to the southward, but he promised the king that he

would follow the coast until he came to some strait that led through the land to the Chinese seas. He was not going merely to make discoveries; he meant to bring home whole shiploads of spices. He knew how cheaply they could be bought of the natives, and he expected to make fortunes for the king and for himself. No one knew how long the voyage would take, but the ships were provisioned for two years. They carried also all kinds of weapons and vast quantities of bells and knives and red cloth and small looking-glasses.

The vessels crossed the Atlantic and sailed into the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. Then every one was hopeful. "This must be a strait," they thought, "and we are almost at our journey's end." They sailed cheerfully upstream for two days. Then their hopes fell, for the water grew more fresh every hour, and therefore they knew that they were in a river; so they turned back and continued their voyage along the coast. By and by they came to another opening; this might be the passage, and Magellan sent two of the ships to explore it. When they returned, there was rejoicing, indeed, for the captains reported that at last a deep channel had been found. This was surely the passage to the seas of China. But the ships were shattered and food was scanty. Since the passage had been found, why not return to Spain? The following season they could set out with new, strong vessels and a good supply of food. So said some of the captains and pilots; but others felt the hardest part of the voyage was over, China must be close at hand, and they might just as well go home with shiploads of cloves and other spices.

On Magellan went, through the straits afterward

named for him, into the calm, blue ocean, so quiet that he called it the Pacific. He sailed on and on. When he entered this ocean, he had food for only three months, and two months had passed. Now the explorers had no choice about turning back, for they had not provisions for a homeward voyage, and their only hope was that by keeping on they might come to the shores of India. At length they did reach a little island, but it had neither water nor fruit. They came to a group of islands, and these they named the Ladrones, or thieves' islands, because the natives stole everything they could lay their hands upon. Then they landed at the Philippines, and here was plenty of fruit, — oranges, bananas, and cocoanuts. They were now in the land of cloves, but unfortunately Magellan agreed to help one native chief against his enemies, and in the fighting that followed, he was slain.

The little fleet had at first consisted of five vessels; but one had deserted, one had been wrecked, one had been burned as unseaworthy, and one had fallen into the hands of the Portuguese. The Victoria, the only one that remained, pressed on to the Moluccas; and when she sailed away, she had such a cargo as no vessel had brought before, for besides all that the men had bought for themselves, she carried twenty-six tons of cloves. From some of the other islands they took ginger and sandalwood. Then they crossed the Indian Ocean and rounded Africa. They stopped to buy food at the Cape Verde Islands, and here they were astounded to find that while they called the day Wednesday, the people on the Islands called it Thursday. They had traveled west with the sun, and so had lost a day. At length they reached

Spain, and there they received a royal reception. After Magellan's death, Sebastian del Cano had become captain. The courage and perseverance that had made the voyage possible belonged to Magellan; but he was dead, and the rewards went to Del Cano. He was made a noble, and for a coat of arms he was given a globe with the motto, "You first encompassed me."

# THE ABDICATION OF CHARLES

[1556]

BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT

[JOANNA, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, married Philip, son of the Emperor Maximilian of Germany. Philip died and Joanna became insane. Their son, Charles I, was then heir through his mother to the whole Spanish peninsula except Portugal, to the kingdom of Naples, which Ferdinand had conquered, and to vast possessions in the New World. Through his father, he was ruler of the Netherlands. When he was nineteen, Maximilian died. Both Charles and Francis I of France wished to be chosen Emperor of Germany. Charles was the successful candidate. He was, therefore, Charles I of Spain, but Charles V of Germany. Between him and the disappointed Francis there was continual warfare. In 1556, after Charles had been on the throne for thirty-seven years, he decided to spend the rest of his life in a monastery.

*The Editor.*]

PREPARATIONS were then made for conducting the ceremony of abdication with all the pomp and solemnity suited to so august an occasion. The great hall of the royal palace of Brussels was selected for the scene of it. The walls of the spacious apartment were hung with tapestry, and the floor was covered with rich carpeting. A scaffold was erected, at one end of the room, to the height of six or seven steps. On it was placed a throne, or chair of state, for the Emperor, with other seats for Philip, and for the great Flemish lords who were to attend the person of their sovereign. Above the throne

was suspended a gorgeous canopy, on which were emblazoned the arms of the ducal house of Burgundy. In front of the scaffolding, accommodations were provided for the deputies of the provinces, who were to be seated on benches arranged according to their respective rights of precedence.

On the 25th of October, the day fixed for the ceremony, Charles the Fifth executed an instrument by which he ceded to his son the sovereignty of Flanders. Mass was then performed; and the Emperor, accompanied by Philip and a numerous retinue, proceeded in state to the great hall, where the deputies were already assembled.

Charles was, at this time, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. His form was slightly bent, — but it was by disease more than by time, — and on his countenance might be traced the marks of anxiety and rough exposure. Yet it still wore that majesty of expression so conspicuous in his portraits by the inimitable pencil of Titian. His hair, once of a light color, approaching to yellow, had begun to turn before he was forty, and, as well as his beard, was now gray. His forehead was broad and expansive, his nose aquiline. His blue eyes and fair complexion intimated his Teutonic descent. The only feature in his countenance decidedly bad was his lower jaw, protruding with its thick, heavy lip, so characteristic of the physiognomies of the Austrian dynasty.

In stature he was about the middle height. His limbs were strongly knit, and once well formed, though now the extremities were sadly distorted by disease. The Emperor leaned for support on a staff with one hand, while with the other he rested on the arm of William of

Orange, who, then young, was destined at a later day to become the most formidable enemy of his house. The brave demeanor of Charles was rendered still more impressive by his dress; for he was in mourning for his mother; and the sable hue of his attire was relieved only by a single ornament, the superb collar of the Golden Fleece, which hung from his neck.

Behind the Emperor came Philip, the heir of his vast dominions. He was of a middle height, of much the same proportions as his father, whom he resembled also in his lineaments, — except that those of the son wore a more somber, and perhaps a sinister expression; while there was a reserve in his manner, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, as if he would shroud his thoughts from observation. The magnificence of his dress corresponded with his royal station, and formed a contrast to that of his father, who was quitting the pomp and grandeur of the world, on which the son was about to enter.

Next to Philip came Mary, the Emperor's sister, formerly Queen of Hungary. She had filled the post of regent of the Low Countries for nearly twenty years, and now welcomed the hour when she was to resign the burden of sovereignty to her nephew, and withdraw, like her imperial brother, into private life. Another sister of Charles, Eleanor, widow of the French king, Francis I, also took part in these ceremonies, previous to her departure for Spain, whither she was to accompany the Emperor.

After these members of the imperial family came the nobility of the Netherlands, the knights of the Golden Fleece, the royal counselors, and the great officers of the household, all splendidly attired in their robes of state,

and proudly displaying the insignia of their orders. When the Emperor had mounted his throne, with Philip on his right hand, the Regent Mary on his left, and the rest of his retinue disposed along the seats prepared for them on the platform, the president of the council of Flanders addressed the assembly. He briefly explained the object for which they had been summoned, and the motives which had induced their master to abdicate the throne; and he concluded by requiring them, in their sovereign's name, to transfer their allegiance from himself to Philip, his son and rightful heir.

After a pause, Charles rose to address a few parting words to his subjects. He stood with apparent difficulty, and rested his right hand on the shoulder of the Prince of Orange, — intimating by this preference on so distinguished an occasion, the high favor in which he held the young nobleman. In the other hand he held a paper, containing some hints for his discourse, and occasionally cast his eyes upon it, to refresh his memory. He spoke in the French language.

[In this last address to his people, Charles reviewed briefly the history of his reign, and begged for the forgiveness of any of his subjects whom he might have unintentionally injured.]

While the Emperor was speaking, a breathless silence pervaded the whole audience. Charles had ever been dear to the people of the Netherlands, — the land of his birth. They took a national pride in his achievements, and felt that his glory reflected a peculiar luster on themselves. As they now gazed for the last time on that revered form, and listened to the parting admonitions

from his lips, they were deeply affected, and not a dry eye was to be seen in the assembly.

After a short interval, Charles, turning to Philip, who, in an attitude of deep respect, stood awaiting his commands, thus addressed him: "If the vast possessions which are now bestowed upon you had come by inheritance, there would be abundant cause for gratitude. How much more, when they come as a free gift, in the lifetime of your father! But, however large the debt, I shall consider it all repaid, if you only discharge your duty to your subjects. So rule over them that men shall commend, and not censure me for the part I am now acting. Go on as you have begun. Fear God; live justly; respect the laws; above all, cherish the interests of religion, and may the Almighty bless you with a son, to whom, when old and stricken with disease, you may be able to resign your kingdom with the same good-will with which I now resign mine to you."

As he ceased, Philip, much affected, would have thrown himself at his father's feet, assuring him of his intention to do all in his power to merit such goodness; but Charles, raising his son, tenderly embraced him, while the tears flowed fast down his cheeks. Every one, even the most stoical, was touched by this affecting scene; "and nothing," says one who was present, "was to be heard, throughout the hall, but sobs and ill-suppressed moans." Charles, exhausted by his efforts, and deadly pale, sank back upon his seat; while, with feeble accents, he exclaimed, as he gazed on his people, "God bless you! God bless you!"

# THE ESCURIAL

BY THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, TRANSLATED BY C. F. BATES

[ON St. Laurence's Day, August 10, of 1557, Philip II was battling with the French at St. Quentin. He vowed that if he won the victory, he would rear a building in honor of the saint. The magnificent structure of the Escurial, or Escorial, was the fulfillment of his vow. This contains a church, a monastery, and a palace, also a mausoleum in which the Spanish sovereigns are buried.

*The Editor.*]

SET as a challenge at the mountain's side,
Afar the dark Escurial is descried.
Three hundred feet from earth uplifting thus
On its colossal shoulder firmly braced,
Huge elephant, the cupola defaced.
Granite debauch of Spain's Tiberius.

Old Pharaoh built not for his mummy's tomb
On mountain-side a thing of greater gloom;
The desert's sphinx hath seen no more unrest.
In chimney-tops the stork is sleeping now,
Through all the abandoned courts the grasses grow,
Of monks, priests, soldiers, courtiers, dispossessed.

All would seem dead, but that from everything,
Niche, cornice, fronton, hand of sculptured king,
The flocks of swallows constant flutter keep,
With their wild merriment and charming cries;
Teasing, with flapping wings to ope his eyes,
This drowsy giant of eternal sleep.

# THE KNIGHT OF THE WINDMILLS

BY MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

[1547-1616]

[SPAIN was prompt to make settlements in the New World. She was also prompt to make laws for them; and one of these laws was that no Spanish colonist should print, sell, or even read any romances of chivalry. The reason was that the Spanish wished their colonist to be satisfied with a simple life and daily labor, and they feared lest the reading of these wild tales should make them restless and discontented. Meanwhile, a little boy was growing up, who was destined to do far more than any law in keeping people from such reading. This boy was Miguel de Cervantes, who wrote the famous "Don Quixote." This book is so excellent a parody on the old romances that it made people laugh at themselves for reading them; and it is so good a story, so full of wit and humor, mingled with a real honesty of purpose, that it has been a great favorite for nearly four hundred years. The following extract describes the setting-out of the Don as a knight-errant, and one of his first adventures.

*The Editor.*]

IN fine, he [Don Quixote] gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances that a-nights he would pore on until it was day, and a-days he would read on until it was night; and thus by sleeping little and reading much, the moisture of his brain was exhausted to that degree that at last he lost the use of his reason. A world of disorderly notions, picked out of his books, crowded into his imagination; and now his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds,

complaints, amours, torments, and abundance of stuff and impossibilities; insomuch that all the fables and fantastic tales which he read seemed to him now as true as the most authentic histories. He would say that the Cid Ruy Diaz was a very brave knight, but not worthy to stand in competition with the Knight of the Burning Sword, who, with a single back-stroke had cut in sunder two fierce and mighty giants. He liked yet better Bernardo del Carpio, who, at Roncesvalles, deprived of life the enchanted Orlando, having lifted him from the ground, and choked him in the air, as Hercules did Antæus, the son of the Earth.

As for the giant Morgante, he always spoke very civil things of him, for though he was one of that monstrous brood who were ever intolerably proud and brutish, he still behaved himself like a civil and well-bred person.

But of all men in the world he admired Rinaldo of Montalban, and particularly his sallying out of his castle to rob all he met; and then again his carrying away the idol of Mahomet, which was all massy gold, as the history says; but he so hated that traitor Galadon, that for the pleasure of kicking him handsomely, he would have given up his housekeeper; nay, and his niece into the bargain.

Having thus lost his understanding, he unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entered into a madman's brain; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well for the increase of his own honor, as the service of the public, to turn knight-errant, and roam through the whole world, armed cap-à-pie, and mounted on his steed, in quest of adventures; that thus imitating those knights-errant of whom he had read,

and following their course of life, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, at last, after a happy conclusion of his enterprises, he might purchase everlasting honor and renown. Transported with these agreeable delusions, the poor gentleman already grasped in imagination the imperial scepter of Trebizonde; and, hurried away by his mighty expectations, he prepares with all expedition to take the field.

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armor that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had lain time out of mind carelessly rusting in a corner; but when he had cleaned and repaired it as well as he could, he perceived there was a material piece wanting, for, instead of a complete helmet, there was only a single headpiece. However, his industry supplied that defect; for with some pasteboard he made a kind of half-beaver, or visor, which, being fitted to the headpiece, made it look like an entire helmet. Then, to know whether it were cutlass-proof, he drew his sword, and tried its edge upon the pasteboard visor; but with the very first stroke he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week a-doing. He did not like its being broken with so much ease, and therefore, to secure it from the like accident, he made it anew, and fenced it with thin plates of iron, which he fixed on the inside of it so artificially that at last he had reason to be satisfied with the solidity of the work; and so, without any farther experiment, he resolved it should pass to all intents and purposes for a full and sufficient helmet.

In the next place, he went to view his horse; and though the animal had more blemishes than limbs; being a worse

jade than Gonela's, *qui tantum pellis et ossa fuit*,[1] his master thought that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor the Cid's Babieca, could be compared with him. He was four days considering what name to give him; for, as he argued with himself, there was no reason that a horse bestrid by so famous a knight, and withal so excellent in himself, should not be distinguished by a particular name; and therefore he studied to give him such a one as should demonstrate as well what kind of horse he had been before his master was a knight-errant, as what he was now; thinking it but just, since the owner changed his occupation that the horse should also change his title, and be dignified with another; a good big word, such a one as should fill the mouth, and seem consonant with the quality and profession of his master. And thus after many names which he devised, rejected, changed, liked, disliked, and pitched upon again, he concluded to call him Rozinante; a name, in his opinion, lofty, sounding, and significant of what he had been before, and also of what he was now: in a word, a horse before, or above, all the vulgar breed of horses in the world.

When he had thus given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he thought of choosing one for himself; and having seriously pondered on the matter eight whole days more, at last he determined to call himself Don Quixote. Whence the author of this most authentic history draws this inference, that his right name was Quixada, and not Quesada, as others obstinately pretend. And observing that the valiant Amadis, not satisfied with the bare appellation of Amadis, added to it the

[1] Which was only skin and bones.

name of his country, that it might grow more famous by his exploits, and so styled himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a true lover of his native soil, resolved to call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; which addition, to his thinking, denoted very plainly his parentage and country, and consequently would fix a lasting honor on that part of the world.

And now, his armor being scoured, his headpiece improved to a helmet, his horse and himself new named, he perceived he wanted nothing but a lady, on whom he might bestow the empire of his heart; for he was sensible that a knight-errant without a mistress was a tree without either fruit or leaves, and a body without a soul. "Should I," said he to himself, "by good or ill fortune, chance to encounter some giant, as it is common in knight-errantry, and happen to lay him prostrate on the ground, transfixed with my lance, or cleft in two, or, in short, overcome him, and have him at my mercy, would it not be proper to have some lady to whom I may send him as a trophy of my valor? Then when he comes into her presence, throwing himself at her feet, he may thus make his humble submission: — 'Lady, I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by that never-deservedly-enough-extolled knight-errant Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has commanded me to cast myself most humbly at your feet, that it may please your honor to dispose of me according to your will.'" Oh! how elevated was the knight with the conceit of this imaginary submission of the giant; especially having withal bethought himself of a person on whom he might confer the title of his mistress! which, it is believed, happened

thus: — Near the place where he lived dwelt a good, likely country lass, for whom he had formerly had a sort of an inclination, though, it is believed, she never heard of it, nor regarded it in the least. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and this was she whom he thought he might entitle to the sovereignty of his heart; upon which he studied to find her out a new name, that might have some affinity with her old one, and yet at the same time sound somewhat like that of a princess, or lady of quality; so at last he resolved to call her Dulcinea, with the addition of del Toboso, from the place where she was born; a name, in his opinion, sweet, harmonious, extraordinary, and no less significative than the others which he had devised.

[The good Don now persuades a country fellow, one Sancho Panza, to act as his squire, and they set out in quest of adventures.]

As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills, that are in that plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished: look yonder, friend Sancho; there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils: for they are lawful prize, and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to Heaven."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long, extended arms. Some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."

"Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho: "those things yonder are no giants, but windmills; and the arms you fancy are their sails, which, being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go."

"'T is a sign," cried Don Quixote, "that thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore, if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful unequal combat against them all."

This said, he clapped spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them: far from that, "Stand, cowards!" cried he, as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares to encounter you all." At the same time the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which when Don Quixote spied, "Base miscreants!" cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance."

He most devoutly recommended himself to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both

knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow he and Rozinante had received. "Mercy o' me!" cried Sancho, "did not I give your worship fair warning? Did not I tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote: "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded, that cursed necromnacer Freston, who carried away my study and my books, has transformed these giants into windmills, to deprive me of the honor of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me; but in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword."

"Amen, say I," replied Sancho. And so heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted Rozinante, that was half shoulder-slipped with his fall.

This adventure was the subject of their discourse, as they made the best of their way towards the pass of Lapice; for Don Quixote took that road, believing he could not miss of adventures in one so mightily frequented. However, the loss of his lance was no small affliction to him; and as he was making his complaint about it to his squire, "I have read," said he, "friend Sancho, that a certain Spanish knight, whose name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a huge oak-tree, or at least tore down a massy branch, and did such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so

many Moors with it that day, that he won himself and his posterity the surname of The Pounder, or Bruiser. I tell thee this, because I intend to tear up the next oak, or holm-tree, we meet; with the trunk whereof I hope to perform such wondrous deeds, that thou wilt esteem thyself particularly happy in having had the honor to behold them, and been the ocular witness of achievements which posterity will scarce be able to believe."

"Heaven grant you may!" cried Sancho; "I believe it all, because your worship says it."

# CAPTAIN CUELLAR OF THE ARMADA AND HIS TROUBLES

[1588]

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

[In 1588, Philip II sent out, after unprecedented preparations, a fleet, or armada, to conquer England and bring her back to the Roman Catholic Church. He was so sure of its success that he called it the "Invincible Armada." Nevertheless, by English seamanship, aided by the winds and the waves, a large part of it was destroyed. The ships which remained were driven to the north, and the Spaniards hoped that by sailing around Ireland they might make their way home. Terrible storms arose, and many of the vessels were wrecked on the coast of Ireland. Only half of the Invincible Armada ever returned to Spain. The following extract is taken, in substance, from a letter which Captain Cuellar sent to Philip II.

*The Editor.*]

The scene of the greatest destruction among the ships of the Armada was Sligo Bay. It is easy to see why. The coast on the Mayo side of it trends away seventy miles to the west, as far as Achill and Clare Islands, and ships embayed there in heavy southwesterly weather had no chance of escape. On one beach, five miles in length, Sir Jeffrey Fenton counted eleven hundred dead bodies, and the country people told him "the like was to be seen in other places." Sir William Fitzwilliam saw broken timber from the wrecks lying between Sligo and Ballyshannon "sufficient to have built five of the

largest ships in the world," besides masts and spars and cordage, and boats bottom uppermost. Among the vessels which went ashore at this spot to form part of the ruin which Fitzwilliam was looking upon was a galleon belonging to the Levantine squadron, commanded by Don Martin de Aranda. Don Martin, after an ineffectual struggle to double Achill Island, had fallen off before the wind and had anchored in Sligo Bay in a heavy sea with two other galleons. There they lay for four days, from the first to the fifth of September, when the gale rising their cables parted, and all three drove on shore on a sandy beach among the rocks. Nowhere in the world does the sea break more violently than on that cruel, shelterless shore. Two of the galleons went to pieces in an hour. The soldiers and sailors, too weak to struggle, were most of them rolled in the surf till they were dead, and then washed up upon the shingle. Gentlemen and servants, nobles and common seamen, shared the same fate.

Cuellar's ship had broken in two, but the forecastle held a little longer together than the rest, and Cuellar, clinging to it, watched his comrades being swept away and destroyed before his eyes. The wild Irish were down in hundreds stripping the bodies. Those who had come on shore with life in them fared no better. Some were knocked on the head, others had their clothes torn off and were left naked to perish of cold. Don Diego Enriquez, a high-born patrician, passed, with the Conde de Villafranca and sixty-five others, into his ship's tender, carrying bags of ducats and jewels. They went below and fastened down the hatchways, hoping to be rolled alive on land. A huge wave turned the tender

bottom upward, and all who were in it were smothered. As the tide went back, the Irish came with their axes and broke a hole open in search of plunder; while Cuellar looked on speculating how soon the same fate would be his own, and seeing the corpses of his comrades dragged out, stripped naked, and left to the wolves. His own turn came at last. He held on to the wreck till it was swept away, and he found himself in the water with a brother officer who had stuffed his pockets full of gold. He could not swim, but he caught a scuttle board as it floated by him and climbed up upon it. His companion tried to follow, but he was washed off and drowned. Cuellar, a few minutes later, was tossed ashore, his leg badly cut by a blow from a spar in the surf. Drenched and bleeding as he was, he looked a miserable figure. The Irish, who were plundering the better dressed of the bodies, took no notice of him. He crawled along till he found a number of his countrymen who had been left with nothing but life, bare to their skins, and huddled together for warmth. Cuellar, who had still his clothes, though of course drenched, lay down among some rushes. A gentleman, worse off than he, for he was entirely naked, threw himself at his side, too spent to speak. Two Irishmen came by with axes, who, to Cuellar's surprise, cut some bushes, which they threw over them for a covering, and went on to join in the pillage on the shore. Cuellar, half dead from cold and hunger, fell asleep. He was woke by a troop of English horsemen galloping by for a share in the spoil. He called his comrade, but found him dead, while all round the crows and wolves were busy over the naked carcasses. Something like a monastery was visible not far off. Cuellar

limped along till he reached it. He found it deserted. The roof of the chapel had been lately burned. The images of the saints lay tumbled on the ground. In the nave twelve Spaniards were hanging from the rafters. The monks had fled to the mountains.

Sick at the ghastly spectacle, he crept along a path through a wood, when he came upon an old woman who was hiding her cattle from the English. Her cabin was not far distant, but she made signs to him to keep off, as there were enemies in occupation there. Wandering hopelessly on, he fell in with two of his countrymen, naked and shivering. They were all famished, and they went back together to the sea, hoping to find some fragments of provisinos washed on land. On the way they came on the body of Don Enriquez and stopped to scrape a hole in the sand and bury it. While they were thus employed, a party of Irish came up, who pointed to a cluster of cabins and intimated that if they went there they would be taken care of. Cuellar was dead lame. His companions left him. At the first cottage which he reached, there was an old Irish "savage," an Englishman, a Frenchman, and a girl. The Englishman struck at him with a knife and gave him a second wound. They stripped him to his shirt, took a gold chain from him, which they found concealed under it, and a purse of ducats. They would have left him *en cueros*, like the rest, without a rag upon him, had not the girl interposed, who affected to be a Christian, "though she was no more a Christian than Mahomet." The Frenchman proved to be an old sailor who had fought at Terceira. In him the Spanish captain found some human kindness, for he bound up his leg for him and gave him

some oatcakes with butter and milk. The Frenchman then pointed to a ridge of distant mountains. There, he said, was the country of the O'Rourke, a great chief, who was a friend of the King of Spain. O'Rourke would take care of him; many of his comrades had already gone thither for protection.

With his strength something restored by the food, Cuellar crawled along, stick in hand. At night he stopped at a hut where there was a lad who could speak Latin. This boy talked with him, gave him supper and a bundle of straw to sleep upon. About midnight the boy's father and brother came in, loaded with plunder from the wrecks. They, too, did him no hurt and sent him forward in the morning with a pony and a guide. English soldiers were about, sent, as he conjectured, probably with truth, to kill all the Spaniards that they could fall in with. The first party that he met did not see him. With the second he was less fortunate. His guide saved his life by some means which Cuellar did not understand. But they beat him and took his shirt from him, the last of his garments that had been left. The boy and pony went off, and he thought then that the end was come and prayed God to finish him and take him to His mercy. Forlorn as he was, however, he rallied his courage, picked up a piece of old matting, and with this and some plaited ferns made a shift to cover himself; thus costumed he went on to a hamlet at the side of a lake; the hovels of which it consisted were all empty; he entered the best-looking of them, found some fagots of oat-straw, and was looking about for a place to sleep among them, when three naked figures sprang suddenly up. He took them for devils, and in his extraordinary

dress they thought the same of him; but they proved to have belonged to the wrecked galleons; one of them a naval officer, the other two soldiers. They explained mutually who they were, and then buried themselves in the oat-sheaves and slept. They remained there for warmth and concealment all the next day. At night, having wrapped themselves in straw, they walked on till they reached the dominions of the chief to whom they had been directed. O'Rourke himself was absent, "fighting the English," but his wife took them in, fed them, and allowed them to stay. As a particular favor she bestowed an old cloak upon Cuellar, which he found, however, to be swarming with lice. The hospitality was not excessive. A report reached him that a Spanish ship had put into Killybegs Harbor, was refitting for sea, and was about to sail. He hurried down to join her, but she was gone. He learned afterward that she had been wrecked and that all on board had perished.

He was now like a hunted wolf. The English deputy had issued orders that every Spaniard in the country must be given up to the Government. The Irish did not betray Cuellar, but they did not care to risk their necks by giving him shelter; and he wandered about through the winter in Sligo and Donegal, meeting with many strange adventures. His first friend was a poor priest, who was performing his functions among the Irish, in spite of the law, disguised as a layman. From this man he met with help. He worked next as a journeyman with a blacksmith, whose wife was a brute. The priest delivered him from these people, and carried him to a castle, which, from the description, appears to have been on Lough Erne, and here for the first time he met with

hearty hospitality, in the Irish understanding of the term. The owner of the castle was a gentleman. He recognized an ally in every enemy of England. He took Cuellar into his tròop of retainers, and dressed him in the saffron mantle of the Irish gallowglass. For some weeks he was now permitted to rest and recover himself. . . .

The Lord Deputy was alarmed at the number of fugitives who were said to be surviving. As the orders to surrender them had not been attended to, he collected a force in Dublin and went in person into the West to enforce obedience. Cuellar's entertainer had been especially menaced, and had to tell his guests that he could help them no further. He must leave his castle and retreat himself with his family into the mountains, and the Spaniards must take care of themselves. Cuellar calls the castle Manglana; local antiquaries may be able to identify the spot. It stood on a promontory projecting into a long, deep, and broad lake, and was covered on the land side by a swamp. It could not be taken without boats or artillery, and the Spaniards offered to remain and defend it if the chief would leave them a few muskets and powder, with food for a couple of months. There were nine of them. The chief agreed, and let them have what they wanted; and, unless Cuellar lies, he and his friends held "Manglana" for a fortnight against a force of eighteen hundred English, when God came to their help by sending such weather that the enemy could not any longer keep the field.

The chief, finding the value of such auxiliaries, wished to keep them permanently at his side, and offered Cuellar his sister for a wife. Cuellar, however, was longing

for home. He supposed that if he could reach Scotland, he could cross easily from thence to Flanders. One night after Christmas he slipped away and made for Antrim, traveling, seemingly, only in the dark, and hiding during the day. He was in constant danger, as the tracks were watched, and suspected persons were seized and searched. He got as far as the Giant's Causeway; there he heard particulars of the wreck of the ship which he had tried to join at Killybegs. It was a galleass with Alonzo de Layva on board and two or three hundred others with him. They were all dead, and Cuellar saw the relics of them which the people had collected on the shore. Alonzo de Layva was the best loved of all the Spaniards in the fleet, and the sight of the spot where he had perished was a fresh distress. He was afraid to approach a port lest he should be seized and hanged. For six weeks he was hid away by some women, and after that by a bishop, who was a good Christian, though dressed like a savage. This bishop had a dozen Spaniards with him, fed, clothed, and said Mass for them, and at last found a boat to carry them across the Channel. They went, and after a three-days' struggle with the sea contrived to land in Argyllshire. They had been led to hope for help from James. Cuellar says that they were entirely mistaken. James never gave them a bawbee, and would have handed them over to the English if he had not been afraid of the resentment of the Scotch Catholic nobles. The Calvinist Lowlanders showed them scanty hospitality. The Prince of Parma was informed of their condition, and agreed with a Flemish merchant to bring over to him all the Spaniards, now numerous, who were on Scotch soil, at five ducats a head.

Even yet misfortune had not tired of persecuting them. In their passage they were chased and fired upon by a Dutch frigate. They had to run ashore, where they were intercepted by the Hollanders, and all but Cuellar and two of his companions were killed. So ends the Spanish captain's story.

# IV

# THE PERIOD OF DECLINE

## HISTORICAL NOTE

The destruction of the Invincible Armada was a crushing blow to the power of Spain, and the other nations of Europe breathed more freely thereafter. Weakened by the expulsion of 800,000 Moors, the most learned and industrious of her inhabitants, demoralized by the gold of Mexico and Peru, and exhausted by constant warfare, Spain at the beginning of the seventeenth century fell from her place as the leading power of Europe. As her prosperity steadily declined, her provinces — the Netherlands, Portugal, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, and the Lombard territories — one by one dropped away. In 1704, the English captured her mighty stronghold of Gibraltar. Florida and Louisiana eventually came into the hands of the United States, and by 1826 Spain no longer held any territory on the continent of North America.

At the death of Ferdinand VII, in 1833, there was opposition to the succession of his daughter Isabella, in behalf of Ferdinand's brother Carlos. This caused the Carlist War, which lasted from 1833 to 1840, and gave rise also to warfare in 1860 and from 1872 to 1876. The republic formed in 1873 was overthrown two years later, and the Bourbon line was restored in the person of Alfonso, father of Alfonso XIII. Governmental abuses brought about revolts in Cuba. The interference of the United States in behalf of the islanders was the cause of war between the two countries. By a treaty of peace signed in 1898, Spain relinquished Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. Later, she sold to Germany the Caroline, Pelew, and Ladrone Islands. Her only remaining foreign dependency is her territory in western Africa.

# VELASQUEZ, THE GREATEST OF SPANISH PAINTERS

[1599-1660]

BY MRS. M. G. QUINCY SLEEPER

[SPANISH art two hundred and fifty years ago was wanting in patrons; rich people did not ask artists to paint their portraits or to make them pictures to hang on their walls; the old Spaniards, who had conquered their own country foot by foot against the Moorish invaders, and who had conquered vast territories in America as if merely to keep their hands in and to amuse themselves, were not like the Greeks and Italians, who had a natural and innate love for beautiful objects; the Spaniards preferred battles and adventures to pictures and statues. The chief patrons that the artists had were, therefore, the clergy and the monks, who of course wanted only religious pictures. As for the kings, the only one who deigned to favor Spanish art was Philip IV, whose caprice forced Velasquez to pass a great deal of time painting dwarfs and court buffoons, which he might have employed in painting nobler subjects.

It is to Velasquez that we are indebted for some of the finest portraits of men, women, and children that have ever been painted. In every great museum in Europe we find some specimen of his lifelike pictures, mostly of his patron Philip IV, of the queen, and of the royal children, the Infantes Don Balthazar Carlos, Don Fernando, Don Philip Prosper, the Infantas Maria Theresa and Marguerite Maria. In all these royal portraits we see how great a painter Velasquez was; for, not content with obtaining the illusion of form and the expression of life, he penetrated the very soul of his models, and gave a moral likeness of them too. Thus his portraits may be called pages of history as well as great

works of art, for they show better than any chronicles or written narratives how the race of the great ruler Charles V had degenerated in the persons of his descendants, and how nearly his exhausted dynasty was approaching to its end.

*Theodore Child.*]

Diego Velasquez de Silva was born at Seville in 1599. He is the finest court painter of Spain, while Murillo is the best painter of religious pictures. He kept a peasant lad as an apprentice, who served him as a study, and he sketched him in every position, — laughing, crying, sleeping, and the like. He used charcoal and white chalk on blue paper, and thus learned to catch likenesses with ease and rapidity.

One of his most celebrated works is the portrait of Adrian Pulido Pariga, captain-general of the Spanish forces in New Spain. Philip IV had ordered the admiral to depart at a given time; but, entering the artist's painting-room after the hour named by him, saw, as he thought, the weather-beaten face of the officer looking out from the farther corner. "Still here!" exclaimed the king. "Why are you not gone?"

There was no answer; and Philip stepped hastily forward, when he discovered his mistake. "I assure you that I was deceived," he said, turning to Velasquez.

Velasquez had a slave, whose name was Pareja. He ground the colors for his master, cleaned his pencils, prepared his palette or paint plate, and went with him whenever he traveled abroad. He loved to paint, and often sat up all night busy with his pictures. He, however, trembled at every noise, knowing that Velasquez would be seriously angry if he should discover that he was attempting anything so much above his station.

Velasquez's study was in the palace of King Philip IV; and the king kept a key, so that he could go in and out as he pleased. When in the apartment, he was accustomed to order those pictures which were placed with the painted side to the wall to be turned, so that he could see them. Pareja noticed this; and he one day placed one of his own sketches in this position. Philip entered as usual, and as usual ordered the pictures to be turned. Pareja obeyed; and when he came to his own, he threw himself at the king's feet, confessed that it was his, and begged the monarch to persuade his master to forgive him for what he had done.

"Forgive you?" replied Philip, pleased with the work. "Forgive you? Yes, that he will, I am quite sure." Then turning to Velasquez, he said, "So good an artist ought no longer to be a slave."

"You know best, sire," replied the artist. "Pareja, you are free. The king will himself be a witness for you."

Pareja never left his master; and after his death he served his daughter with equal affection. He painted portraits finely, and so entirely in the style of Velasquez that they might easily be mistaken for his.

# SPANISH HOME LIFE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY MRS. M. G. QUINCY SLEEPER

SPAIN changes her customs slowly. She clings to the old in everything. The manners and habits of the wealthy class in the seventeenth century differed but little from those of the same class now.

The royal family then lived at Madrid, or at Buenretiro, a country palace in the vicinity. They made an excursion in the spring to Aranjuez, and in the autumn to the Escurial. The day of starting, the length of the stay, the order of the journey, its expense, and the dresses to be worn by the court, were fixed and written in the Book of Ceremonial.

The chief officer of the king's household was the High Steward. He was allowed a seat in the royal apartments, which he occupied while in attendance, except at public ceremonials and when the king was at table; upon which occasions he stood by the side of His Majesty. He regulated the expenses of the palace, arranged the bull-fights and all public games attended by the king, and fixed the time for the reception of foreign princes, cardinals, and ambassadors.

One of the highest officers at court was the grand chamberlain. He had a gold key, which admitted him at all hours to all the apartments in the palace. He wakened the king in the morning, presented him some of his garments and the towel to dry his hands. He had

the charge of the royal wardrobe; and the royal garments were given him after their owner had done with them. He accompanied the king in his carriage; at which time the grand equerry, instead of riding on horseback, took a seat on the coach-box.

The gentlemen of the chamber were usually the sons of grandees. They in turn waited on the king with the golden key at their girdles. They assisted in dressing him; and they handed him all dishes at table, except the *olla podrida* (a mixture of various meats and delicacies) which the chief cook presented in person.

The queen's household consisted of the superintendent, or *camerara*, some maids of honor, and numerous pages, who were always children of the highest rank. In the reign of Philip IV, there were about a thousand persons lodged in the palace at Madrid. They were miserably paid; but the expense of their maintenance was, nevertheless, very great.

The grandees formed the highest class of the nobility. They were really petty kings. They kept great numbers of followers. The Duchess of Ossuna had eight hundred ladies and waiting-women. Young ladies of noble but poor families were often entertained in these households, where they chiefly employed themselves in embroidering with silk, and thread of gold and silver. The grandees had immense quantities of gold and silver plate, which they displayed on lofty sideboards. Those of the Duke of Albuquerque had forty silver ladders for the convenience of those who had the care of them; and when he died, it took six weeks to weigh and take account of the vessels.

The Hidalgos were a lower class of nobility, without

particular titles — such as count or marquis — but possessed of many privileges. The Caballeros of Castile were knights who served on horseback in the field, but brought no followers with them.

The houses in Madrid were large and built of brick and clay. Glass being scarce, they were badly lighted. They were seldom provided with chimneys; but an open, flat brass pan, containing lighted charcoal, was placed in the middle of the living-room, usually raised about half a foot from the floor, on a wooden frame. The floors were plastered and whitewashed, or polished like marble. Cushions of gold and silver brocade lay on rich Persian carpets. Elegant cabinets, busts, and vases stood around, with silver vases filled with orange and jessamine trees. Persons of distinction had canopies, under which it pleased them to sit. The winter beds were covered with velvet counterpanes, and curtains trimmed with thick gold and silver lace, called galloon. In summer, colored gauze curtains only were used to keep off the insects.

Early in the seventeenth century, the master of the house ate by himself, and his wife and children either ate quite alone, or sat upon the floor, with a cloth spread over the carpet. But about the middle of the century, the higher classes introduced the custom of eating together. The Spaniards did not invite dinner company except upon great occasions; but pleasure excursions were often made to the country houses of the nobility, where refreshments were offered. Madame d'Aulnoy thus visited the Princess of Monteleone, and says, "Her women, to the number of eighteen, brought, every one of them, a great silver basin full of dried sweetmeats,

wrapped up in papers cut and gilt for the purpose. In one there was a plum; in another, a cherry or apricot; and so in all the rest. Afterwards chocolate was presented, and every one had a china cup full, on a little dish of agate set in gold, with sugar in a box of the same. One drinks it with biscuit, or else with some thin bread as hard as if it were toasted, which they bake on purpose."

Most of the lower classes took their food at cooks' shops, which were kept at the street corners, and in which were great kettles of leeks, beans, and garlic, or broth to moisten their bread.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the costume for men "consisted of breeches of cloth bound and fastened up with points; a doublet, or vest, with large flaps; a cape with a hood; and a round cloth hat, or bonnet." In 1552 the ruff for the neck was added. A purse hung at the girdle. This was the true Spanish costume till the accession of Philip V. Philip II, who began to reign in 1556, was among the first who wore silk stockings.

A dandy of the seventeenth century is thus described by the wife of a French ambassador: "His hair was parted on the crown of his head, and tied behind him with a blue ribbon, about four fingers wide and about two yards long, which hung down at its full length. His breeches were of black velvet, buttoned down on each knee with five or six buttons; he had a vest so short that it scarce reached below his pockets; and a scalloped vest with hanging sleeves about four fingers wide, made of white embroidered satin. His cloak was of black cloth; and he had wrapped it round one arm, with which

he held a buckler, with a steel spike standing out in the midst of it. In the other hand he held a sword. He had likewise a dagger with a narrow blade fastened to the belt round his back. He had such a straight collar that he could neither stoop nor turn about his head. His hat was of a prodigious size, with a great band, larger than a mourning one, twisted about it. His shoes were of as fine leather as that whereof gloves are made, slashed and cut, and so exactly fitted that they seemed to be pasted on. He was strongly perfumed, and was careful to tell that there were few courses of bull-fights wherein he did not venture his life."

In the seventeenth century, the ladies' hoops, which had been very large, were made much smaller; but various modes seem to have prevailed. Queen Louise d'Orléans once received her friends with her hair separated in the middle and falling on both shoulders. One side was braided, strung with pearls, and was fastened to her waist with a diamond. Her dress was a rose-colored velvet, worked with silver; and her earrings hung nearly down to her shoulders.

The Spaniards of the higher classes rose about seven o'clock in the morning, drank iced water, and afterwards chocolate. They then went to Mass or confession. The ladies embroidered, received calls, and offered collations to morning guests. Dinner was eaten at about twelve o'clock; after this, all partially undressed for the siesta, or afternoon lounge. At this time the shops were shut, and no business was done. At about two o'clock in winter, and four in summer, sweetmeats and iced drinks or chocolate were served. All who chose then went abroad to the theater; or, in warm weather, to the pub-

lic walks. The *tertulias*, or social evening receptions, so common now, had not then been introduced. Returning, a light supper was served.

Education was almost universally neglected; and boys at fifteen were usually their own masters.

Running at the ring was a favorite amusement, and was thus played: Several posts were placed in a circle, and a ring was hung from each. The player galloped round the circle and attempted to take down one or more of these rings with his lance as he rode. Charles I of England, when at Madrid, was skillful in this sport.

# THE QUEEN AND HER SUPERINTENDENT

BY MRS. M. G. QUINCY SLEEPER

Charles II was proclaimed king October 8, 1665, at the age of four years. He was so sickly and so improperly treated that he was ten years old before he was allowed to put his foot to the ground. He never really reigned. The royal authority was exercised during his youth by his mother, who was unfit for the task, and afterwards by ministers, who regarded their own interest rather than that of Spain.

In 1679, Charles married Louise d'Orléans, niece of Louis XIV of France. She was in her eighteenth year, and was charming in person and manner. Her eyes were large and dark, full of animation, yet sweet in expression; her eyebrows were finely arched; her lips were rosy; and her thin, long hair was of a dark chestnut color. She danced gracefully, and was a fearless rider. She hoped to marry her cousin, the dauphin, heir to the French crown, and to remain in her native country; but she was sacrificed to the supposed interests of France.

When she first saw her future husband, she was for a moment too much surprised to salute him. He was tall and sufficiently well shaped, but he had a sickly complexion, and the gentle expression of his eyes did not make up for his wide mouth and hanging Austrian lip. His dress, too, was doubtless unexpected by the lovely French girl, being a close, short-bodied coat of gray cloth, velvet breeches, stockings of raw silk, and a gray

hat. His hair, which was ridiculously long, was combed behind his ears.

The queen made her public entrance into Madrid on a fiery Andalusian horse. Her riding-habit was heavy with embroidery. White and crimson feathers waved from her hat, which was looped up at one side by a diamond clasp. From this hung the wonderful pearl called Peregrina, and on one finger she wore a diamond, thought to be the finest in the world. But no one minded her jewels, so winning was her face, and so easily did she manage her high-spirited steed.

The procession was as dazzling as silver and gold, satins, velvets, and precious stones could make it. It passed under triumphal arches, through streets hung with tapestry, and adorned with sculpture, or set out with characteristic ornaments. The street of the furriers was lined with stuffed tigers and bears, and that of the goldsmiths glittered with little angels. When the queen arrived at the great court of the palace, she found it surrounded with young men and maidens who were crowned with reeds and water-lilies, and represented the rivers of her new kingdom. Others represented the provinces; and all offered homage in their name. There Louise was received by the king and queen-mother. At night there were displays of fireworks.

On the following day, the king and queen went to the Church of Our Lady of Atocha, in a carriage built like a triumphal car. As it was evening when they returned, the city was illuminated. The Plaza Mayor seemed all ablaze. The buildings were lofty, having five rows of balconies, one above another, and three thousand torches were fastened to them.

Various amusements followed, especially that of the chase. At one of the latter, the Duke d'Infantado, who acted as royal huntsman, led the queen, as if by accident, to the pleasantest part of the forest, where some little streams kept the grass fresh and thick. A canopy of gold-cloth was stretched beneath the trees. In the boughs were monkeys, squirrels, and fine birds. Boys clothed in fantastic garments, and girls dressed as nymphs and shepherdesses, offered refreshments in elegant dishes.

To the world the lot of Louise seemed to be all that could be desired, but it was in reality far otherwise. She was a slave to rules and forms which were all the more burdensome because they were useless.

The king had given her a fine Andalusian horse, which was not fully broken. She mounted him in the palace court, when the animal reared, and threw her from the saddle. Her foot caught in the stirrup, and she was drawn along the ground. It was a crime to touch a queen of Spain, and doubly a crime to touch her foot. Charles was motionless with terror, and no one at first dared to aid her. Two Spanish cavaliers at length sprang forward. One seized the bridle of the horse, while the other raised Her Majesty. Then, hastening home, they made preparations for departure. The Count of Peñaranda, however, approached the queen, and explained to her the risk which the noblemen had run. Equally surprised and shocked, she turned to the king and begged their pardon; which being granted, messengers were instantly sent to the cavaliers, who arrived just in season to prevent their flight to a foreign country.

It was the royal custom to provide each queen with a superintendent of her household, called *camerara mayor*,

who held almost entire control over her daily acts. In this case the superintendent was the Duchess of Terranueva. She was sixty years old, pale and wrinkled in face, lean and skinny in figure, with small, sharp eyes, a harsh voice, and a furious temper. She seemed to desire nothing so much as to make the queen uncomfortable. She was always stealing slyly about, hiding behind curtains, and listening at doors and convenient cracks. She would not permit the queen to look out of the window, or to speak a word of French. She even killed, with her own hand, two beautiful parrots which Louise had brought from home, because they spoke that language, and abused her French dogs at every opportunity. The queen's French attendants all left her, unable to bear the ill treatment which they experienced. For more than a hundred years her predecessors had been expected to retire to bed at ten o'clock in summer, and at nine in winter. Louise often forgot the hour, when her woman would, while she was still at supper, without saying a word, take down her hair and draw off her shoes to hasten her departure.

Fresh from the elegant amusements and the tasteful life of Paris, she was refused the pleasing gayeties to which she was accustomed, and was dragged to the court amusements, which she loathed. The long Spanish comedies wearied her, and she was violently ill from seeing two of the combatants in a bull-fight killed by the enraged brute. Yet even this was not the worst. She was compelled to be present at an *auto-da-fé*,[1] celebrated

[1] Literally, act of faith. The public declaration of the judgment passed by the courts of the Spanish Inquisition, and the infliction of the prescribed punishment.

in the Plaza Mayor, the various ceremonies of which lasted from seven o'clock in the morning till nine at night. One lovely Jewess, about seventeen years old, stood close beside her, and begged of her for mercy. "Will not your royal presence," she cried, "bring some change to my dreadful fate? Consider my youth, and remember that this concerns a belief which I drew in with my earliest breath."

The queen wept, but was silent. She could do nothing. She did not, indeed, see the actual burning of the twenty Jews, which took place after midnight; but the horrors of that day remained long in her memory.

King Charles was temperate and mild, but irresolute, timid, superstitious, and extremely ignorant. He did not even know the names of some of the more considerable towns and important provinces of his kingdom; and, in the war with France, sometimes pitied the Emperor of Germany because he believed him to have lost cities which had, in fact, belonged to himself. As he advanced in years, he shut himself up more and more in his palace with his favorite dwarfs and his menagerie, which was large and valuable. He loved his wife, who did her best to amuse him, and whose sweetness of temper was unfailing. But he was often cold in consequence of the hints of the duchess, who endeavored to make him jealous of her.

At last, Louise procured the dismissal of the fierce old woman, who departed in a storm of rage. She was happier after this, as the new *camerara* was kind and respectful; but she had still many annoyances. She was to receive about sixteen hundred dollars a month for her personal and household expenses, but six months some-

times went by without her receiving a copper, and she was obliged to borrow even for her charities.

Public affairs, also, became daily more hopeless. Not only were the demands of foreign governments for debts long due them disregarded, but officers of the army, and even governors of fortresses, in vain tried to obtain the payment of their salaries. The soldiers of the royal guard struggled with beggars for a morsel of the bread dealt out by the convents. Couriers could not leave the capital for want of means. The grooms in the royal stables, who had received nothing for many months, ran away and left the animals unfed. Money was wanted for the daily expenses of Charles's table. Great families were compelled to melt their plate; and in several parts of the kingdom men perished daily from hunger. To so low a point had misgovernment sunk this once powerful and wealthy country.

Queen Louise died in 1689, after a reign of nine years. She had borne cheerfully the sacrifice of all her early hopes, and had shown, in the difficult position in which she had been placed, patience, fortitude, generosity, and good sense.

After her death, Charles married Maria Anna, daughter of the Elector Palatine, and sister of the reigning Empress of Germany and the Queen of Portugal. She was not beautiful, like Louise, nor did she dress as tastefully. She had fine, fair hair, which she wore in many plaits, and which she filled with ribbons and feathers until they spread out almost enough to balance her enormous hoop. She was not subdued by Spanish gloom. She laughed heartily at the court fool, and when reproved by her husband, she replied that she could not help it,

and that the fellow must be removed if she must not seem amused by him.

Charles died in the year 1700. He was the last monarch of the house of Austria, and closed the native line of Gothic sovereigns. He left, by will, his throne to Philip, Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV.

Ten or twelve decaying frigates formed at that time the navy of Spain, and the art of ship-building was almost forgotten. The army consisted of twenty thousand men, without pay, clothing, or discipline. Robbers and murderers prowled about the country, and haunted even the churches unpunished.

[Charles II left his crown to Philip of Anjou, grandson of himself and also of Louis XIV of France. To prevent the union of the two kingdoms, an alliance was formed against France with the object of placing upon the Spanish throne Charles, Archduke of Austria. The Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugène of Savoy fought for the allies, and won some famous victories, — Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. For thirteen years the war raged. Then, by several deaths, Charles became Emperor. To permit him also to rule in Spain was out of the question, and the war came to an end. Philip was left on the Spanish throne to rule as Philip V; but with great loss of Spanish territory, for Gibraltar and Minorca were ceded to England; while Milan, Sardinia, Naples, and the Spanish Netherlands fell into the hands of Austria.

*The Editor.*]

# THE CROSSING OF THE DOURO

[1809]

BY CHARLES LEVER

[EVEN after Napoleon had overthrown the armies of Spain and Portugal, these countries refused to yield to his authority. Wellington with British troops came to their aid. He crossed the Douro River, captured Oporto, and pursued the French forces on their retreat over the mountains into Spain.

*The Editor.*]

NEVER did the morning break more beautifully than on the 12th of May, 1809. Huge masses of fog-like vapor had succeeded to the starry, cloudless night, but one by one they moved onwards towards the sea, disclosing as they passed long tracts of lovely country, bathed in a rich golden glow. The broad Douro, with its transparent current, shone out like a bright-colored ribbon, meandering through the deep garment of fairest green; the darkly shadowed mountains which closed the background loomed even larger than they were; while their summits were tipped with the yellow glory of the morning. The air was calm and still, and the very smoke that arose from the peasant's cot labored as it ascended through the perfumed air, and save the ripple of the stream all was silent as the grave.

The squadron of the Fourteenth, with which I was, had diverged from the road beside the river, and to obtain a shorter path, had entered the skirts of a dark pine wood; our pace was a sharp one; an orderly had

been already dispatched to hasten our arrival, and we pressed on at a brisk trot. In less than an hour we reached the verge of the wood, and as we rode out upon the plain, what a spectacle met our eyes! Before us, in a narrow valley, separated from the river by a low ridge, were picketed three cavalry regiments; their noiseless gestures and perfect stillness bespeaking at once that they were intended for a surprise party. Farther down the stream, and upon the opposite side, rose the massive towers and tall spires of Oporto, displaying from their summits the broad ensign of France; while far as the eye could reach, the broad dark masses of troops might be seen; the intervals between their columns glittering with the bright equipments of their cavalry, whose steel caps and lances were sparkling in the sunbeams. The bivouac fires were still smouldering, and marking where some part of the army had passed the night; for early as it was, it was evident that their position had been changed; and even now, the heavy masses of dark infantry might be seen moving from place to place, while the long line of the road to Vallonga was marked with a vast cloud of dust. The French drum and the light infantry bugle told, from time to time, that orders were passing among the troops; while the glittering uniform of a staff officer, as he galloped from the town, bespoke the note of preparation.

"Dismount! steady; quietly, my lads," said the colonel, as he alighted upon the grass. "Let the men have their breakfast."

The little amphitheater we occupied hid us entirely from all observation on the part of the enemy, but equally so excluded us from perceiving their movements.

It may readily be supposed then, with what impatience we waited here, while the din and clangor of the French force, as they marched and countermarched so near us, were clearly audible. The orders were, however, strict that none should approach the bank of the river, and we lay anxiously awaiting the moment when this inactivity should cease. More than one orderly had arrived among us, bearing dispatches from headquarters; but where our main body was, or what the nature of the orders, no one could guess. As for me, my excitement was at its height, and I could not speak for the very tension of my nerves. The officers stood in little groups of two and three, whispering anxiously together; but all I could collect was, that Soult had already begun his retreat upon Amarante, and that, with the broad stream of the Douro between us, he defied our pursuit.

"Well, Charley," said Power, laying his arm upon my shoulder, "the French have given us the slip this time; they are already in march, and even if we dared force a passage in the face of such an enemy, it seems there is not a boat to be found. I have just seen Hammersley."

"Indeed! Where is he?" said I.

"He's gone back to Villa do Conde; he asked after you most particularly. Don't blush, man; I'd rather back your chance than his, notwithstanding the long letter that Lucy sends him. Poor fellow, he has been badly wounded, but, it seems, declines going back to England."

"Captain Power," said an orderly, touching his cap, "General Murray desires to see you."

Power hastened away, but returned in a few moments.

"I say, Charley, there's something in the wind here.

I have just been ordered to try where the stream is fordable. I've mentioned your name to the general, and I think you'll be sent for soon. Good-bye."

I buckled on my sword, and looking to my girths, stood watching the groups around me; when suddenly a dragoon pulled his horse short up, and asked a man if Mr. O'Malley was there.

"Yes; I am he."

"Orders from General Murray, sir," said the man, and rode off at a canter.

I opened and saw that the dispatch was addressed to Sir Arthur Wellesley, with the mere words, "With haste!" on the envelope.

Now, which way to turn I knew not; so, springing into the saddle, I galloped to where Colonel Merivale was standing talking to the colonel of a heavy dragoon regiment.

"May I ask, sir, by which road I am to proceed with this dispatch?"

"Along the river, sir," said the heavy, — a large, dark-browed man, with a most forbidding look. "You'll soon see the troops; you'd better stir yourself, sir, or Sir Arthur is not very likely to be pleased with you."

Without venturing a reply to what I felt a somewhat unnecessary taunt, I dashed spurs into my horse, and turned toward the river. I had not gained the bank above a minute, when the loud ringing of a rifle struck upon my ear; bang went another, and another. I hurried on, however, at the top of my speed, thinking only of my mission and its pressing haste. As I turned an angle of the stream, the vast column of the British came in sight, and scarcely had my eye rested upon them

when my horse staggered forwards, plunged twice with his head nearly to the earth, and then, rearing madly up, fell backwards to the ground. Crushed and bruised as I felt by my fall, I was soon aroused to the necessity of exertion; for as I disengaged myself from the poor beast, I discovered he had been killed by a bullet in the counter; and scarcely had I recovered my legs when a shot struck my shako and grazed my temples. I quickly threw myself to the ground, and, creeping on for some yards, reached at last some rising ground, from which I rolled gently downwards into a little declivity, sheltered by the bank from the French fire.

When I arrived at headquarters, I was dreadfully fatigued and heated; but resolving not to rest till I had delivered my dispatches, I hastened towards the convent of La Sierra, where I was told the commander-in-chief was.

As I came into the court of the convent, filled with general officers and people of the staff, I was turning to ask how I should proceed, when Hixley caught my eye.

"Well, O'Malley, what brings you here?"

"Dispatches from General Murray."

"Indeed; oh, follow me."

He hurried me rapidly through the buzzing crowd, and ascending a large gloomy stair, introduced me into a room, where about a dozen persons in uniform were writing at a long deal table.

"Captain Gordon," said he, addressing one of them, "dispatches requiring immediate attention have just been brought in by this officer."

Before the sentence was finished the door opened, and a short, slight man, in a gray undress coat, with a white

cravat, and a cocked hat, entered. The dead silence that ensued was not necessary to assure me that he was one in authority, — the look of command his bold, stern features presented; the sharp, piercing eye, the compressed lip, the impressive expression of the whole face, told plainly that he was one who held equally himself and others in mastery.

"Send General Sherbroke here," said he to an aide-de-camp. "Let the light brigade march into position;" and then, turning suddenly to me, "Whose dispatches are these?"

"General Murray's, sir."

I needed no more than that look to assure me that this was he of whom I had heard so much, and of whom the world was still to hear so much more.

He opened them quickly, and glancing his eye across the contents, crushed the paper in his hand. Just as he did so, a spot of blood upon the envelope attracted his attention.

"How's this, — are you wounded?"

"No, sir; my horse was killed —"

"Very well, sir; join your brigade. But stay, I shall have orders for you. Well, Waters, what news?"

This question was addressed to an officer in a staff uniform, who entered at the moment, followed by the short and bulky figure of a monk, his shaven crown and large cassock strongly contrasting with the gorgeous glitter of the costumes around him.

"I say, whom have we here?"

"The Prior of Amarante, sir," replied Waters, "who has just come over. We have already, by his aid, secured three large barges —"

"Let the artillery take up positions in the convent at once," said Sir Arthur, interrupting. "The boats will be brought round to the small creek beneath the orchard. You, sir," turning to me, "will convey to General Murray — but you appear weak. You, Gordon, will desire Murray to effect a crossing at Avintas with the Germans and the 14th. Sherbroke's division will occupy the Villa Nuova. What number of men can that seminary take?"

"From three to four hundred, sir. The padre mentions that all the vigilance of the enemy is limited to the river below the town."

"I perceive it," was the short reply of Sir Arthur, as, placing his hands carelessly behind his back, he walked towards the window, and looked out upon the river.

All was still as death in the chamber; not a lip murmured. The feeling of respect for him in whose presence we were standing checked every thought of utterance; while the stupendous gravity of the events before us engrossed every mind and occupied every heart. I was standing near the window; the effect of my fall had stunned me for a time, but I was gradually recovering, and watched with a thrilling heart the scene before me. Great and absorbing as was my interest in what was passing without, it was nothing compared with what I felt as I looked at him upon whom our destiny was then hanging. I had ample time to scan his features and canvass their every lineament. Never before did I look upon such perfect impassibility; the cold, determined expression was crossed by no show of passion or impatience. All was rigid and motionless, and whatever might have been the workings of the spirit within, cer-

tainly no external sign betrayed them; and yet what a moment for him must that have been! Before him, separated by a deep and rapid river, lay the conquering legions of France, led on by one second alone to him whose very name had been the prestige of victory. Unprovided with every regular means of transport, in the broad glare of day, in open defiance of their serried ranks and thundering artillery, he dared the deed. What must have been his confidence in the soldiers he commanded! What must have been his reliance upon his own genius! As such thoughts rushed through my mind, the door opened and an officer entered hastily, and, whispering a few words to Colonel Waters, left the room.

"One boat is already brought up to the crossing-place, and entirely concealed by the wall of the orchard."

"Let the men cross," was the brief reply.

No other word was spoken as, turning from the window, he closed his telescope, and followed by all the others, descended to the courtyard.

This simple order was enough; an officer with a company of the Buffs embarked, and thus began the passage of the Douro.

So engrossed was I in my vigilant observation of our leader, that I would gladly have remained at the convent, when I received an order to join my brigade, to which a detachment of artillery was already proceeding.

As I reached Avintas all was in motion. The cavalry was in readiness beside the river; but as yet no boats had been discovered, and such was the impatience of the men to cross, it was with difficulty they were prevented trying the passage by swimming, when suddenly Power appeared, followed by several fishermen. Three or four

small skiffs had been found, half sunk in mud, among the rushes, and with such frail assistance we commenced to cross.

"There will be something to write home to Galway soon, Charley, or I'm terribly mistaken," said Fred, as he sprang into the boat beside me. "Was I not a true prophet when I told you 'We'd meet the French in the morning'?"

"They're at it already," said Hixley, as a wreath of blue smoke floated across the stream below us, and the loud boom of a large gun resounded through the air.

Then came a deafening shout, followed by a rattling volley of small arms, gradually swelling into a hot sustained fire, through which the cannon pealed at intervals. Several large meadows lay along the riverside, where our brigade was drawn up as the detachments landed from the boats; and here, although nearly a league distant from the town, we now heard the din and crash of battle, which increased every moment. The cannonade from the Sierra convent, which at first was merely the fire of single guns, now thundered away in one long roll, amidst which the sounds of falling walls and crashing roofs were mingled. It was evident to us, from the continual fire kept up, that the landing had been effected; while the swelling tide of musketry told that fresh troops were momentarily coming up.

In less than twenty minutes our brigade was formed, and we now only waited for two light four-pounders to be landed, when an officer galloped up in haste, and called out,—

"The French are in retreat!" and pointing at the

same moment to the Vallonga road, we saw a long line of smoke and dust leading from the town, through which, as we gazed, the colors of the enemy might be seen as they defiled, while the unbroken lines of the wagons and heavy baggage proved that it was no partial movement, but the army itself retreating.

"Fourteenth, threes about! close up! trot!" called out the loud and manly voice of our leader, and the heavy tramp of our squadrons shook the very ground as we advanced towards the road to Vallonga.

As we came on, the scene became one of overwhelming excitement; the masses of the enemy that poured unceasingly from the town could now be distinguished more clearly; and amidst all the crash of gun-carriages and caissons, the voices of the staff officers rose high as they hurried along the retreating battalions. A troop of flying artillery galloped forth at top speed, and wheeling their guns into position with the speed of lightning, prepared, by a flanking fire, to cover the retiring column. The gunners sprang from their seats, the guns were already unlimbered, when Sir George Murray, riding up at our left, called out, —

"Forward! close up! charge!"

The word was scarcely spoken when the loud cheer answered the welcome sound, and the same instant the long line of shining helmets passed with the speed of a whirlwind; the pace increased at every stride, the ranks grew closer, and like the dread force of some mighty engine we fell upon the foe. I have felt all the glorious enthusiasm of a fox-hunt, when the loud cry of the hounds, answered by the cheer of the joyous huntsman, stirred the very heart within; but never till now did I

know how far higher the excitement reaches, when man to man, saber to saber, arm to arm, we ride forward to the battle-field. On we went, the loud shout of "Forward!" still ringing in our ears. One broken, irregular discharge from the French guns shook the head of our advancing column, but stayed us not as we galloped madly on.

I remember no more. The din, the smoke, the crash, the cry for quarter, mingled with the shout of victory, the flying enemy, the agonizing shrieks of the wounded; — all are commingled in my mind, but leave no trace of clearness or connection between them; and it was only when the column wheeled to reform behind the advancing squadrons, that I awoke from my trance of maddening excitement, and perceived that we had carried the position and cut off the guns of the enemy.

"Well done, Fourteenth," said an old gray-headed colonel, as he rode along our line, — "gallantly done, lads!" The blood trickled from a saber cut on his temple, along his cheek, as he spoke; but he either knew it not or heeded it not.

"There go the Germans!" said Power, pointing to the remainder of our brigade, as they charged furiously upon the French infantry, and rode them down in masses.

Our guns came up at this time, and a plunging fire was opened upon the thick and retreating ranks of the enemy. The carnage must have been terrific, for the long breaches of their lines showed where the squadrons of the cavalry had passed, or the most destructive tide of the artillery had swept through them. The speed of the flying columns grew momentarily more; the road be-

came blocked up, too, by broken carriages and wounded; and to add to their discomfiture, a damaging fire now opened from the town upon the retreating column, while the brigade of Guards and the Twenty-ninth pressed hotly on their rear.

The scene was now beyond anything maddening in its interest. From the walls of Oporto the English infantry poured forth in pursuit, while the whole river was covered with boats as they still continued to cross over. The artillery thundered from the Sierra to protect the landing, for it was even then contested in places; and the cavalry, charging in flank, swept the broken ranks and bore down upon the squares.

It was now, when the full tide of victory ran highest in our favor, that we were ordered to retire from the road. Column after column passed before us, unmolested and unassailed, and not even a cannon-shot arrested their steps.

Some unaccountable timidity of our leader directed this movement; and while before our very eyes the gallant infantry were charging the retiring columns we remained still and inactive.

How little did the sense of praise we had already won repay us for the shame and indignation we experienced at this moment, as with burning cheek and compressed lip we watched the retreating files. "What can he mean?" "Is there not some mistake?" "Are we never to charge?" were the muttered questions around, as a staff officer galloped up with the order to take ground still farther back, and nearer to the river.

The word was scarcely spoken when a young officer, in the uniform of a general, dashed impetuously up; he

held his plumed cap high above his head, as he called out, "Fourteenth, follow me! Left face! wheel! charge!"

So, with the word, we were upon them. The French rear guard was at this moment at the narrowest point of the road, which opened by a bridge upon a large open space; so that, forming with a narrow front and favored by a declivity in the ground, we actually rode them down. Twice the French formed, and twice were they broken. Meanwhile the carnage was dreadful on both sides, our fellows dashing madly forward where the ranks were thickest, the enemy resisting with the stubborn courage of men fighting for their last spot of ground. So impetuous was the charge of our squadrons, that we stopped not till, piercing the dense column of the retreating mass, we reached the open ground beyond. Here we wheeled and prepared once more to meet them, when suddenly some squadrons of cuirassiers debouched from the road, and supported by a field-piece, showed front against us. This was the moment that the remainder of our brigade should have come to our aid, but not a man appeared. However, there was not an instant to be lost; already the plunging fire of the four-pounder had swept through our files, and every moment increased our danger.

"Once more, my lads, forward!" cried out our gallant leader, Sir Charles Stewart, as, waving his saber, he dashed into the thickest of the fray.

So sudden was our charge that we were upon them before they were prepared. And here ensued a terrific struggle; for as the cavalry of the enemy gave way before us, we came upon the close ranks of the infantry at half-pistol distance, who poured a withering volley into us

as we approached. But what could arrest the sweeping torrent of our brave fellows, though every moment falling in numbers?

Harvey, our major, lost his arm near the shoulder. Scarcely an officer was not wounded. Power received a deep saber-cut in the cheek from an aide-de-camp of General Foy, in return for a wound he gave the general; while I, in my endeavor to save General Laborde when unhorsed, was cut down through the helmet, and so stunned that I remembered no more around me. I kept my saddle, it is true, but I lost every sense of consciousness, my first glimmering of reason coming to my aid as I lay upon the river bank and felt my faithful follower Mike bathing my temples with water, as he kept up a running fire of lamentations for my being *murthered* so young.

"Are you better, Mister Charles? Spake to me, alanah! Say that you're not kilt, darling; do now. Oh, wirra: what'll I ever say to the master? and you doing so beautiful! Would n't he give the best baste in his stable to be looking at you to-day? There, take a sup; it's only water. Bad luck to them, but it's hard work beating them. They're only gone now. That's right; now you're coming to."

"Where am I, Mike?"

"It's here you are, darling, resting yourself."

"Well, Charley, poor fellow, you've got sore bones, too," cried Power, as, his face swathed in bandages and covered with blood, he lay down on the grass beside me. "It was a gallant thing while it lasted, but has cost us dearly. Poor Hixley —"

"What of him?" said I, anxiously.

"Poor fellow, he has seen his last battle-field! He fell across me as we came out upon the road. I lifted him up in my arms and bore him along above fifty yards; but he was stone dead. Not a sigh, not a word escaped him; shot through the forehead." As he spoke, his lips trembled, and his voice sank to a mere whisper at the last words: "You remember what he said last night. Poor fellow, he was every inch a soldier."

Such was his epitaph.

I turned my head towards the scene of our late encounter. Some dismounted guns and broken wagons alone marked the spot; while far in the distance, the dust of the retreating columns showed the beaten enemy as they hurried towards the frontiers of Spain.

# PORTUGAL

## I

## THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

## HISTORICAL NOTE

Up to the middle of the twelfth century, Portugal, or Lusitania, as the Romans called the country, was only a part of Spain, and, like the eastern part of the peninsula, it was overrun first by Germans, then by Moors. About the time of the Cid, that is, in the middle of the eleventh century, King Ferdinand of Castile conquered the northern part of Portugal. There were many savage battles between the Christians and the Moors, but finally Count Alfonso of Portugal won a great victory at Ourique in 1139, and became King of Portugal. Wars with Spain followed, and a little later quarrels with the Pope; but the early part of the fourteenth century was marked by brilliant progress. It was during this period that Portugal's commercial enterprise began to flourish.

# HOW THE FIRST KING OF PORTUGAL WON HIS KINGDOM

[1139–1185]

OSWALD CRAWFURD

[Toward the end of the eleventh century, King Alfonso VI of Spain appealed to all Christians to help him against the Moors. Among those who came to his aid was Count Henry of Burgundy, who afterwards married the king's daughter and became "Count of Portugal." It was their son, Alfonso Henrique, who won the battle of Ourique and became Alfonso I of Portugal.

One of the Moorish chroniclers describes as follows the method of this warlike king in capturing a stronghold.

*The Editor.*]

"This enemy of God," says the exasperated annalist, "would set about the taking of strong places in this fashion. Choosing a dark and stormy night, he would sally forth with only a handful of picked men. Arrived before the castle he intended to attack, the king it was in person who would be the first to scale the walls. When he had reached the parapet, he would throw himself upon the first sentinel, and holding a dagger to his breast, compel him to answer the usual challenge of his fellows without arousing their suspicions. After this he would wait in the embrasure of the battlements till his men had followed; then suddenly the king would raise his war-cry of *Sanctiago!* and the whole party would fall furiously, sword in hand, upon the garrison."

[Two of his captures, of special importance, the towns of Santarem and Lisbon, are thus described.]

The continued possession by his enemies of the great stronghold of Santarem, a *point d'appui* for yearly aggression, was, we are told, an unceasing vexation to the soul of the Portuguese king. This city and citadel lay, and still lie, on the north bank of the Tagus, in the center of a rich plain, which extended wedge-like into the heart of the desert border-land of Estremadura. It therefore was the Saracen position which lay nearest and was most threatening to the Christians. Santarem was believed to be impregnable; an opinion justified to this day in the eyes of those who have traced out the ruins of its Moorish citadel on an eminence overlooking the Tagus, and surveyed the natural and artificial scarps and counterscarps of the hillsides along which it is built.

Warfare in that age and country was, as we have already seen, to a great extent, an affair of sieges; and, in so far as it was so, the advantage was altogether with the Saracens. In the art of building strong places, of taking them, and of resisting capture, the Christian nations of Europe had inherited, and had not improved upon, the clumsy artillery (if we may use the word in its first sense) of the Romans; and the crusaders in Asia Minor and Syria found themselves as much inferior to the Saracens in this branch of the military art as did the Christians of Spain and Portugal. The defenders of Santarem, therefore, felt perfectly secure in a strong, watchful garrison; in their lofty turrets, garnished with all the artifice of Arabian war science; and securer still in the proved ignorance of their enemies.

To take Santarem openly and in the light of day was

clearly impossible; but it was an age in which stratagem made an essential and honorable branch of the art of war, and in which branch of it the keener and more subtle wits of the Orientals were also greatly at an advantage.

In the spring of the year 1147, King Alfonso Henrique lay at Coimbra, his capital, when he schemed an attempt upon Santarem. He is said to have obtained exact information of the height and position of the walls and towers of Santarem, to have prepared scaling-ladders, and to have sketched out a plan of assault. In three night marches, his small army had passed the fifty or sixty miles of wild and deserted country that lay between Coimbra and Santarem, successfully eluding the observation of the Saracen outposts and watchers by the way: on the third, some hours before daylight, he was under the walls of the city. The ladders were set, the walls scaled, and the troops, following their king with the war-cry of *Sanctiago e Rei Affonso!* overpowered the garrison, and the redoubtable stronghold of Santarem was in the hands of the Christians.

The capture of Santarem was of more importance to the Christian cause in Portugal than any event within the previous fifty years. It extended Christian territory to the Tagus, made Moorish aggression more difficult, and the Christian invasion of Gharb easier than before.

The king, however, now meditated an exploit far greater than this, and which, if accomplished, would carry the fame of the Portuguese nation to every Christian court and camp in Europe. This was the capture of Lisbon itself. But although to take an outpost like Santarem by a sudden and unexpected assault had been

proved to be possible, there were circumstances connected with the defenses of Lisbon which rendered its capture, with the resources of the King of Portugal, quite beyond the bounds of possibility.

Lisbon was at this time the richest and most populous city of the Peninsula. Moorish accounts compute the number of its inhabitants at between four and five hundred thousand. Its magnificent sea approach had long made it the chief emporium of trade between Europe and northern Africa. The city lies on the northern bank of the Tagus, where the river broadens into a lake-like estuary: from the edge of the water rose the city, as it still rises, amphitheater-wise upon hilly ground. On the northern slopes of these hills was situated the Kassba, or Moorish citadel, with its round turrets, its ditches, and its battlemented curtains. Strong lines of fortification extended from either side of the fortress to the river, and inclosed the whole city, except on the river side, where it was sufficiently protected by the Moorish fleets. The efforts of the Portuguese against so formidable an enceinte would certainly have proved futile, and it is not likely that even the enterprising King Alfonso Henrique would have made any attempt, but for a wholly unlooked-for occurrence.

Two years before the capture of Santarem, the first crusade had ended in complete disaster to the Christian arms in Asia Minor, and levies were already gathering in France and in Germany for a fresh expedition to the East. A large force of Frenchmen and Germans were at this time traveling overland to Palestine, along the route which had already been followed by a previous generation of crusaders; but the levies from England, North

Germany, and the Low Countries, not unaccustomed to the sea, preferred, to the fatigues of a tedious journey afoot through Hungary and modern European Turkey, the long and dangerous voyage from the mouths of the Rhine, down the British Channel, across the Bay of Biscay and through the Pillars of Hercules into the Mediterranean. News of these sea-traveling crusaders had probably reached the King of Portugal, through France, long before its slow and timid navigation had brought the fleet within sight of his shores; and it is almost certain that he had foreseen and planned the combination which he subsequently put into practice.

The German crusaders under Arnulph of Areschot, and the Flemings under Christian of Gistell, had put in at Dartmouth, there to join the English contingent. These latter were commanded by four Constables, and the whole force assembled in the port of Dartmouth numbered about thirteen thousand fighting men, of whom the greater number probably were Englishmen.

It happened that among the English crusaders was a scholar, no doubt a churchman of the inferior rank, who subsequently drew up a lengthy account, in the form of a letter, of the voyage and of its various incidents, in a manner so graphic that it furnishes us with by far the best and fullest description that has come down to the present time of the curious episode of the siege of Lisbon.

The English portion of the fleet first made land on the coast of northern Spain, then, creeping round westward, they put in at Oporto to await the arrival of the Flemish and German contingent, from whom they had parted company in a gale.

At Oporto, the crusaders were met by the bishop of

that city, who had the king's commands to receive them courteously, and to invite them to proceed to Lisbon and to join the Portuguese troops in an attack upon that stronghold. After some discussion, and upon the arrival of the rest of the crusaders, it was agreed by them to join their forces to those of the king, in a work kindred to that for which they had left their own country. The fleet accordingly set sail for the Tagus, while the king's troops marched thither by land. Much of the letter is taken up with accounts of the dissensions between the members of the various nationalities which composed the crusading armies, and the mode in which peace was kept among these unruly warriors by the king of the Portuguese.

The powerful fleet of the crusaders cut off the communications of the Lisbon garrison by water, and the troops, disembarking and joining with the Portuguese, were sufficient to encompass the whole city; but the Moorish garrison was a strong one, and the defenses in good order. Continual sorties were made from the city, and in the fighting which took place, the advantage was as often on the side of the Saracens as of the besiegers. Finally the English troops succeeded, after heavy loss, in penetrating the suburbs of the city, which, though lying outside the city wall, were tenanted by a large population. Here also were the grain stores of the inhabitants, and from this time the garrison suffered severely from famine.

In the various arts of siege warfare, the Saracens had always the advantage. They were the more ingenious, and the more watchful, and the more active. A tower on wheels built by the English crusaders was burnt;

another, constructed at great expense of time and trouble by the Germans, met the same fate; mining works, prepared by the Flemings on a large scale, were countermined by the garrison and destroyed. The war engines of the Saracens were superior in size and power to those of the Christians, and the besiegers were assailed by overpowering showers of stones and darts whenever they advanced to the assault.

Finally, however, a Pisan engineer devised a wooden tower on wheels, of unexampled proportions. Englishmen and Portuguese worked in company at its construction, and fifty English and fifty Portuguese soldiers having manned this moving castle, and each man of the hundred having been supplied with a piece of the True Cross, it was rolled up to the city wall amid the breathless expectation of the besieging hosts. The Saracens, seeing the imminence of their danger, sallied forth in great numbers and attacked the approaching tower. The Pisan engineer, who directed the operation, was wounded and disabled by a stone hurled from a Moorish catapult. The tide, flowing unusually high, covered the sands on which the tower was moving, and cut off support from the besiegers; but it came nearer and nearer, and finally reached to within a yard of the parapets, whose height it equaled. Then a drawbridge was thrown across, and the English and the Portuguese were preparing to enter the city, when the Saracens, seeing further resistance to be useless, surrendered. The city capitulated, and was mercilessly sacked. The king lost no time in devising for the captured city a form of municipal government, which strongly testifies to his liberality, toleration, and wisdom, in an age when the

narrow bigotry and ferocity of kings and rulers were usually as conspicuous as these qualities in their subjects. The Moslem population were treated by the Portuguese in a manner which was in singular contrast to the contemporary atrocities of the crusaders in the East, for the Moors of Lisbon were neither put to the sword, nor compelled to change their religion, nor enslaved, nor even banished. They continued to reside in the city, and they enjoyed, under a charter granted by the king, considerable liberties and privileges. They retained in their own hands the election of a judge, and the taxation to which they were subjected does not appear to have been excessive. The king's administration of church affairs was equally liberal and judicious. He appointed many foreign ecclesiastics to the newly created chief offices of the Church; among whom Gilbert, an Englishman, was the first Bishop of Lisbon.

The king likewise turned his attention to the establishment of a navy, which his countrymen had never yet possessed. He favored naval enterprise by conferring knightly rank and the privilege of citizenship on native and on foreign sailors, and he drew thereby Flemings, Englishmen, and North Germans into the new commercial marine of Portugal. Thus encouraged by a wise protection and by impartial justice, soon after the capture of Lisbon and what might have been its commercial ruin, its trade acquired a sudden, and a great, and a permanent development.

[As the years passed, King Alfonso Henrique left warfare with the Moors to his son Sancho, and gave his attention to the welfare of his people. When he was seventy-five years old, however, the Moors made a determined effort to regain

Santarem. Sancho, shut up in the beleaguered city, had done everything in his power, and it did not seem as if he could hold out many hours longer. The following story tells what came to pass.]

From the towers of Santarem, the hard-pressed garrison perceived a numerous troop of rapidly approaching cavalry. Presently they distinguished the pennons and banners of Christian knights, and as the troop came nearer, they recognized the well-known form of the old king himself, riding at the head of his knights. He had come by forced marches to the succor of his son from the extreme north of Portugal. The gates of the city were thrown open, the garrison sallied forth, and joining the king's men, they fell together upon the vast host of the Saracens. The besiegers, panic-struck at the sudden apparition of the terrible King of Portugal, the triumphant shouting of the garrison, and the sudden combined assault, were put to flight; the emir himself was slain, and his armies driven over the Tagus, and forced to a disastrous rout across the Moorish frontier; and thus, by what seemed a real miracle in contemporary eyes, was Portugal freed in a day from the greatest peril with which it had ever been threatened.

# THE PENANCE OF A PRINCE

[About 1240]

BY EDWARD McMURDO

[FERDINAND, Infante of Serpa, brother of King Sancho II, had not only shown utter disregard of the authority of the Church, but he had wantonly destroyed her property and that of her clergy, he had desecrated her sanctuaries, and he had with the utmost brutality put her devoted ministers to a violent and cruel death. As the years passed, the blackness of his crimes became a torture to him. He found neither peace by day nor rest by night. He made up his mind to go to the Pope and beg for absolution, no matter how severe a penance might be decreed for him.

*The Editor.*]

FERDINAND departed from Portugal, and proceeded to Rome, where he was to meet the persecuted bishop and some of his victims. He cast himself at the feet of Gregory IX, who absolved him, yielding to the petitions of the very ones whom the infante had offended. The penance enjoined on the delinquent was proportioned to the gravity of the crimes, and the reparation such as, humanly speaking, could be exacted. The Pope bade the infante return to Portugal, and not only restore to the Church all he had taken, but likewise redeem, as far as he could, conformably to the will of the prelates, the damages and affronts made generally to the Church; and that, far from persecuting the Bishop of Lisbon and his relatives and friends, he should protect and defend them, and abstaining from again placing violent hands

on ecclesiastics, he should deliver up the price of the blood he had spilt to the relatives of the dead or to the Church to which they belonged. Yet this was not all that the repentant infante had to perform. During Lent he was to go through a long process of expiation. With unshaven beard, and head covered with ashes, he was to assist, at the porch of the temple, in all the offices and services of the forty days, and during these days he was forbidden to wear silk, scarlet, or embroideries in gold. On Good Friday the bishop or priest should then come to him according to the ceremonial of the ritual, and taking his hand, admit him to the communion of the faithful, and on that day to clothe ten poor persons, after washing their feet. During the whole of Lent he was to feed five beggars at his own table; but on Fridays he was to eat his meals on the ground, from only one dish, and served solely by one servant.

After his admission into the Church on Good Friday, he was to proceed barefooted to all the churches of the town, and then be permitted to shave and wash himself. Besides this, for seven years he was to perform a great number of fasts, and to abstain from flesh-meat on Saturdays, except in urgent cases, or on Christmas Day, should it fall on that day.

The penance enjoined especially for the deaths which took place in Santarem was more severe. After the first week of his arrival at that town, the infante, simply clothed in a tunic and cloak, barefooted, and cords around his neck, was to quit the Dominican Convent, and passing through the Monastery of the Hospitallers, proceed to the Church of Sancta Maria da Alcaçova, and in the porch be scourged by a priest, the Psalm

*Miserere me, Deus,* being meanwhile intoned. Besides this, he was to redeem twenty captives, have no alliance with Saracens, nor live in their midst, or assist them against the Christians, but, on the contrary, combat them unceasingly for three years, particularly on the frontiers of Portugal. Before departing, Ferdinand swore, in presence of the pontiff, to be the defender of the Church, obeying the apostolic legates, and honoring them.

[The remorse of Ferdinand was so sincere that he fulfilled with the utmost strictness the long and difficult penance enjoined upon him.

*The Editor.*]

# THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO

[About 1347]

BY FELICIA D. HEMANS

[About the middle of the fourteenth century, Alfonso IV was on the throne of Portugal. His son, Dom Pedro, greatly loved the beautiful Inez de Castro. She and her powerful friends were so rapidly gaining influence over the prince that King Alfonso finally yielded to the enemies of her family and allowed her to be assassinated. Pedro at once rebelled against his father; and two years later, when he himself had become king, he put her murderers to death with terrible tortures. He declared that she had been his lawful wife and that royal homage should be paid to her. Her body was taken from the tomb, arrayed in magnificent robes, and a crown set upon the head. Then it was placed upon the throne. The line of grandees filed before her under the watchful eye of the king, each one kneeling in deference and swearing fealty to her as his lawful sovereign. Her body was then laid upon a bier, and at night, through a long avenue lined with torch-bearers, it was borne to its resting-place among the sovereigns of Portugal.

*The Editor.*]

There was music on the midnight,
From a royal fane it rolled;
And a mighty bell, each pause between,
Sternly and slowly tolled.
Strange was their mingling in the sky,
It hushed the listener's breath;
For the music spoke of triumph high,
The lonely bell, — of death!

## PORTUGAL

There was hurrying through the midnight,
    A sound of many feet;
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness
    Along the shadowy street:
And softer, fainter grew their tread,
    As it neared the minster gate.
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
    From a scene of royal state.

Full glowed the strong red radiance
    In the center of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
    Swept down in many a wave,
Loading the marble pavement old
    With a weight of gorgeous gloom;
For something lay midst their fretted gold,
    Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,
    High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat silently,
    Midst the glare of light alone.
Her jeweled robes fell strangely still, —
    The drapery on her breast
Seemed with no pulse beneath to thrill,
    So stone-like was its rest!

But a peal of lordly music
    Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem
    Was set on her pallid brow!

Then died away that haughty sound;
    And from the encircling band
Stepped prince and chief, midst the hush profound,
    With homage to her hand.

Why passed a faint, cold shuddering
    Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
    Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
    Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
    Sit on the pale still face?

Death! Death! canst thou be lovely
    Unto the eye of life?
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
    With thy cold mien at strife?
— It was a strange and fearful sight,
    The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,
    All gathered round the dead!

And beside her stood in silence
    One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compressed,
    Lest the strong heart should fail:
King Pedro, with a jealous eye,
    Watching the homage done
By the land's flower and chivalry
    To her, his martyred one.

But on the face he looked not
    Which once his star had been;
To every form his glance was turned
    Save of the breathless queen:
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,
    Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
    It was not for him to bear.

Alas! the crown, the scepter,
    The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that poured those gifts,
    Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are closed. — Bear back the dead
    Unto the chamber deep!
Lay down again the royal head,
    Dust with the dust to sleep!

There is music on the midnight, —
    A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding aisle
    In dark procession go;
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
    And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
    With her, that queen of clay!

And tearlessly and firmly
    King Pedro led the train;
But his face was wrapped in his folding robe
    When they lowered the dust again.

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO

'T is hushed at last the tomb above, —
    Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who called thee strong as Death, O Love?
    Mightier thou wast and art.

# THE BETROTHAL OF PRINCESS PHILIPPA

[1385]

BY SIR JOHN FROISSART

[Portugal was still an unimportant little country, often engaged in warfare with the more powerful land of Spain. Each country sought for allies. Castile found them in the French; Portugal in the English. In 1385 the great battle of Aljubarrota was fought, and the Portuguese were the winners. The English archers had been of great service to them in this battle, and now the barons and knights and magistrates of the principal towns in Portugal met together in Lisbon to plan how to make a closer alliance with England. The way was open. The Duke of Lancaster, uncle to Richard II, King of England, had married a daughter of the late King of Castile. Their daughter Constance had, then, a claim to the Castilian throne. Therefore, the wily Portuguese wrote some letters to the duke, saying that now was the time to stand for the rights of his daughter, and that if he wished to enter Castile, he might pass through Portugal. In England, at that date French was the court language, and Latin the literary language; therefore, the letters were written in both tongues, and a messenger was chosen who could speak French as easily as Portuguese, one Lawrence Fongasse.

The duke was well pleased with the suggestion, and set out with his wife and children and men-at-arms for Portugal.

*The Editor.*]

The King of Portugal was well pleased at the arrival of the English knights, and commanded that they should be comfortably lodged. When they were ready, Don Martin d'Acunha and Don Fernando Martin de Merlo, who were acquainted with the king's habits, introduced

them to him. He received them very graciously; and after some conversation, which they knew well how to keep up, they presented the falcons and greyhounds. The king cheerfully accepted them, as he was fond of the chase. They returned the king thanks, on the part of the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster, for the handsome mules he had given them. The king replied, these were trifles, merely tokens of affection, such as lords desirous of maintaining love and friendship ought to make to each other; but he should soon offer more splendid presents. Wine and spices were now brought, of which the English knights having partaken, they took leave of the king and returned to their lodgings, where they supped. On the morrow, they were seated at the king's table. Sir John d'Ambreticourt and Sir John Sounder were at another table with the great barons of the kingdom, among whom was Lawrence Fongasse, squire of honor to the king, who was well known to these knights, having been acquainted with them in England; on which account he made them the best cheer in his power, and this he knew well how to do.

The dinner the King of Portugal gave to these knights was very handsome and well served. When over, they adjourned to the council-chamber, and the knights, addressing themselves to the king, the Count d'Acunha and the Count de Novaire spoke as follows: "Sire, with all the compliments the Duke of Lancaster has charged us to pay you, he ordered us to say that he is very desirous of having a personal interview with you." The king replied, he was equally anxious for it, and added, "I beg of you to hasten everything as much as possible, that we may have a conference together." "That will be very

proper," said the barons of Portugal; "for until you meet, you will never understand each other. You may then confer on the most effectual means of carrying on the war against the King of Castile." "That is true," answered the knights. "Be speedy about it, then," said the king, "for if the duke wishes to see me I wish also to see him." They then entered on other conversation; for the council was to determine when and where this meeting should take place, and inform the English knights of it. This was done. It was agreed the King of Portugal should go to Oporto, and the Duke of Lancaster advance along the borders of Galicia; and somewhere between them and Oporto the meeting was to be held. When the English knights had remained three days at Coimbra, they departed and followed the same road back to St. Jago, where they related to the duke and duchess all that had passed. They were with reason well satisfied with it, for their affairs seemed now likely to be attended to.

When the day of meeting approached, the Duke of Lancaster left his army, under the command of his marshal, at St. Jago, and attended by three hundred spears and six hundred archers, and Sir John Holland (who had married his eldest daughter) with many knights, rode toward the frontiers of Portugal. The King of Portugal, hearing that the duke was set out from St. Jago, left Oporto with six hundred spears, and went to a town called in that country Monçao, the last town of Portugal on that side. The duke came to a town on the frontiers called Melgaço. Between Monçao and Lemgaço runs a small river through meadows and fields, over which is a bridge called Pont de More.

On a Thursday morning, the King of Portugal and the Duke of Lancaster had their first interview at this bridge, attended by their escorts, when they made acquaintance with each other. On the King of Portugal's side had been built a bower, covered with leaves, in which the duke was entertained at dinner by the king. It was a handsome one; and the Bishop of Coimbra, the Bishop of Oporto, as also the Archbishop of Braganza, were seated at the king's table with the duke, and a little below him were Sir John Holland and Sir Henry Beaumont. There were many minstrels, and this entertainment lasted until night. The King of Portugal was that day clothed in white lined with crimson, with a red cross of St. George, being the dress of the Order of Avis, of which he was grand master. When the people had elected him their king, he declared he would always wear that dress in honor of God and St. George, and his attendants were all dressed in white and crimson. When it became late, they took leave of each other, with the engagement of meeting again on the morrow. The king went to Monçao, and the duke to Melgaço, which places were only separated by the river and meadows. On the Friday, after hearing the Mass, they mounted their horses, and rode over the Pont de More, to the spot where they had met the preceding day. The house which had been erected for this occasion was the fairest and greatest that had ever been seen there. The king and duke had each their apartments hung with cloth and covered with carpets, as convenient as if the king had been at Lisbon or the duke in London.

Before dinner they had a conference on the state of their affairs, how they should carry on the war, and

when they should commence it. They resolved to order their marshals to continue their attacks during the winter, which the king was to pass in Portugal, and the duke at St. Jago; and it was settled that, early in March, they would unite their forces, and march to combat the King of Castile, wherever he might be, and whomever he might have with him; for the English and Portuguese, when united, would be full thirty thousand men.

When this had been determined, the king's council introduced the subject of marriage with their king; for the country was very desirous he would marry, as it was now time; and by it they would be much strengthened; and they thought he could not make a better choice for himself, nor one more agreeable to them, than by intermarrying with the House of Lancaster. The duke, who saw the attachment the king and the Portuguese had for him, and that he had need of their assistance, as he was come from England to Portugal to regain his kingdom of Castile, replied with a smile, addressing the king: "Sir King, I have at St. Jago two girls, and I will give you the choice to take which of them shall please you best. Send thither your council, and I will return her with them." "Many thanks," said the king: "you offer me more than I ask. I will leave my cousin Catherine of Castile; but I demand your daughter Philippa in marriage, whom I will espouse and make my queen." At these words the conference broke up, as it was dinner-time. They were seated as on the preceding day, and most sumptuously and plentifully served, according to the custom of that country. After dinner, the king and duke returned to their lodgings.

On the Saturday after Mass, they again mounted their

horses, and returned to Pont de More in grand array. The duke this day entertained at dinner the king and his attendants. His apartments were decorated with the richest tapestry, with his arms emblazoned on it, and as splendidly ornamented as if he had been at Hertford, Leicester, or at any of his mansions in England, which very much astonished the Portuguese. Three bishops and one archbishop were seated at the upper table: the Bishops of Lisbon, of Oporto, of Coimbra, and the Archbishop of Braganza. The King of Portugal was placed at the middle, and the duke somewhat below him; a little lower than the duke, the Count d'Acunha and the Count de Novaire. At the head of the second table was the deputy grand master of Avis: then the grand master of St. James, in Portugal, and the grand master of St. John, Diego Lopez Pacheco, Joao Fernandez Pacheco his son, Lopo Vasquez d'Acunha, Vasco Martin d'Acunha, Lopo Diaz d'Azevedo, Vasco Martin de Merlo, Gonzalves de Merlo, all great barons. The Abbot of Aljubarrota, the Abbot of St. Mary, in Estremadoura, Sir Alvarez Pereira, marshal of Portugal, Joao Rodriguez Pereira, Joao Gomez de Silva, Joao Rodriguez de Sa, and many other Portuguese knights, were there seated; for not one Englishman was at the table that day, but served their guests. There were numbers of minstrels, who played their parts well; and the duke gave them and the heralds one hundred nobles[1] each.

When this festival was ended, they took a most friendly leave of each other, until they should meet again. The king returned to Oporto, and the duke to

[1] About one hundred and sixty-five dollars.

Melgaço, from whence he journeyed toward St. Jago. The Count de Novaire escorted him with one hundred Portuguese lances, until he was out of all danger, when he took leave and returned to Portugal. The duchess was very impatient for the duke's return, to hear how the conferences had passed; of course, you may suppose, she received him with joy. She asked what he thought of the King of Portugal. "On my faith," replied the duke, "he is an agreeable man, and has the appearance of being a valiant one, and I think he will reign powerfully; for he is much beloved by his subjects, who say that they have not been so fortunate in a king for these hundred years. He is but twenty-six years old, and, like the Portuguese, strong and well-formed in his limbs and body to go through much labor and pain." "Well, and what was done in regard to the marriage," said the duchess. "I have given him one of my daughters." "Which?" asked the duchess. "I have offered him the choice of Catherine or Philippa; for which he thanked me much, and has fixed on Philippa." "He is in the right," said the duchess; "for my daughter Catherine is too young for him."

# A JOUST AT THE COURT OF PORTUGAL

[About 1400]

BY SIR JOHN FROISSART

During the stay of the Duke of Lancaster in Entença, a herald arrived from Valladolid, who demanded where Sir John Holland was lodged. On being shown thither, he found Sir John within; and, bending his knee, presented him with a letter, saying, "Sir, I am a herald-at-arms, whom Sir Reginald de Roye sends hither: he salutes you by me, and you will be pleased to read this letter." Sir John answered he would willingly do so. Having opened it, he read that Sir Reginald de Roye entreated him, for the love of his mistress, that he would deliver him from his vow, by tilting with him three courses with the lance, three attacks with the sword, three with the battle-axe, and three with the dagger; and that, if he chose to come to Valladolid, he had provided him an escort of sixty spears; but, if it were more agreeable to him to remain in Entença, he desired he would obtain from the Duke of Lancaster a passport for himself and thirty companions.

When Sir John Holland had perused the letter, he smiled, and, looking at the herald, said, "Friend, thou art welcome; for thou hast brought me what pleases me much, and I accept the challenge. Thou wilt remain in my lodging with my people, and in the course of to-morrow, thou shalt have my answer, whether the tilts are to be in Galicia or Castile." The herald replied,

"God grant it." He remained in Sir John's lodgings, where he was made comfortable; and Sir John went to the Duke of Lancaster, whom he found in conversation with the marshal, and showed him the letter the herald had brought. "Well," said the duke, "and have you accepted it?" "Yes, by my faith, have I: and why not? I love nothing better than fighting, and the knight entreats me to indulge him: consider, therefore, where you would choose it should take place." The duke mused awhile, and then said: "It shall be performed in this town: have a passport made out in what terms you please, and I will seal it." "It is well said," replied Sir John; "and I will, in God's name, soon make out the passport."

The passport was fairly written and sealed, for thirty knights and squires to come and return; and Sir John Holland, when he delivered it to the herald, presented him with a handsome mantle lined with a minever, and twelve nobles. The herald took leave and returned to Valladolid, where he related what had passed, and showed his presents.

News of this tournament was carried to Oporto, where the King of Portugal kept his court. "In the name of God," said the king, "I will be present at it, and so shall my queen and the ladies." "Many thanks," replied the duchess, "for I shall be accompanied by the king and queen when I return."

It was not long after this conversation that the King of Portugal, the queen, the duchess, with her daughter, and the ladies of the court, set out for Entença in grand array. The Duke of Lancaster, when they were near at hand, mounted his horse; and, attended by a numerous company, went to meet them. When the king and

the duke met, they embraced each other most kindly, and entered the town together, where their lodgings were as well prepared as they could be in such a place, though they were not so magnificent as if they had been in Paris. Three days after the arrival of the King of Portugal, came Sir Reginald de Roye, handsomely accompanied by knights and squires, to the amount of six-score horse. They were all properly lodged; for the duke had given his officers strict orders they should be well taken care of. On the morrow Sir John Holland and Sir Reginald de Roye armed themselves, and rode into a spacious close in Entença, well sanded, where the tilts were to be performed. Scaffolds were erected for the ladies, the king, the duke, and the many English lords who had come to witness the combat; for none had stayed at home.

The two knights who were to perform this deed of arms entered the lists so well armed and equipped that nothing was wanting. Their spears, battle-axes, and swords were brought them; and each, being mounted on the best of horses, placed himself about a bow-shot distant from the other; but at times they both pranced about on their horses most gallantly, for they knew every eye to be upon them. All being now arranged for their combat, which was to include everything except pushing it to extremity, though no one could see what mischief might happen, nor how it would end; for they were to tilt with pointed lances, then with swords, which were so sharp that scarcely a helmet could resist their strokes; and these were succeeded by battle-axes and daggers, each so well tempered that nothing could withstand them. Now, consider the perils those run who

engage in such combats to exalt their honor; for one unlucky stroke puts an end to the business.

Having braced their targets and examined each other through the visors of their helmets, they spurred on their horses, spear in hand. Though they allowed their horses to gallop as they pleased, they advanced on as straight a line as if it had been drawn with a cord, and hit each other on the visors with such force that Sir Reginald's lance was shivered into four pieces, which flew to a greater height than they could have been thrown. All present allowed this to have been gallantly done. Sir John Holland struck Sir Reginald likewise on the visor, but not with the same success, and I will tell you why: Sir Reginald had but slightly laced on his helmet, so that it was held by one thong only, which broke at the blow, and the helmet flew over his head, leaving Sir Reginald bare-headed. Each passed the other, and Sir John Holland bore his lance without halting. The spectators cried out that it was a handsome course.

The knights returned to their station, when Sir Reginald's helmet was fitted on again, and another lance given to him: Sir John grasped his own, which was not worsted. When ready, they set off full gallop, for they had excellent horses under them, which they well knew how to manage, and again struck each other on the helmets, so that sparks of fire came from them, but chiefly from Sir John Holland's. He received a very severe blow, for this time the lance did not break; neither did Sir John's, which hit the visor of his adversary without much effect, passing through and leaving it on the crupper of the horse, and Sir Reginald was once more bareheaded. "Ha," cried the English to the French, "he does

not fight fair; why is not his helmet as well buckled on as Sir John Holland's? We say he is playing tricks: tell him to put himself on an equal footing with his adversary." "Hold your tongues," said the duke, "and let them alone: in arms every one takes what advantage he can: if Sir John thinks there is any advantage in thus fastening on his helmet, he may do the same. But for my part, were I in their situations, I would lace my helmet as tight as possible, and if one hundred were asked their opinions, there would be fourscore of my way of thinking." The English on this were silent, and never again interfered. The ladies declared they had nobly jousted; and they were much praised by the King of Portugal, who said to Sir John Fernando, "In our country they do not tilt so well, nor so gallantly: what say you, Sir John?" "By my faith, sir," replied he, "they do tilt well; and formerly I saw as good jousts before your brother, when we were at Elvas to oppose the King of Castile, between this Frenchman and Sir William Windsor; but I never heard that his helmet was tighter laced than it is now."

The king on this turned to Sir John to observe the knights, who were about to begin their third course. Sir John and Sir Reginald eyed each other, to see if any advantage were to be gained, for their horses were so excellent that they could manage them as they pleased, and sticking spurs into them, hit their helmets so sharply that their eyes struck fire and the shafts of their lances were broken. Sir Reginald was again unhelmed, for he could never avoid this happening, and they passed each other without falling. All now declared they had well jousted; though the English, excepting the Duke of Lancaster, blamed greatly Sir Reginald: but he said, he

considered that man as wise who in combat knows how to seize his vantage. "Know," added he, addressing himself to Sir Thomas Percy and Sir Thomas Moreaux, "that Sir Reginald de Roye is not now to be taught how to tilt: he is better skilled than Sir John Holland, though *he* has borne himself well."

After the courses of the lance, they fought three rounds with swords, battle-axes, and daggers, without either of them being wounded. The French carried off Sir Reginald to his lodging, and the English did the same to Sir John Holland.

# II
# EXPLORATION AND DISCOVERY

## HISTORICAL NOTE

King John I, who married Philippa, daughter of the Duke of Lancaster, came to the throne in 1385. Their four sons all did them honor, but the best known among them is Prince Henry, called the "Navigator," because of his warm interest in the discoveries of the captains whom he sent out to gain knowledge of the world. During his lifetime, his explorers crept cautiously down the western coast of Africa to within fifteen degrees of the equator; but, far more than this, his interest in discovery was an inspiration to his countrymen, which lasted for half a century after his death. It led them to sail around the vast unknown mass of land called Africa, and to find their way to the Indies. Trade was opened, and a great Portuguese empire in India was founded. From 1500 to 1600 treasure poured into the successful little country. This was the time of Portugal's glory.

# PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR

[1394–1460]

BY JOHN FISKE

[PRINCE HENRY, by his victory over the Moors at Ceuta in northern Morocco, won so great a military reputation that on his return he was overwhelmed with invitations to become the leader of armies. The Pope asked him to command the papal forces; and in England, Castile, and Germany, troops were ready to follow his word.

*The Editor.*]

SUCH invitations had no charm for Henry. Refusing them one and all, he retired to the promontory of Sagres, in the southernmost province of Portugal, the ancient kingdom of Algarva, of which his father now appointed him governor. That lonely and barren rock, protruding into the ocean, had long ago impressed the imagination of Greek and Roman writers; they called it the Sacred Promontory, and supposed it to be the westernmost limit of the habitable earth. There the young prince proceeded to build an astronomical observatory, the first that his country had ever seen, and to gather about him a school of men competent to teach and men eager to learn the mysteries of map-making and the art of navigation. There he spent the greater part of his life; thence he sent forth his captains to plough the southern seas; and as year after year the weather-beaten ships returned from their venturesome pilgrimage, the first glimpse of home that greeted them was likely to be the

beacon-light in the tower where the master sat poring over problems of Archimedes or watching the stars. For Henry, whose motto was "Talent de bien faire," or (in the old French usage) "Desire to do well," was wont to throw himself whole-hearted into whatever he undertook, and the study of astronomy and mathematics he pursued so zealously as to reach a foremost place among the experts of his time. With such tastes and such ambition, he was singularly fortunate in wielding ample pecuniary resources; if such a combination could be more often realized, the welfare of mankind would be notably enhanced. Prince Henry was Grand Master of the Order of Christ, an organization half military, half religious; and out of its abundant revenues he made the appropriations needful for the worthy purpose of advancing the interests of science, converting the heathen, and winning a commercial empire for Portugal. At first he had to encounter the usual opposition to lavish expenditure for a distant object without hope of immediate returns; but after a while his dogged perseverance began to be rewarded with such success as to silence all adverse comment.

The first work in hand was the rediscovery of coasts and islands that had ceased to be visited even before the breaking up of the Roman Empire. For more than a thousand years the Madeiras and Canaries had been well-nigh forgotten, and upon the coast of the African continent no ship ventured beyond Cape Non, the headland so named because it said "No!" to the wistful mariner.

# THE SEARCH FOR PRESTER JOHN

[1486]

BY JOHN FISKE

[For more than three hundred years a legend had been in existence about a mysterious "Prester [priest] John." According to the story, some Nestorian Christians had built up a mighty kingdom somewhere in Asia, and this Prester John was its sovereign. His realm was said to contain most marvelous wild beasts and even more marvelous races of men. It was rich in precious stones; the earth swarmed with ants that dug gold, and the water with fish that gave forth a brilliant purple dye. The sovereign's palace was more magnificent than the imagination could picture, and seventy-two great kings paid tribute to its master. Such was the land of Prester John; and small wonder is it that King John of Portugal, nephew of Henry the Navigator, longed to get into communication with such a country of marvels.

Moreover, the thoughts of all mercantile nations were turning toward India; but no one knew the shape and size of the mass of land called Africa that hindered their approach to the East, or whether it would be possible to sail around it. What knowledge had been gained of it had come chiefly from the voyage of an enterprising captain, one Diego Cam, who in 1485 had crept cautiously down the African coast one thousand miles beyond the mouth of the Congo River.

*The Editor.*]

About the time that Diego Cam was visiting the tribes on the Congo, the Negro King of Benin, a country by the mouth of the Niger, sent an embassy to John II of

Portugal with a request that missionary priests might be sent to Benin. It had been thought that the woolly-haired chieftain was really courting an alliance with the Portuguese, or perhaps he thought their "medicine-men" might have the knack of confounding his foes. The Negro envoy told King John that a thousand miles or so east of Benin there was an august sovereign who ruled over many subject peoples, and at whose court there was an order of chivalry whose badge or emblem was a brazen cross. Such, at least, was the king's interpretation of the Negro's words, and forthwith he jumped to the conclusion that this African potentate must be Prester John, whose name was redolent of all the marvels of the mysterious East. To find Prester John would be a long step toward golden Cathay and the isles of Spice. So the King of Portugal rose to the occasion, and attacked the problem on both flanks at once. He sent Pedro de Covilham by way of Egypt to Aden, and he sent Bartholomew Dias, with three fifty-ton caravels, to make one more attempt to find an end to the Atlantic coast of Africa.

Covilham's journey was full of interesting experiences. He sailed from Aden to Hindustan, and on his return visited Abyssinia, where the semi-Christian king took such a liking to him that he would never let him go. So Covilham spent the rest of his life, more than thirty years, in Abyssinia, whence he was able now and then to send to Portugal items of information concerning eastern Africa that were afterwards quite serviceable in voyages upon the Indian Ocean.

The daring captain, Bartholomew Dias, started in August, 1486, and after passing nearly four hundred

miles beyond the Tropic of Capricorn, was driven due south before heavy winds for thirteen days without seeing land. At the end of this stress of weather he turned his prows eastward, expecting soon to reach the coast. But as he had passed the southernmost point of Africa, and no land appeared before him, after a while he steered northward, and landed near the mouth of Gauritz River, more than two hundred miles east of Cape of Good Hope. Thence he pushed on about four hundred miles farther eastward as far as the Great Fish River, where the coast begins to have a steady trend to the northeast. Dias was now fairly in the Indian Ocean, and could look out with wistful triumph upon that waste of waters, but his worn-out crews refused to go any farther, and he was compelled reluctantly to turn back. On the way homeward the ships passed in full sight of the famous headland which Dias called the Stormy Cape; but after arriving at Lisbon, in December, 1487, when the report of this noble voyage was laid before King John II, His Majesty said, "Nay, let it rather be called the Cape of Good Hope, since there was now much reason to believe that they had found the long-sought ocean route to the Indies." Though this opinion turned out to be correct, it is well for us to remember that the proof was not yet complete. No one could yet say with certainty that the African coast, if followed a few miles east of the Great Fish River, would not again trend southward and run all the way to the pole. The completed proof was not obtained until Vasco da Gama crossed the Indian Ocean ten years later.

This voyage of Bartholomew Dias was longer and in many respects more remarkable than any that is known

to have been made before that time. From Lisbon back to Lisbon, reckoning the sinuosities of the coast, but making no allowance for tacking, the distance run by those tiny craft was not less than thirteen thousand miles.

# THE FIRST VOYAGE TO INDIA

[1497]

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON

[THE year 1497 had come, and the way to the Indies had not yet been found. Columbus had made two voyages across the Atlantic Ocean and had come to what he supposed was the coast of Asia; but there were rich cities in Asia, and he had seen none of them; he had not even found gold or silver or pearls or precious stones or spices. Evidently Columbus was a failure.

But the search for a route to India could not be laid aside; for wealth untold was waiting there for the fortunate country that could open commerce with the East. King John II of Portugal had begun to make ready to send out an expedition by water to find India and the kingdom of Prester John when, in 1495, he died. His successor, King Manuel, was determined to carry out these plans, and almost the first exercise of his royal power was to order the completion of preparations.

*The Editor.*]

THE King, Dom Manuel, at once gave orders for the completion of the ships which Dom John had commenced, and directed that they should be as strong and serviceable as possible. The sailors who had gone on a previous expedition were collected, and the ships were supplied with double the usual amount of sails and tackling, as well as with artillery, munitions, and provisions, including all sorts of fruits, especially preserves for the use of the sick; nor were priests for confession forgotten.

Rich merchandise, and gold and silver articles, gob-

lets, swords, and daggers, shields and spears, all highly ornamented, fit to present to the rulers of the countries to be visited, were also collected. All the slaves to be found who could speak Eastern languages were purchased, that they might act as interpreters. The king, having made these preparations, had next to fix on a leader for the expedition. Among the cavaliers who attended his court was one who had already seen much service at sea, Vasco da Gama, a man of noble lineage, son of Estevan da Gama, formerly comptroller of the household of King Dom Alfonso. The king, summoning Vasco into his presence, offered him the command of the squadron he proposed sending out to discover a way to the East Indies by sea.

The cavalier at once gladly accepted the honorable charge, saying at the same time that he had an elder brother, named Paulo da Gama, whom he requested the king to appoint as captain-major to carry the royal standard. The king, pleased with his modesty, and satisfied that he was a man especially fitted for the undertaking, granted him his request, but desired that he himself should carry out all the arrangements for the expedition.

Paulo, in consequence of a quarrel with the chief magistrate of Lisbon, had been compelled to quit the city. He was summoned back, and a free pardon granted him. The two brothers having selected a particular friend, Nicholas Coelho, to command one of the ships, the three, without loss of time, set to work to prepare them for the voyage. They were named respectfully the St. Miguel, the St. Gabriel, and St. Raphael. The crews were at once directed to learn the arts of carpenters, ropemak-

ers, caulkers, blacksmiths, and plank-makers, receiving additional pay as an encouragement, while they were furnished with all the tools necessary for their crafts. Da Gama also selected the most experienced masters and pilots, who now, instead of being guided by their charts, would have to depend upon their own sagacity, their compasses, and lead-lines, for running down strange coasts and entering hitherto unknown harbors. To save the officers and trained seamen as much as possible from risking their lives, Da Gama begged the king to order six men who had been condemned to death to be put on board each ship, that they might be sent ashore in dangerous regions, or left in certain places, to acquire a knowledge of the language and habits of the people. These cut-throat gentlemen were, as may be supposed, afterwards a source of no small trouble and anxiety to the commanders of the ships.

The preparations for the voyage being completed, the king and queen, with their court and many of the nobles of the land, assembled in the cathedral of Lisbon, to hear Mass, and bid farewell to the gallant explorers. The three captains, richly dressed, advanced to the curtain behind which the royal family had sat during the service, and dropping on their knees, kissed their sovereign's hand, and expressed their readiness to expend their lives in the important undertaking with which he had entrusted them. They then, mounting their horses, and accompanied by numerous nobles and gentlemen, as well as by a procession of priests and monks, with tapers in their hands, chanting a litany, to which a great concourse of people uttered responses, rode down to the harbor. The king went with them in his barge as they

joined their several ships, bestowing on them his blessing, and earnestly praying that they might enjoy a prosperous voyage and return home in safety. Vasco da Gama embarked in the St. Raphael, Paulo in the St. Gabriel, and Nicholas Coelho, in the St. Miguel. The ships were all of the same size, measuring about one hundred and twenty tons, and each carried about eighty persons, officers and men. They were accompanied by a store ship of two hundred tons, under the command of Gonzalo Nunez, which was to continue with them only a part of the way, and to supply them with provisions and stores. It was on Saturday, the 8th of July, 1497, the anchors being weighed and the sails loosed, that Vasco da Gama proceeded down the Tagus on his memorable voyage.

He first steered so as to reach the Cape de Verde Islands, where he had ordered the ships to rendezvous in case of separation.

Having sighted the African coast, they again stood out to the westward, meeting with a heavy gale, against which they had to beat for several days, until the crews were almost worn out, and the ships received no little damage. Being separated, as it was expected would be the case, they all steered for the Cape de Verde, where Paulo da Gama, Coelho, Diaz, and Nunez rejoined one another, but the captain-major had not arrived.

At length his ship made her appearance, when, to show their joy, they saluted him with salvos from their artillery, for fears had been entertained that he was lost.

Having taken in water and repaired the damaged spars and rigging, they again sailed. Here Diaz parted from his friends to proceed on his separate voyage.

After battling with wind and waves for five months, they entered a bay to which the name of St. Elena was given. Here they set up an astrolabe of wood three spans in diameter, which they mounted on as many poles in the manner of shears, to ascertain the sun's altitude.

While Vasco da Gama was thus employed with his pilots, he observed behind a hill two Negroes, apparently gathering herbs. He immediately ordered his people to surround them, which they did, one being caught.

As the poor captive was too frightened to understand the signs made, the captain-major sent for two Negro boys from his ship, and made them sit by him and eat and drink, to banish his fears. At length the Negro appeared to have overcome his alarm, on which Da Gama induced him to point out by signs where his people were to be found. Having given him a cap and some beads and bells, the captain-major ordered him to be set at liberty, making signs to him to return to his companions and tell them that if they would come, they would receive similar articles.

The Negro, fully comprehending what was desired, set off, and returned with a dozen men, to whom various presents were made. They appeared, however, not to value articles of gold and silver and spices. The next day upwards of forty more came, and were so familiar that a man-at-arms named Fernando Veloso begged permission to accompany them, and obtain more information about their country. While he was gone, Coelho remained on shore to look after the crews, who were collecting wood and catching lobsters, while Da Gama, not

to be idle, went in chase of some young whales. Having speared a whale, the rope being made fast to the bow of the boat, the animal in its struggles nearly upset her, but fortunately running into shallow water, offered no further resistance.

As it was getting late in the day, the boats were about to return to the ships, when, just as they were shoving off, Vasco da Gama saw Fernando Veloso, who was somewhat of a braggadocio, coming rapidly down the hill, looking every now and then behind him. On this the captain-major directed Coelho, whose boat was nearest, to pull in and take him off. The sailors, however, for the sake of frightening Fernando, rowed on slowly.

Before he reached the beach, two Negroes sprang out and seized him, when, as matters were becoming serious, some sailors leaping on shore struck right and left at Fernando's assailants in a way which brought blood from their noses. Perceiving how their companions were being treated, a number of other Negroes rushed out, very nearly catching the boaster, and began throwing stones and shooting arrows at Coelho's boat. Fearing that matters might grow serious, Vasco da Gama rowed in to try and pacify the natives; but before he could do so he received an arrow through his leg, and the master of the St. Gabriel and two seamen were also wounded.

Finding that nothing could induce the natives to be friendly, and Veloso having been rescued, Vasco da Gama ordered the boats to return to the ship, and then sent back a party of crossbow-men to chastise the savages.

No information about the cape or the people had been gained, for Fernando could only describe the dangers he had encountered. Accordingly, the anchors were weighed and the squadron stood out to sea. The wind, however, blew hard from the southward, while tremendous waves rose up, threatening destruction to the vessels, and, as they could only sail on a bowline, they continued for many days standing off land. They then tacked and stood back, when once more they out about close-hauled, so that they at length reached a far southern latitude. The heavy sea still running and the wind blowing harder than ever, the crews suffered greatly; still the captain-major insisted on continuing his course. Once more tacking and making the land, the masters and pilots became much alarmed from seeing it extend away to the west, and they declared that it went across the sea, and had no end to it.

Vasco da Gama, on hearing of their complaints, assured them that the cape was near, and that by making another tack on their return they would find that they had doubled it. He accordingly ordered the ships to be put about, doing his utmost to raise the sinking courage of his companions.

On the ships sailed, day after day, in spite of the heavy winds and seas. He himself took no repose, sharing the hardships his men were enduring, never failing to come on deck, as they did, at the sound of the boatswain's pipe. The terrified and disheartened crews of the several ships clamored loudly to return to Portugal, but their captains told them that they had resolved to follow the fortunes of their leader.

At length the pilots and masters entreated Vasco da

Gama to tack back again, on the plea that the days were short, the nights long, and the vessels leaky, while the winds blew strongly, and cold rain and sleet came beating in their faces. He accordingly ordered the ships to be put about, declaring at the same time, should he find that they had not weathered the cape, he should again tack, as he would never turn back until he had accomplished his object.

The weather now happily began to moderate, and the crews believing that they were approaching the land, their spirits rose. Vasco da Gama's wish was to keep close-hauled; but at night, when he was asleep, the pilot kept away, hoping thus to ease the ship and more quickly to get sight of land. As the admiral carried a huge lantern at the poop, the others followed, each showing a light one to another.

Finding that they did not make the land, they were convinced that their great object was accomplished — the dreaded Cape of Storms, now joyfully called the Cape of Good Hope, doubled. So it was, and Vasco da Gama had established for himself a name imperishable on the page of history. With great joy, they praised God for delivering them from the dangers to which they had been exposed.

Sailing free, with all canvas spread, they one morning sighted a range of lofty mountains, their peaks touching the clouds, at which, falling on their knees, they returned thanks to Heaven. Though they ran on all day, they were yet unable to reach the land till the evening. At night they continued along the coast, which here trended from west to east. During the night they sailed on under single canvas to the eastward. They passed sev-

eral large bays and rivers, from which fresh water came forth with powerful currents. They also found many fish, which they killed with spears.

A bright lookout was kept in the foretop for shoals which might be ahead, while pilots hove the lead, but found no bottom. At night they stood offshore under easy sail.

Thus for three days they ran on, until they discovered the mouth of a large river, when, shortening sail, they entered it, a boat going before and sounding. At length they came to an anchor. Here they found good fishing, but no beach was to be seen, rocks and crags forming the shore.

Vasco da Gama and Coelho then went on board Paulo's ship, where the three captains dined together, and talked cheerfully over the dangers they had encountered and their prospects for the future. The captain-major next day sent Coelho up the river in a boat; but after proceeding twenty leagues, finding no inhabitants, he returned, when the ships got up their anchors, and, aided by the current, the boats towing, they sailed once more into the open ocean.

They now continued their course along the land, entering several other great rivers and bays, but meeting with no one on shore nor any boats at sea, and keeping all the time a good lookout so as not to run on the rocks or on shoals. As the country appeared to be unpeopled, the captain-major determined to enter no more rivers. All day long they ran on in sight of the shore in the hope of at length seeing some towns and villages, and at night they stood away to sea, shortening sail.

After being becalmed for some time, another heavy

gale arose, and, fearful of being driven on shore, they again stood off land. When they had got, as they supposed, far enough out, they sent down the loftier spars, secured the lower masts and yards with additional stays, and, with all canvas furled except their foresails, prepared to weather the storm. On finding the fierce wind which began to blow, the pilot and master urged the captain-major, for fear the ships should founder, to run back along the coast and enter the river which they had before discovered; but he replied that he would not allow such words to be spoken, for, as he was going over the bar at Lisbon, he had sworn not to turn back a single foot of the way he had once gained, and whoever should dare to counsel such a proceeding should be hove overboard.

Notwithstanding that the tempest increased, he remained firm. The gale now blew from one quarter, now from another. At times the wind fell; but the sea continued tossing about with such power that the ships, laboring severely, were in great danger, now lurching on one side, now on another; while the men had to secure themselves from being washed overboard or dashed along the decks. As yet things had not grown to their worst. It became difficult even to work the pumps, while the water came in both from above and below, and many of the crew sank and died. Again the pilots and masters of the other vessels urged their captains to put back; but they received the same answer as before, that as long as Vasco da Gama set the example they could not accede to their request, while he declared that even should he see a hundred die before his eyes, return he would not, for that by so doing they would lose all their labors. He

reminded them that having already doubled the Cape of Storms, they were in that region in which India was to be discovered. "Trust in God, He will deliver us," he added.

Notwithstanding the brave words of their leader, the seamen continued to clamor; but even though the sea began to go down and the wind to abate and the ships were able to get nearer each other, the crews with loud cries insisted that they should seek for some harbor where they might be repaired.

On this Vasco da Gama swore by the life of the king that from that spot he would not turn back a span's breadth until they had obtained the information they had come to seek.

[So it was that Vasco da Gama worked his way up the eastern coast of Africa. The St. Miguel was so badly injured that it had to be abandoned, but he pressed on, and at length some native pilots were found who agreed to guide him to India. The next selection describes his reception by the king in Calicut.

*The Editor.*]

# HOW PORTUGAL OPENED COMMERCE WITH INDIA

[1498]

BY JULES VERNE

[In May, 1498, Vasco da Gama, after making the first voyage around Africa, anchored his vessels six miles below Calicut.

*The Editor.*]

The enthusiasm on board was great. At last they arrived in those rich and wonderful countries. Fatigue, dangers, sickness, all were forgotten. The object of their long labors was attained! Or rather, it seemed to be so, for there was still needed the possession of the treasures and rich productions of India.

Scarcely were the anchors dropped when four boats came off from the shore, performing evolutions around the fleet, and apparently inviting the sailors to disembark. But Da Gama, rendered cautious by the occurrences at Mozambique and Mombaz, sent on shore one of the criminals who were on board, to act as a scout; ordering him to walk through the town and endeavor to ascertain the temper of its inhabitants. Surrounded by an inquisitive crowd, assailed by questions to which he could not reply, this man was conducted to the house of a Moor named Mouçaida, who spoke Spanish and to whom he gave a short account of the voyage of the fleet. Mouçaida returned with him on board, and his first words on setting foot on the ship were "Good luck!

good luck! quantities of rubies, quantities of emeralds!" Whereupon, Mouçaida was at once engaged as interpreter.

The King of Calicut was at this time at a distance of forty-five miles from his capital, so the captain-major dispatched two men to announce the arrival of an ambassador from the King of Portugal, being the bearer of letters to him from his sovereign. The king at once sent a pilot, with orders to take the Portuguese ships into the safer roadstead of Pandarany, and promised to return himself on the morrow to Calicut; this he did, and ordered his Intendant, or Catoual, to invite Da Gama to land and open negotiations. In spite of the supplications of his brother, Paul da Gama, who represented to him the dangers which he might incur, and those to which his death would expose the expedition, the captain-major set out for the shore, upon which an enormous crowd of people were awaiting him.

The idea that they were in the midst of a Christian population was so rooted in the minds of all the members of the expedition, that Da Gama, on passing by a pagoda on the way, entered it to perform his devotions. One of his companions, however, Juan de Saa, noticing the hideous pictures upon the walls, was less credulous, and whilst throwing himself upon his knees, said aloud, "If that be a devil, I intend nevertheless to adore only the true God!" A mental reservation which caused amusement to the admiral.

Near the gates of the town the crowd was even more closely packed. Da Gama and his companions, under the guidance of the Catoual, had some difficulty in reaching the palace, where the king, who in the narrative is

called the "Zamorin," was awaiting them with extreme impatience. Ushered into halls splendidly decorated with silken stuffs and carpets, and in which burned the most exquisite perfumes, the Portuguese found themselves in the presence of the Zamorin. He was magnificently attired, and loaded with jewels, the pearls and diamonds which he wore being of extraordinary size. The king ordered refreshments to be served to the strangers, and permitted them to be seated, a peculiar mark of favor in a country where the sovereign is usually only addressed with the most lowly prostrations. The Zamorin afterwards passed into another apartment, to hear with his own ears, as was proudly demanded by Da Gama, the reasons for the embassy and the desire felt by the King of Portugal to conclude a treaty of commerce and alliance with the King of Calicut. The Zamorin listened to Da Gama's discourse, and replied that he should be happy to consider himself the friend and brother of King Emmanuel, and that he would, by the aid of Da Gama, send ambassadors to Portugal.

There are certain proverbs of which the force is not affected by change of latitude, and the truth of that one which says, "The days succeed each other and have no similarity," was proved the next day at Calicut. The enthusiasm which had been aroused in the mind of the Zamorin by the ingenious discourse of Da Gama, and the hope it had awakened of the establishment of a profitable trade with Portugal, vanished at the sight of the presents which were to be given him. "Twelve pieces of striped cloth, twelve cloaks with scarlet hoods, six hats, and four branches of coral, accompanied by a box con-

taining six large basins, a chest of sugar, and four kegs, two filled with oil, and two with honey," certainly did not constitute a very magnificent offering. At sight of it, the prime minister laughed, declaring that the poorest merchant from Mecca brought richer presents, and that the king would never accept such ridiculous trifles. After this affront Da Gama again visited the Zamorin, but it was only after long waiting in the midst of a mocking crowd, that he was admitted to the presence of the king. The latter reproached him in a contemptuous manner for having nothing to offer him, while pretending to be the subject of a rich and powerful king. Da Gama replied with boldness, and produced the letters of Emmanuel, which were couched in flattering terms, and contained a formal promise to send merchandise to Calicut. The Zamorin, pleased at this prospect, then inquired with interest about the productions and resources of Portugal, and gave permission to Da Gama to disembark and sell his goods.

But this abrupt change in the humor of the Zamorin was not at all agreeable to the Moorish and Arab traders, whose dealings made the prosperity of Calicut. They could not look on quietly whilst foreigners were endeavoring for their own advantage to turn aside the commerce which had been hitherto entirely in their hands; they resolved, therefore, to leave no stone unturned to drive away once for all these formidable rivals from the shores of India. Their first care was to gain the ear of the Catoual; then they painted in the blackest colors these insatiable adventurers, these bold robbers, whose only object was to spy out the strength and resources of the town, that they might return in force to

pillage it, and to massacre those who should venture to oppose their designs.

Upon arriving at the roadstead of Pandarany, Da Gama found no boat to take him off to the ships, and was forced to sleep on shore. The Catoual never left him, continually seeking to prove to him the necessity of bringing the ships nearer to the land; and when the admiral positively refused to consent to this, he declared him to be his prisoner. He had very little idea as yet of the firmness of Da Gama's character. Some armed boats were sent to surprise the ships, but the Portuguese, having received secret intelligence from the admiral of all that had happened, were on their guard, and their enemies dared not use open force. Da Gama, still a prisoner, threatened the Catoual with the anger of the Zamorin, whom he imagined could never thus have violated the duties of hospitality; but seeing that his menaces produced no effect, he tried bribery, presenting the minister with several pieces of stuff, who thereupon at once altered his demeanor. "If the Portuguese," said he, "had but kept the promise they had made to the king, of disembarking their merchandise, the admiral would long ago have returned on board his ships." Da Gama at once sent an order to bring the goods to land, opened a shop for their sale, of which the superintendence was given to Diego Dias, brother to the discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, and was then allowed to go back to his ships.

The Mussulmans placed obstacles in the way of the sale of the merchandise by depreciating its value; Da Gama sent his agent Dias to the Zamorin to complain of the perfidy of the Moors and of the bad treatment to

which he had been subjected, requesting at the same time permission to move his place of sale to Calicut, where he hoped that the goods would be more easily disposed of. This request was favorably received, and friendly relations were maintained, in spite of the Moorish intrigues, until the 10th of August, 1498. On that day Dias went to announce Da Gama's impending departure to the king, reminding him of his promise to send an embassy to Portugal, and asking him to allow Da Gama a specimen of each of the productions of the country. These were to be paid for on the first sale of goods which should take place after the departure of the fleet, it being intended that the employees of the factory should remain at Calicut during Da Gama's absence. The Zamorin, instigated by the Arab traders, not only refused to execute his promise, but demanded the payment of 600 seraphins as customs' duty, ordering at the same time the seizure of the merchandise, and making prisoners of the men employed in the factory.

Such an outrage, such contempt for the rights of nations, called for prompt vengeance, but Da Gama understood the art of dissimulation; however, on receiving a visit on board from some rich merchants, he detained them, and sent to the Zamorin to demand an exchange of prisoners. The king's reply not being sent within the time specified by the admiral, the latter set sail and anchored at the distance of sixteen miles from Calicut. After another fruitless attack by the Hindus, the two agents returned on board, and a portion of the hostages whom Da Gama had secured were given up. Dias brought back with him a curious letter from the Zamorin to the King of Portugal. It was written upon a palm

leaf, and shall be quoted in all its strange laconicism, so different from the usual grandiloquence of the Oriental style: —

"Vasco da Gama, a noble of thy palace, is come into my country, which I have permitted. In my kingdom there is much cinnamon, cloves, and pepper, with many precious stones, and what I desire from thy country is gold, silver, coral, and scarlet. Adieu."

# THE SPEECH OF VASCO DA GAMA TO THE KING OF CALICUT

[1498]

BY LUIS DE CAMOËNS

[The "Lusiad," from which the following extract is taken, was begun by Camoëns when in Africa fighting against the Moors. "In one hand I carried the pen, in the other the sword," he says. Returning to Portugal, a satirical poem which he wrote exiled him to China. Here he completed the "Lusiad." This poem pictures the exploits of Vasco da Gama and also what is greatest and most beautiful in Portuguese history. Camoëns was at length permitted to return home, but his genius received little recognition, and the poet whose writings are the glory of Portugal died in extreme poverty.

*The Editor.*]

The Regent ceased; and now with solemn pace
The chiefs approach the regal hall of grace.
The tap'stried walls with gold were pictured o'er,
And flowery velvet spread the marble floor.
In all the grandeur of the Indian state,
High on a blazing couch the monarch sate,
With starry gems the purple curtains shined,
And ruby flowers and golden foliage twined
Around the silver pillars: high o'erhead
The golden canopy its radiance shed:
Of cloth of gold the sovereign's mantle shone,
And his high turban flamed with precious stone.
Sublime and awful was his sapient mien,
Lordly his posture, and his brow serene.

An hoary sire submiss on bended knee
(Low bow'd his head), in India's luxury,
A leaf, all fragrance to the glowing taste,
Before the king each little while replaced.
The patriarch Brahmin, soft and slow he rose,
Advancing now to lordly GAMA bows,
And leads him to the throne: in silent state
The monarch's rod assigns the captain's seat;
The Lusian train in humbler distance stand:
Silent the monarch eyes the foreign band
With awful mien; when valiant GAMA broke
The solemn pause, and thus majestic spoke;

"From where the crimson sun of evening laves
His blazing chariot in the western waves,
I come, the herald of a mighty king,
And holy vows of lasting friendship bring
To thee, O monarch, for resounding fame
Far to the west has borne thy princely name,
All India's sovereign Thou! Nor deem I sue,
Great as thou art, the humble suppliant's due,
Whate'er from western Tagus to the Nile,
Inspires the monarch's wish, the merchant's toil,
From where the North Star gleams o'er seas of frost,
To Ethiopia's utmost burning coast,
Whate'er the sea, whate'er the land bestows,
In my great monarch's realm unbounded flows.

"Pleased thy high grandeur and renown to hear,
My sovereign offers friendship's bands sincere:
Mutual he asks them, naked of disguise,
Then every bounty of the smiling skies

Shower'd on his shore and thine, in mutual flow,
Shall joyful commerce on each shore bestow.
Our might in war, what vanquish'd nations fell
Beneath our spear, let trembling Afric tell;
Survey my floating towers, and let thine ear,
Dread as it roars, our battle thunder hear.
If friendship then thy honest wish explore,
That dreadful thunder on thy foes shall roar,
Our banners o'er the crimson field shall sweep,
And our tall navies ride the foamy deep,
Till not a foe against thy land shall rear
Th' invading bowsprit, or the hostile spear;
My king, thy brother, thus thy wars shall join,
The glory his, the gainful harvest thine."

# III

# THE LAST FOUR CENTURIES

## HISTORICAL NOTE

The downfall of Portugal was at hand. Mismanagement lost her an Indian empire; wealth and the possession of slaves encouraged love of luxury; her young men either were slain in war or became emigrants to the colonies; the Jews were expelled, carrying with them intellect and ability as well as riches; the Inquisition was introduced; and, last, King Sebastian set off on a crusade against the Moors of northern Africa and was slain. The kingdom then fell into the hands of Philip II of Spain. In 1640 it was recovered. A century later, the great earthquake destroyed Lisbon and more than 15,000 of its inhabitants.

In the times following the French Revolution, Portugal hesitated, even at the bidding of Napoleon, to break friendship with her old ally, England, and he declared war against her. The royal family fled to Brazil. A few years later, Brazil declared herself independent. At the death of John VI, his second son, Pedro of Brazil, claimed also the sovereignty of Portugal; and meanwhile the younger son, Dom Miguel, seized the Portuguese crown. With the help of England, Dom Pedro's daughter Maria was placed upon the throne. In 1908, the reigning sovereign and his eldest son were assassinated. Not long afterwards, his second son, King Manuel, was driven from his throne by a revolution and forced to flee to England. In 1910 a republic was proclaimed.

## THE DEPARTURE OF KING SEBASTIAN

[1578]

AN OLD SPANISH BALLAD, TRANSLATED BY J. G. LOCKHART

[When King Sebastian was twenty-one, he set off from Lisbon for a crusade against the Moors of Morocco. At the battle of Kassr-el-Kebir he was defeated and slain.

*The Editor.*]

It was a Lusitanian lady, and she was lofty in degree,
Was fairer none, nor nobler, in all the realm than she;
I saw her that her eyes were red, as, from her balcony,
They wandered o'er the crowded shore and the resplendent sea.

Gorgeous and gay, in Lisbon's Bay, with streamers flaunting wide,
Upon the gleaming waters Sebastian's galleys ride,
His valorous armada (was never nobler sight)
Hath young Sebastian marshaled against the Moorish might.

The breeze comes forth from the clear north, a gallant breeze there blows;
Their sails they lift, then out they drift, and first Sebastian goes.
"May none withstand Sebastian's hand, — God shield my King!" she said;
Yet pale was that fair Lady's cheek, her weeping eyes were red.

She looks on all the parting host, in all its pomp arrayed,
Each pennon on the wind is tost, each cognizance displayed;
Each lordly galley flings abroad, above its armed prow,
The banner of the Cross of God, upon the breeze to flow.

But one there is, whose banner, above the Cross divine,
A scarf upholds, with azure folds, of love and faith the sign:
Upon that galley's stern ye see a peerless warrior stand,
Though first he goes, still back he throws his eye upon the land.

Albeit through tears she looks, yet well may she that form descry,
Was never seen a vassal mien so noble and so high;
Albeit the Lady's cheek was pale, albeit her eyes were red,
"May none withstand my true-love's hand! God bless my Knight!" she said.

There are a thousand Barons, all harnessed cap-a-pie,
With helm and spear that glitter clear above the dark-green sea, —
No lack of gold or silver, to stamp each proud device
On shield or surcoat, — nor of chains and jewelry of price.

The seamen's cheers the Lady hears, and mingling voices come,
From every deck, of glad rebeck, of trumpet, and of drum;

"Who dare withstand Sebastian's hand? what Moor
his gage may fling
At young Sebastian's feet?" she said. "The Lord hath
blessed my King."

[Philip II of Spain had objected strenuously to the crusade of King Sebastian. There are not so very many good deeds to Philip's credit; but this was certainly one of them. The undertaking was full of danger; there was more than a possibility that his nephew Sebastian would lose his life; and if this came to pass, Philip would have a good claim to the crown of Portugal. All he could accomplish, however, was to extort from Sebastian a promise that he would not venture into the interior of the country.

After the death of Sebastian there were seven claimants to his throne. Philip was the winner of the prize, and in 1581 he was proclaimed King of Portugal. There were many who did not believe that King Sebastian was dead, and as one impostor after another appeared, claiming to be the lost sovereign, there was always a party ready to lend its support. In 1640, a carefully planned rebellion broke out. The result of it was that the Duke of Braganza, a descendant of the royal family, became king.

*The Editor.*]

# THE EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON

[1755]

BY REV. CHARLES DAVY

[In 1755 Portugal was visited by a terrible earthquake. As Holmes puts it, —

> "That was the year when Lisbon town
> Saw the earth open and gulp her down."
>
> *The Editor.*]

There never was a finer morning seen that the 1st of November; the sun shone out in its full luster; the whole face of the sky was perfectly serene and clear; and not the least signal of warning of that approaching event, which has made this once flourishing, opulent, and populous city, a scene of the utmost horror and desolation, except only such as served to alarm, but scarcely left a moment's time to fly from the general destruction.

It was on the morning of this fatal day, between the hours of nine and ten, that I was set down in my apartment, just finishing a letter, when the papers and table I was writing on began to tremble with a gentle motion, which rather surprised me, as I could not perceive a breath of wind stirring. Whilst I was reflecting with myself what this could be owing to, but without having the least apprehension of the real cause, the whole house began to shake from the very foundation, which at first I imputed to the rattling of several coaches in the main street, which usually passed that way, at this time, from Belem to the palace; but on hearkening more attentively,

I was soon undeceived, as I found it was owing to a strange frightful kind of noise under ground, resembling the hollow distant rumbling of thunder. All this passed in less than a minute, and I must confess I now began to be alarmed, as it naturally occurred to me that this noise might possibly be the forerunner of an earthquake, as one I remembered, which had happened about six or seven years ago, in the island of Madeira, commenced in the same manner, though it did little or no damage.

Upon this I threw down my pen and started upon my feet, remaining a moment in suspense, whether I should stay in the apartment or run into the street, as the danger in both places seemed equal; and still flattering myself that this tremor might produce no other effects than such inconsiderable ones as had been felt at Madeira; but in a moment I was roused from my dream, being instantly stunned with a most horrid crash, as if every edifice in the city had tumbled down at once. The house I was in shook with such violence, that the upper stories immediately fell; and though my apartment (which was the first floor) did not then share the same fate, yet everything was thrown out of its place in such a manner that it was with no small difficulty I kept my feet, and expected nothing less than to be soon crushed to death, as the walls continued rocking to and fro in the frightfulest manner, opening in several places; large stones falling down on every side from the cracks, and the ends of most of the rafters starting out from the roof. To add to this terrifying scene, the sky in a moment became so gloomy that I could now distinguish no particular object; it was an Egyptian darkness indeed,

such as might be felt; owing, no doubt, to the prodigious clouds of dust and lime raised from so violent a concussion, and, as some reported, to sulphureous exhalations, but this I cannot affirm; however, it is certain I found myself almost choked for near ten minutes.

[The narrator hastened out of the house and through the narrow streets, where the buildings either were down or were continually falling, and climbed over the ruins of St. Paul's Church to get to the river's side, where he thought he might find safety.]

Here I found a prodigious concourse of people of both sexes, and of all ranks and conditions, among whom I observed some of the principal canons of the patriarchal church, in their purple robes and rochets, as these all go in the habit of bishops; several priests who had run from the altars in their sacerdotal vestments in the midst of their celebrating Mass; ladies half dressed, and some without shoes; all these, whom their mutual dangers had here assembled as to a place of safety, were on their knees at prayers, with the terrors of death in their countenances, every one striking his breast and crying out incessantly, *Miserecordia meu Dios!* . . . In the midst of our devotions, the second great shock came on, little less violent than the first, and completed the ruin of those buildings which had been already much shattered. The consternation now became so universal that the shrieks and cries of *Miserecordia* could be distinctly heard from the top of St. Catherine's Hill, at a considerable distance off, whither a vast number of people had likewise retreated; at the same time we could hear the fall of the parish church there, whereby many persons were killed on the spot, and others mortally wounded.

You may judge of the force of this shock, when I inform you it was so violent that I could scarce keep on my knees; but it was attended with some circumstances still more dreadful than the former. On a sudden I heard a general outcry, "The sea is coming in, we shall be all lost." Upon this, turning my eyes towards the river, which in that place is nearly four miles broad, I could perceive it heaving and swelling in the most unaccountable manner, as no wind was stirring. In an instant there appeared, at some small distance, a large body of water, rising as it were like a mountain. It came on foaming and roaring, and rushed towards the shore with such impetuosity, that we all immediately ran for our lives as fast as possible; many were actually swept away, and the rest above their waist in water at a good distance from the banks. For my own part I had the narrowest escape, and should certainly have been lost, had I not grasped a large beam that lay on the ground, till the water returned to its channel, which it did almost at the same instant, with equal rapidity. As there now appeared at least as much danger from the sea as the land, and I scarce knew whither to retire for shelter, I took a sudden resolution of returning back, with my clothes all dripping, to the area of St. Paul's. Here I stood some time, and observed the ships tumbling and tossing about as in a violent storm; some had broken their cables, and were carried to the other side of the Tagus; others were whirled around with incredible swiftness; several large boats were turned keel upwards; and all this without any wind, which seemed the more astonishing. It was at the time of which I am now speaking, that the fine new quay, built entirely of rough marble,

at an immense expense, was entirely swallowed up, with all the people on it, who had fled thither for safety, and had reason to think themselves out of danger in such a place: at the same time, a great number of boats and small vessels, anchored near it (all likewise full of people, who had retired thither for the same purpose), were all swallowed up, as in a whirlpool, and nevermore appeared.

This last dreadful incident I did not see with my own eyes, as it passed three or four stones' throws from the spot where I then was; but I had the account as here given from several masters of ships, who were anchored within two or three hundred yards of the quay, and saw the whole catastrophe. One of them in particular informed me that when the second shock came on, he could perceive the *whole* city waving backwards and forwards, like the sea when the wind first begins to rise; that the agitation of the earth was so great even under the river, that it threw up his large anchor from the mooring, which swam, as he termed it, on the surface of the water: that immediately upon this extraordinary concussion, the river rose at once near twenty feet, and in a moment subsided; at which instant he saw the quay, with the whole concourse of people upon it, sink down, and at the same time every one of the boats and vessels that were near it was drawn into the cavity, which he supposed instantly closed upon them, inasmuch as not the least sign of a wreck was ever seen afterwards. This account you may give full credit to, for as to the loss of the vessels, it is confirmed by everybody; and with regard to the quay, I went myself a few days after to convince myself of the truth, and could

not find even the ruins of a place where I had taken so many agreeable walks, as this was the common rendezvous of the factory in the cool of the evening. I found it all deep water, and in some parts scarcely to be fathomed.

This is the only place I could learn which was swallowed up in or about Lisbon, though I saw many large cracks and fissures in different parts; and one odd phenomenon I must not omit, which was communicated to me by a friend — who has a house and wine-cellars on the other side of the river, viz., that the dwelling-house being first terribly shaken, which made all the family run out, there presently fell down a vast high rock near it; that upon this the river rose and subsided in the manner already mentioned, and immediately a great number of small fissures appeared in several contiguous pieces of ground, from whence there spouted out, like a *jet d'eau*, a large quantity of fine white sand to a prodigious height. It is not to be doubted the bowels of the earth must have been excessively agitated to cause these surprising effects; but whether the shocks were owing to any sudden explosion of various minerals mixing together, or to air pent up, and struggling for vent, or to a collection of subterranean waters forcing a passage, God only knows. As to the fiery eruptions then talked of, I believe they are without foundation, though it is certain I heard several complaining of strong sulphureous smells, a dizziness in their heads, a sickness in their stomachs, and difficulty of respiration, not that I felt any such symptoms myself.

I had not been long in the area of St. Paul's when I felt the third shock, somewhat less violent than the

two former, after which the sea rushed in again, and retired with the same rapidity, and I remained up to my knees in water, though I had gotten upon a small eminence at some distance from the river, with the ruins of several intervening houses to break its force. At this time I took notice the waters retired so impetuously, that some vessels were left quite dry, which rode in seven fathom water; the river thus continued alternately rushing on and retiring several times together, in such sort that it was justly dreaded Lisbon would now meet the same fate which a few years before had befallen the city of Lima; and no doubt had this place lain open to the sea, and the force of the waves not been somewhat broken by the winding of the bay, the lower parts of it at least would have been totally destroyed.

The master of a vessel which arrived here just after the 1st of November, assured me that he really concluded he had struck upon a rock, till he threw out the lead, and could find no bottom, nor could he possibly guess at the cause, till the melancholy sight of this desolate city left him no room to doubt of it. The two first shocks, in fine, were so violent that several pilots were of opinion the situation of the bar at the mouth of the Tagus was changed. Certain it is that one vessel, attempting to pass through the usual channel, foundered, and another struck on the sands, and was at first given over for lost, but at length got through. There was another great shock after this, which pretty much affected the river, but I think not so violently as the preceding; though several persons assured me that as they were riding on horseback in the great road leading to Belem, one side of which lies open to the river, the waves

rushed in with so much rapidity that they were obliged to gallop as fast as possible to the upper grounds, for fear of being carried away.

I was now in such a situation that I knew not which way to turn myself: if I remained there, I was in danger from the sea; if I retired farther from the shore, the houses threatened certain destruction; and at last, I resolved to go to the Mint, which being a low and very strong building, had received no considerable damage, except in some of the apartments towards the river. The party of soldiers, which is every day set there on guard, had all deserted the place, and the only person that remained was the commanding officer, a nobleman's son, of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, whom I found standing at the gate. As there was still a continued tremor of the earth, and the place where we now stood (being within twenty or thirty feet of the opposite houses, which were all tottering) appeared too dangerous, the courtyard being likewise full of water, we both retired inward to a hillock of stones and rubbish: here I entered into conversation with him, and having expressed my admiration that one so young should have the courage to keep his post, when every one of his soldiers had deserted theirs, the answer he made was, though he were sure the earth would open and swallow him up, he scorned to think of flying from his post. In short, it was owing to the magnanimity of this young man that the Mint, which at this time had upwards of two millions of money in it, was not robbed; and indeed I do him no more than justice in saying that I never saw any one behave with equal serenity and composure on occasions much less dreadful than the present. . . . Per-

haps you may think the present doleful subject here concluded; but alas! the horrors of the 1st of November are sufficient to fill a volume. As soon as it grew dark, another scene presented itself little less shocking than those already described: the whole city appeared in a blaze, which was so bright that I could easily see to read by it. It may be said without exaggeration, it was on fire at least in a hundred different places at once, and thus continued burning for six days together, without intermission, or the least attempt being made to stop its progress.

It went on consuming everything the earthquake had spared, and the people were so dejected and terrified that few or none had courage enough to venture down to save any part of their substance; every one had his eyes turned towards the flames, and stood looking on with silent grief, which was only interrupted by the cries and shrieks of women and children calling on the saints and angels for succor, whenever the earth began to tremble, which was so often this night, and indeed I may say ever since, that the tremors, more or less, did not cease for a quarter of an hour together. I could never learn that this terrible fire was owing to any subterranean eruption, as some reported, but to three causes, which all concurring at the same time, will naturally account for the prodigious havoc it made. The 1st of November being All Saints' Day, a high festival among the Portuguese, every altar in every church and chapel (some of which have more than twenty) was illuminated with a number of wax tapers and lamps as customary; these setting fire to the curtains and timber-work that fell with the shock, the conflagration soon spread to the

neighboring houses, and being there joined with the fires in the kitchen chimneys, increased to such a degree that it might easily have destroyed the whole city though no other cause had concurred, especially as it met with no interruption.

But what would appear incredible to you, were the fact less public and notorious, is that a gang of hardened villains, who had been confined and got out of prison when the wall fell, at the first shock, were busily employed in setting fire to those buildings which stood some chance of escaping the general destruction. I cannot conceive what could have induced them to this hellish work, except to add to the horror and confusion that they might, by this means, have the better opportunity of plundering with security. But there was no necessity for taking this trouble, as they might certainly have done their business without it, since the whole city was so deserted before night that I believe not a soul remained in it except those execrable villains and others of the same stamp. It is possible some among them might have had other motives besides robbing, as one in particular being apprehended (they say he was a Moor, condemned to the galleys), confessed at the gallows, that he had set fire to the king's palace with his own hand; at the same time glorying in the action, and declaring with his last breath that he hoped to have burnt all the royal family. It is likewise generally believed that Mr. Bristow's house, which was an exceedingly strong edifice, built on vast stone arches, and had stood the shocks without any great damage further than what I have mentioned, was consumed in the same manner. The fire, in short, by some means or other, may be said

to have destroyed the whole city, at least everything that was grand or valuable in it.

With regard to the buildings, it was observed that the solidest in general fell the first. Every parish church, convent, nunnery, palace, and public edifice, with an infinite number of private houses, were either thrown down or so miserably shattered that it was rendered dangerous to pass by them.

The whole number of persons that perished, including those who were burnt or afterwards crushed to death whilst digging in the ruins, is supposed, on the lowest calculation, to amount to more than sixty thousand; and though the damage in other respects cannot be computed, yet you may form some idea of it when I assure you that this extensive and opulent city is now nothing but a vast heap of ruins; that the rich and the poor are at present upon a level; some thousands of families which but the day before had been easy in their circumstances, being now scattered about in the fields, wanting every conveniency of life, and finding none able to relieve them.

# A PORTUGUESE SHOOTING PARTY

[1880]

BY OSWALD CRAWFURD

If I describe a Portuguese shooting party, a *caçada* — I shall be accused by some grave and intolerant readers at home of wishing to make fun of a mode of sport which differs so entirely from our own ways of conducting these matters; but this is not so at all. Some thoughtful persons who love to go deeply into the philosophy of things, may even think that the ethics of the chase are better apprehended in Portugal than at home. In England, to obtain three days of *battue* shooting in the year, we spend a little fortune in the wages of keepers and watchers, in preserving coverts, and in rearing birds. We go some way to corrupt the morals of a parish, and perhaps turn half a dozen idlers into felons; we make tenants discontented, moderate people dissatisfied at seeing wealth and labor so ill and unprofitably spent, the humanitarian world is shocked at an unnecessary slaughter, and the non-sporting world of thinkers are mortified to see their countrymen engaged in one other form of indefensible folly. We make, in short, a small local revolution, financial and social, to get three days of what is by general consent the very dullest, most monotonous, and most unsatisfactory form of sport in the world.

Nothing of this kind happens in Portugal. There has been no preparation whatever for the sport, there is no expense, and there can be no temptation to poaching

where there is no artificial abundance of game. There is absolutely no seriousness about the matter at all, it is amusement and relaxation pure and simple that is sought for; there is no heart-burning between rival shots, no bribing of keepers, no favoritism, no ill-will possible anywhere; and lastly, no unpleasantly heavy bag to carry home after a long day's walking.

A dozen gentlemen agree to bring their dogs together, and a pack numbering thirty or forty of all degrees — lurchers, terriers, greyhounds, and even pointers — is collected. Another dozen friends and acquaintances join the party. Among the whole of the gentlemen six or eight only carry guns; the rest, sticks, the cow-sticks or quarter-staves, which are so much the badge of agriculturists of all classes, that even amateur rustics, gentlemen-farmers on their holiday, seldom go afield without one. Then does the chase begin. Many such a one have I engaged in, and of many heard the incidents narrated in the fullest detail.

In a long and vociferous line we range through the great pine forests or the chestnut woods, poking our sticks into the matted gorse and cistus, banging the tree trunks with resounding blows that echo among the hollow forest aisles. The dogs hunt a little, wrangle, bark, and fight a good deal, and would do so still more, but for the occasional flight, into their midst, of a well-directed cow-stick. Nothing in the shape of game is seen; a brown wood owl, indeed, flitting from an ivied oak tree, is immediately christened a woodcock by some imaginative person, and is brought down, amidst shouts of laughter, by a short-sighted gentleman, who holds up his eye-glass in explanation of his mistake. Another

enthusiastic sportsman walking by my side stops me suddenly, pressing my arm with so much emphasis that I look to see some very large game indeed afoot. He points to a holly tree.

"What is it?" I ask.

"Hush"; with his finger across his lips, and he whispers in my ear, "A blackbird!"

My acquaintance is proceeding to a scientific "stalk"; but though the blackbird is legitimate game in Portugal, the party is too large, the dignity of the occasion too great, for the pursuit of such small deer. Responding to the loud remonstrances of every one present, my companion retires from the pursuit, while the blackbird takes wing and disappears, with a shrill, crowing call.

In the mean time, a great commotion is taking place in the center of our line; every man shouts out "*Coelho!*" Rabbit! every dog gives tongue, every stick is waved in the air, thumped on the ground, or thrown with random aim into the tall undergrowth. Several guns are fired off. Nothing is hit, not even a dog. I observe that the older and more sagacious of the pack, when the first frenzy of excitement is over, retire a yard or two from the coverts, and watch for what may come out, as a terrier watches at a rat-hole. We all run to and fro madly, we charge and jostle each other, we scratch our faces in the bushes, we entangle our feet in the briers, and fall head over heels, we scream with excitement, we shout with laughter.

As yet I have seen nothing; but presently I make out a little animal which I should take for a very large rat if experience did not tell me it was a full-grown Portuguese

rabbit, cantering in a leisurely manner towards two gentlemen with guns stationed on a neighboring knoll, the only members of our party not in motion. These sportsmen cock their pieces, and, aiming apparently at the points of their own boots, fire simultaneously. We run up and look to where the ground is still smoking for the body of the rabbit. We find nothing but the hole of the burrow over which these gentlemen were mounting guard, and into which the rabbit has safely escaped.

We all stop for ten minutes to argue, to recount, and laugh over the misadventure, then set off again through the unending forest glades.

After this episode a boy working at a saw-pit offers to show us a hare half a mile away; we close with his offer, and eventually we shoot both hare and boy. The hare we *bagged* in a most literal sense, but the boy we only wounded very slightly — so slightly, indeed, that he recovered almost by magic from the fearful contortions of face and body which he was making, when he was presented with a silver crown, and, on being questioned, volunteered to be shot in the same way at the same price once a day for the rest of his lifetime. At first, I was seriously alarmed by his howls, and some of the eight gentlemen with guns who had fired sixteen barrels, more or less, in his direction, turned pale as possible murderers. The poor boy was an outsider, and his interested howls were no test of his courage. I am convinced that no one of our party would have made any fuss at all for a pellet or two; indeed, under the excitement of the rare appearance of game, the fusillade at these hunts is so hot and so irregular that no man who cannot trust his nerves under fire should ever join a Portuguese *caçada*.

Still it is use and temperament that make men cool; and, well as the Portuguese have shown that they can stand fire in more serious fields than those of sport, I do not quite think they could come up to the equanimity which I have myself seen displayed by an English game-keeper.

It is within my knowledge how, in a famous shooting country, an underkeeper was placed in the center of a large wood to stop the birds. An Eton boy was among the shooters, and getting, as boys will, out of the regular line, and coming near to where the keeper was posted, he saw, glancing through the thick underwood, that person's brown-gaitered legs. The boy, taking them for a hare, fired; but observing that the beast, as he thought, hopped away a short distance unhurt, he loaded his single-barreled gun and fired again, so continuing to load and fire in hot haste — the faithful servant dodging about a good deal among the bushes, but never actually deserting his post. At last the line of shooters and beaters came up: —

"Well, gentlemen," said the keeper, "I'm glad you've come at last; the little gentleman have been a-pouring it into me, terrible!"

As to the hare of which I said that we bagged her in a very literal sense, it happened in this way: we found her on her form, and she had not, I am sure, left it two yards before she was coursed and caught by the greyhounds, attacked by the lurchers, and shot by every one who had a gun; consequently she was killed before she had given any sport whatever. She made amends, however, afterwards. Among the pack was an ill-looking lurcher, whose bad character had caused remonstrances to be addressed

to the owner by the other sportsmen. "*Coitado!* Poor dog!" said his possessor, "let him come. He will be miserable if we leave him, and howl so that my wife will wish herself dead!"

He came, and stuck to his master's heels the whole morning in the most exemplary manner. When the hare was killed, it was his master who carried her, holding her by the hind legs, and the dog, seeing his opportunity come, suddenly gripped the animal in his teeth, and held on with such force, as his master tried to pull it away, that presently the dog was left with the head and the master with the body. Others of the pack, attracted by the noise, seized that part of the hare still held by the gentleman, and got it from him, while another detachment of dogs pursued the lurcher with the head in his mouth. Then began a novel kind of chase, with more shouting and flying about of quarter-staves, and laughing and tumbling down. Some of us tried to recover the body, some chased the head. We were very much out of breath before we again got together the two portions of the hare.

"Bring the needle and thread!" was called out — *the* needle and thread! necessities in this kind of sport where the game is set upon by such packs.

They were brought. The decapitated quarry was cleverly sewn together, the fur smoothed down, and then gravely insinuated into a narrow linen bag, also brought for the occasion.

Then we pushed on again, and presently a volley from the whole force brought down a red-legged partridge; a little farther on and the dogs started a fox in a thick piece of gorse. We shot him. Another volley at close

quarters proved fatal to a woodcock, whose long bill was nearly all that remained to prove his identity and the straight shooting of the eight gentlemen who had fired. Then came luncheon, and we fought all our battles over again, killing the slain many more times than thrice. Then we degenerated into politics — local chiefly, and election matters, just as we should have done at home.

END OF VOLUME V

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